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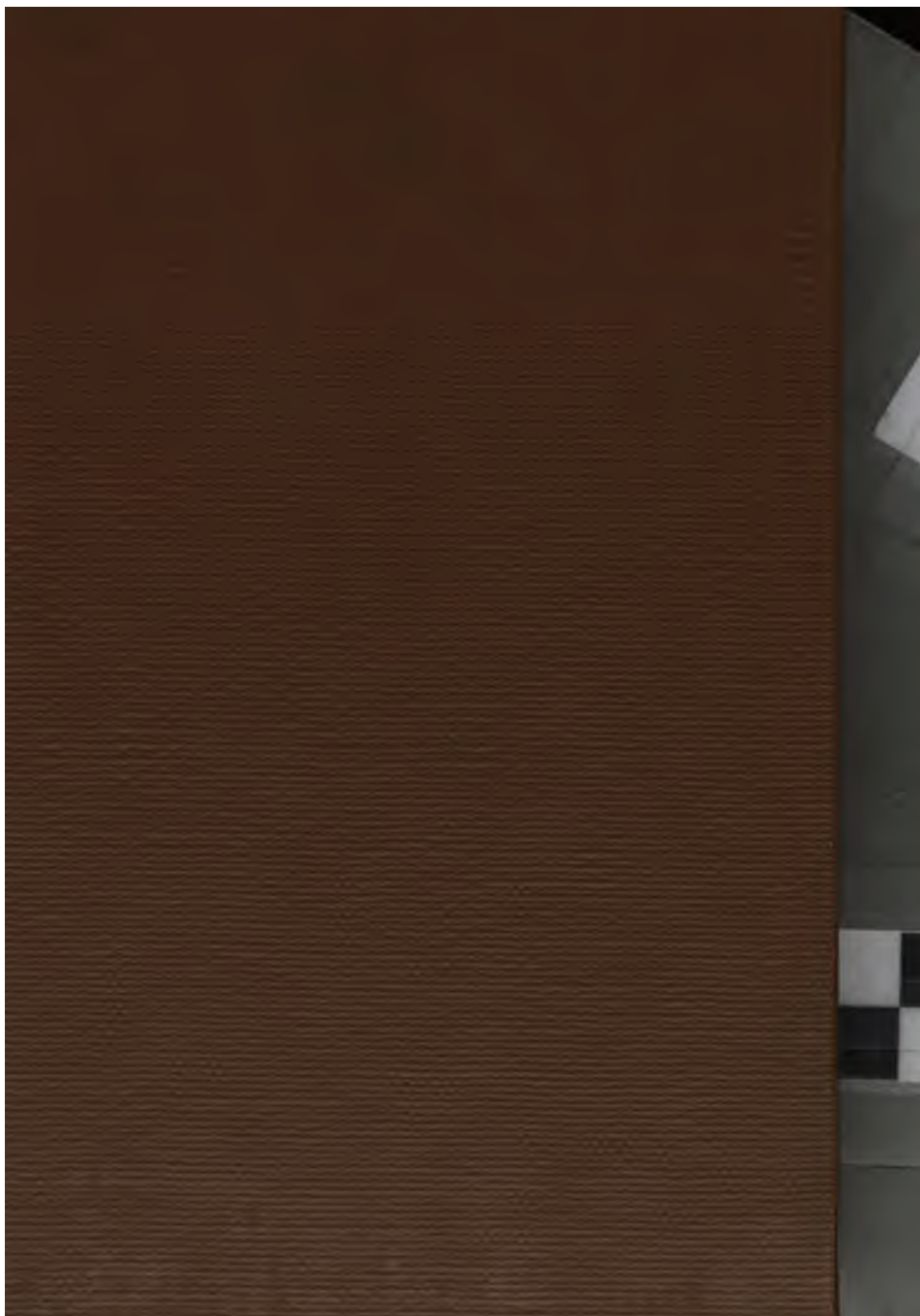
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Edell - 1880 *Corbay*
Major W. Urett.
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HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS

ix

DEVON & CORNWALL.

LONDON :
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

A

HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS

IN

DEVON & CORNWALL.

WITH MAPS.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1851.

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Page
								vii
SECT. I. — DEVONSHIRE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Routes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>ib.</i>
SECT. II. — CORNWALL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	132
Routes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>ib.</i>
INDEX	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	235

A

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	vi
SECT. I.—DEVONSHIRE - - - - -	-
Routes - - - - -	ii
SECT. II.—CORNWALL - - - - -	-
Routes - - - - -	iv
INDEX - - - - -	vii



INTRODUCTION.

	Page		Page
SKELETON TOURS - - -	vii	TRAVELLER'S VIEW - - -	xliv
GEOLOGY - - -	xiv	OLD LANGUAGE - - -	liv
ANTIQUITIES - - -	xxiii	DUCHY OF CORNWALL - - -	lv
MINES - - -	xxxi		

SKELETON TOURS.

No. I. — NORTH DEVON.

ROUTE.	CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST [THE MOST REMARKABLE WITH THE ASTERISK].
Bridgewater - - -	- Altar-piece of St. Mary's. St. John's Church. Tapestry in the Assize Hall. The bore on the river, spring-tides. Manufacture of Bath bricks.
Dunster - - -	- Castle. View from Grabbest Hill*. View from Minehead. Alabaster cliffs of Blue Anchor.
Porlock - - -	- Culbone*. Bossiton Hill*. Dunkery Beacon*.
Lynton - - -	- Lyndale*. Valley of Rocks*. Glenthorne*. S. mons bath*. Heddon's Mouth*.
Combe Martin - -	- Watermouth. Manor-house of Berrynarbor.
Ilfracombe - - -	- The Coast.
Barnstaple.	
Bideford - - -	- Pebble Ridge. Manor-house of Wear Gifford. The Hobby*. Clovelly*. Clovelly Court*.
Torrington.	
South Molton - -	- Castle Hill, seat of Earl Fortescue.
Dulverton - - -	- Some of the finest scenery in the W. of England. View from Mount Sydenham*. Exmoor. Pixton Park.
Bampton - - -	- Limestone quarries on an uncommon scale. Charming valley.
Wiveliscombe - -	- View from the Bampton road.
Taunton - - -	- Church of St. Mary Magdalene.

Note. — In proceeding from the Great Western Railway to Lynton there are 5 roads for your choice: viz. 1. From Bridgewater, crossing the Quantock Hills near the sea. 2. From Bridgewater, passing the Quantocks to Bishop's Lydeard. 3. From Taunton, running at the foot of the Quantock Hills, from end to end; identical with No. 2 from Bishop's Lydeard, and perhaps a more picturesque road than No. 1. 4. From Wellington Road Station by Milverton, Wiveliscombe, Dulverton and

Simonsbath. 5. From Tiverton Road Station by Bampton, Dulverton and Simonsbath. 4 and 5 are far more beautiful than 1, 2, or 3, but cross country roads. Coaches run daily, during the Summer months, on 1 and 3. On 2, 4, and 5 you must travel with your own horses, post, or walk.

No. II. — SOUTH DEVON.

ROUTE.	CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST.
Taunton - - -	- Church of St. Mary Magdalene.
Chard - - -	- Church. Lace mills. Views from Snowdon and Rana Hill. Ford Abbey*.
Axminster - -	- Ruins of Shute Manor-house.
Lyme Regis - -	- Pinney Landslips*.
Seaton - - -	- Beer. Branscombe Mouth. Coast thence to Sidmouth.
Sidmouth - - -	- Peake Hill. Knowle Cottage. Church of Ottery St. Mary.
Budleigh Salterton -	- The cliff-walk. Pebbles of the beach.
Exmouth - - -	- View from the Beacon Walks.
Dawlish - - -	- Parson and Clerk rocks. View from Haldon*.
Teignmouth - - -	- View from the Den.
Torquay - - -	- Anstis Cove*. Babbacombe*. Compton Castle. Brixham.
Newton.	
Ashburton - - -	- Heytor Rocks*. Buckland*. Answell Rock. Lover's Leap*. Holne Chace*. Dart-meet. Buckfastleigh.
Totness - - -	- Berry Pomeroy Castle.* Dartington Hall. Voyage down the Dart*.
Dartmouth - - -	- Church. Castle. Brookhill. Old houses. Coast between the Start Point and Salcombe*.
Salcombe - - -	- Coast from Bolt Head to Bolt Tail. Prawle Head*.
Modbury - - -	- Spire of church.
Ivy Bridge - - -	- The Ivy-bridge. Valley of the Erme*. Coast of Bigbury Bay. Yealm Estuary.
Plympton - - -	- Church of Plympton St. Mary.
Plymouth - - -	} Mount Edgecombe*. Dockyard. Breakwater*. Plymouth Hoe. Voyage to Weir-head of Tamar*. Saltram. Bickleigh Vale*. Valley of the Cad*.
Devonport - - -	
Tavistock - - -	- Morwell Rocks*. Double Water. Mis Tor. Wistman's Wood*. Brent Tor. Tavy Cleave. Lydford Cascade*. Lydford Bridge*.
Oakhampton - - -	- Castle. Yes Tor*. Belstone*. Cawsand Beacon.
Chagford - - -	- Gidleigh Park*. Druidic monuments. Spinsters' Rock. Whyddon Park*. Fingle Bridge*.
Moreton Hampstead -	- Lustleigh Cleave*. Houndtor Coomb*. Becky Fall*. Grimspound. Celtic bridge at Post Bridge*.
Dunsford Bridge - -	- The scenery of the Teign*.
Chudleigh - - -	- Chudleigh Rock*.
Exeter - - -	- Cathedral.

SKELETON TOURS.

ix

No. III.— CORNWALL.

ROUTE.	CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST.
Plymouth.	
Saltash -	- Trematon Castle.
St. Germans -	- Church. Port Eliot.
Looe -	- Scenery of the estuary and coast.
Polperro -	- Romantic coast.
Fowey -	- Place House. Scenery of the estuary.
Lostwithiel -	- Restormel Castle. Lanhydrock House. Glynn. Boconnoc.
St. Blazey -	- Treffry Viaduct*. Par Consols copper mine.
St. Austell -	- Tin stream-works. Carclaze Mine*. China-clay works. Mevagissey. Roche Rocks*.
Grampond.	
Probus -	- Church tower.
Truro -	- Mines. Scenery of the river. St. Piran's church. Perran Round*.
Perran Wharf -	- Gardens of Carclew, seat of Sir Charles Lemon, Bart.
Falmouth -	- Pendennis Castle. Falmouth Harbour. Mabe Quarries. Tolmèn.
Helston -	- Loe Pool. Kinance Cove*. Lizard Point*.
Penzance -	- Museum of the Geolog. Society. St. Michael's Mount*. Land's End*. Tol Pedn Penwith*. Logan Rock*. Botallack Mine (submarine)*. Lamorna Cove. Druidic antiquities. Isles of Scilly.
Hayle -	- Iron foundries. St. Ives and its bay*.
Redruth -	- Mines. Carn-brea Hill.
Newquay -	- Coast scenery.
St. Columb -	- Vale of Mawgan. Lanherne.
Wadebridge -	- Bridge. Padstow.
Bodmin -	- Glynn valley. Hanter-Gantick*.
Liskeard -	- St. Keyne's Well. Clicker Tor. St. Cleer's Well. Trevethy Stone. Cheesewring*. Kilmarth Tor.
Jamaica Inn -	- Dozmare Pool. Brown Willy*. Rowtor*.
Camelford -	- Rowtor*. Devil's Jump. Hanter-Gantick*. De-labole Quarries. Tintagel*. St. Nighton's Keeve. Boscastle*.
Launceston -	- Castle. Church of St. Mary. Endsleigh*.
Callington -	- Dupath Well. Cothele*. View from Kit Hill*.
Tavistock.	
Plymouth.	

No. IV.— DEVON AND E. CORNWALL.

A walk of 9 weeks taken by T. C. P. It comprehends the chief points of interest in Devonshire, and in Cornwall, E. of a line through Liskeard.

Note.— The best arrangement for a pedestrian tour in England is to send your luggage from town to town by the public conveyances. Provide yourself with a pocket compass.

DAYS.

ROUTE.

1. London to Taunton by rail. Hemyoke.
2. Hemyoke Castle. Dunkeswell Abbey. Hembury Fort. Honiton.

DAYS.

ROUTE.

3. Axminster.
4. Ford Abbey. Return to Axminster. Shute House. Colyton.
5. Seaton (Pinney Landslips should be seen). Beer Quarry. Branscombe Mouth. By coast to Weston Mouth. Salcombe Regis. Sidmouth.
6. At Sidmouth.
7. Coast to Ladram Bay. Otterton. Bicton. Budleigh Salterton.
8. Exmouth. Starcross. Rail to Exeter.
9. Exeter Cathedral, Castle, &c. Rail to Dawlish.
10. Parson and Clerk Rocks. (You should also ascend Haldon.) Teignmouth. Chudleigh.
11. Chudleigh Rock. Bovey Tracey. Excursion to Hennock and Botor Rock. Bovey Tracey.
12. Heytor Rocks. Rippon Tor. Houndtor Coomb. Becky Fall. Manaton. Moreton Hampstead.
13. Lustleigh Cleave. Grimspound. Return to Moreton Hampstead.
14. Dunsford Bridge. Up the Teign to Fingle Bridge. Drewsteignton.
15. Preston Berry. Cranbrook Castle. Up the Teign to Whyddon Park. Return to Drewsteignton.
16. Spinsters' Rock. Gidleigh and Gidleigh Park. Chagford.
17. Over Dartmoor to the source of the N. Teign. Ascend Cut Hill. Follow the Dart to Post Bridge. Ascend Bel Tor. Ascend Crockern Tor. Two Bridges.
18. Wistnan's Wood. Ascend Bairdown. Dart-meet. Newbridge. Ashburton.
19. Ascend Buckland Beacon. Buckland. Lover's Leap. Return to Ashburton.
20. Penn slate quarry. Buckfastleigh. Totness.
21. Totness Castle. Berry Pomeroy Castle. By boat down the Dart to Dartmouth.
22. At Dartmouth.
23. By coast to Brixham. Paignton.
24. Torquay. Anstis Cove. Babbacombe. Return to Torquay.
25. By coach to Dartmouth.
26. By coast to Torcross.
27. By coast to Start Point and Prawle Point. Salcombe.
28. By coast from Bolt Head to Bolt Tail and Hope. Return to Salcombe.
29. Kingsbridge. Modbury.
30. Caton. Ivy Bridge. Harford. Sharpitor. Ascend Western Beacon. Return to Ivy Bridge.
31. Caton. Mothecomb. By coast to Revelstoke Church. Noss. Plymouth.
32. At Plymouth and Devonport.
33. Plympton. Plym Bridge. Cann Quarry. Bickleigh Vale. Jump.
34. Bickleigh. Valley of the Cad. Shaugh.
35. Hoo Meavy. Ascend Sheepstor. Clacywell Pool. Prince's Town.
36. The granite quarries. Ascend Mis Tor. Over the moor by compass to summit of Yes Tor. Oakhampton.
37. Oakhampton Castle. Up valley of W. Okement. Ascend to summit of *Lake Down*. Lydford.
38. *Lydford Castle and Bridge*. Lydford Cascade. Ascend Brent Tor. *Mary Tavy*. Huel Friendship. Mis Tor. Tavistock.

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|--|
| 39. | Lionizing Tavistock and neighbourhood. |
| 40. | Morwell Rocks. Ascend Kit Hill. Callington. |
| 41. | Dupath Well. Saltash. St. Germans. |
| 42. | Looe. Duloe. St. Keyne's Well. Liskeard. |
| 43. | St. Cleer. Half Stone. Trevethy Stone. Return to Liskeard. |
| 44. | Hurlers. Cheesewring. Kilmarth Tor. Jamaica Inn. |
| 45. | Dozmare Pool. Four-hole Cross. Ascend Brown Willy and Rowtor. Camelford. |
| 46. | Devil's Jump. Haunter Gantick. Wadebridge. |
| 47. | Padstow. Endellion. Delabole Quarries. Pengelley. |
| 48. | Tintagel. Trevena. |
| 49. | Bossiney. St. Nighton's Keeve. Willapark Point. Boscastle. |
| 50. | Crackington Cove. Stratton. |
| 51. | Stamford Hill. Bude. |
| 52. | Kilhampton. Moorwinstow. Hartland. |
| 53. | Hartland Abbey-church. By coast to Hartland Point. Clovelly. |
| 54. | Clovelly Court. By the Hobby to Bucks Mill. Bideford. |
| 55. | The Pebble Ridge. Appledore. Barnstaple. |
| 56. | Braunton. Ilfracombe. |
| 57. | Watermouth. Combe Martin. |
| 58. | By coast to Trentishoe. Heddon's Mouth. Lynton. |
| 59. | Excursing about Lynton. (You should devote another day to Simonsbath.) |
| 60. | Glenthorne. Porlock. Minehead. |
| 61. | Ascend Dunkery Beacon (usually ascended from Porlock). Culbone. Porlock. |
| 62. | Dunster. Williton. Bridgewater. |

No. V.—A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN CORNWALL.

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|---|
| 1. | London to Devonport by rail or steam-boat. |
| 2. | Saltash. St. Germans (or by water to St. Germans). |
| 3. | To the coast of Whitesand Bay. Looe. |
| 4. | Polperro. Sandplace. St. Keyne's Well. Liskeard. |
| 5. | Visit St. Cleer, Half Stone, Trevethy Stone, Hurlers, Cheesewring, Kilmarth Tor, Sharpitor. Return to Liskeard. |
| 6. | Lostwithiel. |
| 7. | Fowey. |
| 8. | St. Blazey. St. Austell. |
| 9. | Hensbarrow, and Roche Rocks. Return to St. Austell. |
| 10. | Mevagissey. By coast to Penare Head. Tregony. |
| 11. | Probus. Truro. |
| 12. | Carclew. Penryn. Falmouth. |
| 13. | Mabe Quarries. Tolmèn. Helston. |
| 14. | Loe Pool. Coast by Kinance Cove to Lizard Town. |
| 15. | Coast from Lizard Point to Cadgewith. Helston. |
| 16. | Marazion. St. Michael's Mount. Penzance. |
| 17. | Lamorna Cove. Logan Rock. Coast to Land's End and Sennen church-town. |
| 18. | Coast to Botallack Mine (descend into this mine). Gurnard's Head. St. Ives. |
| 19. | Coast to Portreath. Redruth. |

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|---|
| 20. | Ascend Castle Carn-brea. Visit the Consolidated Mines. Return to Redruth. |
| 21. | Perran Round. Ascend St. Agnes' Beacon. Perran Porth. |
| 22. | St. Piran's Church. Newquay. |
| 23. | Vale of Mawgan. Coast to Padstow. |
| 24. | Wadebridge. Bodmin. |
| 25. | Hanter-Gantick. Ascend Rowtor. Camelford. |
| X 26. | Tintagel. |
| 27. | St. Nighton's Keeve. Boscastle. |
| 28. | Launceston. |
| 29. | Endsleigh. Tavistock. |
| 30. | Bickleigh Vale. Plymouth. |

No. VI. — A WEEK'S TOUR TO LYNTON.

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|--|
| 1. | Bridgewater to Dunster by Bishop's Lydeard, Crowcombe and Williton. See Cothelstone Manor-house on W. foot of Quantocks; church and ancient crosses at B. Lydeard; pictures and grounds of Crowcombe Court; cross in Crowcombe churchyard. |
| 2. | Visit Dunster Castle and its deer-park. Ascend Grabbest Hill. Excuse to Blue Anchor (superb view and curious cliffs) and Minehead. Ascend the hill above Minehead. |
| 3. | Dunster to Porlock. Ascend Bossiton Hill, or Dunkery Beacon (both if possible). Visit Culbone. Sleep at Porlock or Minehead. |
| 4. | Porlock to Lynton, visit Glenthorne by the way. (There is a coast-path from Porlock by Culbone and Glenthorne to Countesbury). |
| 5. | Excuse to Waters'-meet, Valley of Rocks, Lee Bay and Heddon's Mouth. |
| 6. | Lynton to Dulverton by Simonsbath. |
| 7. | Dulverton to Taunton — or to Tiverton Road Stat. by Bampton. |

No. VII. — A WEEK'S TOUR IN N. DEVON.

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|--|
| 1. | Taunton to Lynton (a coach). |
| 2. | Excuse to Waters'-meet, Valley of Rocks, Lee Bay and Heddon's Mouth. |
| 3. | Excuse to Glenthorne, returning by Brendon and Waters'-meet. |
| 4. | Excuse to Simonsbath. |
| 5. | Lynton to Bideford. |
| 6. | Excuse to Clovelly and Clovelly Court. |
| 7. | Bideford to Exeter. |

No. VIII. — A WEEK'S WALK FROM EXETER.

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|---|
| 1. | Fingle Bridge. Whyddon Park. Chagford. |
| 2. | Gidleigh Park. Scorhill circle. Sittaford Tor. Return to Chagford by Fenworthy. |
| 3. | Lustleigh Cleave. Becky Fall. Heytor. Ashburton. |
| 4. | Excuse from Ashburton to Buckland, or Holne Chace. |
| 5. | Dart-meet. Crockern Tor. Wistman's Wood. Two Bridges. |
| 6. | Prince's Town. Mis Tor. Summit of Yes Tor. Oakhampton. |
| 7. | Spinsters' Rock, Exeter. |

No. IX.—A FORTNIGHT'S TOUR FROM EXETER.

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|---|
| 1. | Chudleigh. Heytor Rocks. Ashburton. |
| 2. | Excursion to Buckland, or Holne Chace. |
| 3. | Dartington Hall. Berry Pomeroy. Totness. In the evening by the Dart to Dartmouth. |
| 4. | Coast to Salcombe [or by Brixham to Torquay]. |
| 5. | Coast to Mothecomb. Modbury [or from Torquay to Anstis Cove, Babbacombe, Totness, and by rail to Ivy Bridge]. |
| 6. | Ermington. Ivy Bridge. Explore the valley of the Erme. |
| 7. | Plymouth (by rail.). Dockyard. Breakwater. |
| 8. | Voyage on the Tamar to Cothele and the Morwell Rocks, returning to Plymouth. |
| 9. | Tavistock, visiting Bickleigh Vale and the valley of the Cad by the way. |
| 10. | Oakhampton by Brent Tor, Lydford Cascade and Lydford Bridge. |
| 11. | Ascend Yes Tor. Return by Belstone to Oakhampton. |
| 12. | Spinsters' Rock. Gidleigh Park. Scorhill Circle. Chagford. |
| 13. | Lustleigh Cleave. Becky Fall. Houndtor Coomb. Moreton Hampstead. |
| 14. | Whyddon Park. Fingle Bridge. Exeter. |

No. X.—A THREE WEEKS' TOUR IN S. DEVON.

- | DAYS. | ROUTE. |
|-------|---|
| 1. | London to Taunton. |
| 2. | Taunton to Lyme Regis (a coach). |
| 3. | Pinney Landslips. Seaton. Walk to Beer and Branscombe Mouth. Sleep at Seaton. |
| 4. | Seaton to Exeter, stopping at Sidmouth on the way. |
| 5. | Fingle Bridge. Whyddon Park. Spinsters' Rock. Chagford. |
| 6. | Excuse from Chagford to Gidleigh Park, Scorhill Circle and Sit-taford Tor. |
| 7. | Lustleigh Cleave. Becky Fall. Houndtor Coomb. Sleep at Moreton Hampstead. |
| 8. | Moreton to Oakhampton by Gidleigh. Stop at Sticklepath and walk to Taw Marsh. |
| 9. | Castle. Ascend Yes Tor. Return by Belstone to Oakhampton. |
| 10. | Lydford Bridge. Lydford Cascade. Brent Tor. Tavy Cleave. Tavistock. |
| 11. | Excuse to Mis Tor and Wistman's Wood. |
| 12. | Tavistock to Plymouth, visiting Shaugh Bridge and Bickleigh Vale. |
| 13. | Dockyard. Breakwater. Mt. Edgcumbe. |
| 14. | By the Tamar to Cothele and Morwell Rocks. Return to Plymouth. |
| 15. | Ivy Bridge (rail.). Explore the valley of the Erme. |
| 16. | Totness (rail.). Dartington Hall. Dartmouth by the river. |
| 17. | Brixham. Torquay. |
| 18. | Anstis Cove. Babbacombe. Berry Pomeroy. Ashburton. |
| 19. | Excuse to Holne Chace and Lover's Leap. |
| 20. | Heytor Rocks. Chudleigh. |
| 21. | Over Haldon to Exeter. |

GEOLOGY.

Those who are desirous of studying ancient geological formations, will find Devonshire and Cornwall well adapted to such a purpose. Their rugged coasts, mainly composed of the older rocks, display a variety of instructive sections, and the mines afford opportunities which rarely occur in other parts of England, of descending through the crust of the earth and examining its structure. The geologist may obtain in these counties abundant evidence of physical convulsions which have modified the surface. He may find igneous rocks which have been protruded from great depths; sedimentary deposits rendered crystalline by heat, or contorted by some local disturbance; stanniferous gravel, apparently accumulated by a flood which inundated the country; the remains of forests buried beneath the sand of the shore; beaches raised 40 and 50 ft. above the present level of the sea; and a great part of the country rent by ancient fissures of unknown depth, now filled with a store of mineral treasure.

The formations which appear in the mineral structure of Devon and Cornwall, arranged according to the supposed order of their protrusion or deposition, may be enumerated as—1. *Hornblende and micaceous slate*; 2. *Grauwacke*, a comprehensive series, including the Silurian system of Murchison, and corresponding with the superior and inferior transition rocks of Brittany; 3. *Carbonaceous strata*; 4. *Granite*; 5. *Red Sandstone*; 6. *Chalk*; and 7. *Tertiary deposits*. The county of Cornwall, compared with the rest of Britain, and even with Ireland, is of a very peculiar mineral construction, but it bears a considerable relation to the opposite coast of France. Its geology, however, is very unsettled; and it is only in recent years that the series intermediate between the Carboniferous and Silurian groups has been considered equivalent to “the Old Red Sandstone,” and the members of this series, so diverse in structure and colour, arranged as a single family under the name of the *Devonian System*. This system includes the S. of Devon and extensive tracts of Cornwall.

1. *Mica Slate* and its associated metamorphic or crystalline rocks occupy but a small part of the district under consideration. In Devonshire they form that bold coast between the Start Point and Bolt Tail, and abut upon *grauwacke* at a short distance from the sea; “the *gneiss rock* being chiefly observable near the Prawle, and the *mica slate* best seen in the vicinity of the Bolt Head.” In Cornwall they are found only at the Lizard promontory, where they pass under *serpentine* and *diallage rock*, which, constituting a large portion of the Lizard district, are supposed to have been protruded in a state of fusion subsequently to the formation of the *grauwacke*. Taleo-micaceous slate, intermixed with hornblende slate, occurs at the Old Lizard Head (a mile W. of the lighthouses), but is confined to that locality. *Serpentine* is a beautifully coloured rock, so named from the waved form of its lines, or the supposed resemblance of its *streaks and colours to those of a serpent’s skin*, and is traversed by

veins of steatite, which occasionally contain fragments of serpentine and strings of native copper. In many places it appears to pass into hornblende slate, as may be seen in Mullion and Pradanack Coves, the Frying Pan, near Cadgewith, and under the Balk at Landewednack; but the priority of the hornblende is inferred from the circumstance of its underlying the serpentine, which between the Dranna Point and Porthalla may be seen thrust among the slates with every mark of violence. The correctness of this inference is evidenced at the Nare Head by a grauwacke conglomerate, which, containing detrital fragments of hornblende slate, affords no trace of serpentine or diallage, although those rocks occur in mass at a little distance. The diallage rock is referred to a period subsequent to that of the serpentine, as in various places veins of the former rock penetrate the latter. These diallage veins may be seen at Coverack Cove, and in the cliffs near Landewednack. The northern boundary of the hornblende slate abuts upon grauwacke, and may be traced, but not very clearly, from Bellurian Cove near Mullion by Trelowarren to St. Keverne. Beyond this place, however, as the serpentine stretches towards the coast, it becomes so intermingled with common greenstones as to be scarcely distinguishable. The gneiss rocks of the Ed-dystone are regarded as a connecting link between the talco-micaeous slate of the Lizard and the mica and chlorite slates of the Bolt Head in Devon.

2. The numerous rocks embraced by the term *grauwacke* occupy extensive districts in the N. and S. W. of Devon, and the entire area of Cornwall, with the exception of the Lizard, the carbonaceous district in the N. E., and the large isolated patches of granite; the beds of the series showing much diversity in their composition and colour, but for the most part consisting of sedimentary rocks, which vary in texture from a fine roofing slate to the coarsest conglomerate. These deposits are associated with limestones and trapean rocks, the latter being both vesicular and compact, and formed of volcanic ashes and lava originally projected among the mud, sand, and gravel, now consolidated into slates, sandstones, and conglomerates. The grauwacke slates have been separated into two divisions; the first consisting of strata which are metalliferous, and contain many *elvans* but few greenstones; the second, of slates which are only sparingly metalliferous, and associated with a number of greenstones, but no *elvans*. Tin and copper lodes are found among the former rocks, and lead veins in the latter. In the N. of Devon the rugged *grauwacke* country of Lynton and Ilfracombe attains its greatest elevation on Exmoor, and passes under the carbonaceous deposits on a line between Bampton and Fremington, near Barnstaple. It presents some dreary scenery on the coast at Lynmouth, girding the shore with the most barren siliceous sandstones. In the Valley of Rocks its fantastic crags are composed of calciferous and schistose grits; at Combe Martin the strata are argillaceous slates, very beautifully coloured and

traversed by veins of argentiferous lead ore; at Ilfracombe argillaceous slates and schistose grits; at Morthoe dark slates relieved by a white tracery of quartz; and below Woolacombe sands, towards Baggy Point, streaked with manganese and curiously *weathered*. In the S.W. of Devon the beds of this formation are much complicated by *faults*, and by an irregular covering of more modern deposits, but occupy a large area, being bounded by the sea and mica slate of the Bolt on the S., by granite and the carbonaceous deposits on the N., and by red sandstone on the E.; the boundary line passing near the towns of Launceston, Tavistock, Ivy Bridge, Ashburton, Newton, and Torquay. The *limestones* are perhaps the most interesting rocks of the series, bearing on their marble surfaces the stamp of a coralline origin, and contorted and rent by intrusive trap, while they soar from woods or the sands of the shore in grey or glossy roseate cliffs. Those of Plymouth, Buckfastleigh, Chudleigh, Brixham, and Torquay are as well known for their beauty as for their value in an economical point of view. Varieties of argillaceous slate, or *killas*, form romantic cliffs in the bays of the Start and Bigbury.

In Cornwall, on the N. coast, between Boscastle and Tintagel, the grauwacke has been forced seaward by the protrusion of the Bodmin granite, and consists of argillaceous slates intimately mixed with schistose and vesicular trap, the latter being much impregnated with carbonate of lime. This *volcanic ash*, in Devonshire known as *honeycomb dun*, may also be found abundantly above the church of St. Clether. At South Petherwin the slates are variously schistose, calciferous, and argillaceous, and interesting as being stored with organic remains. On the E. the banks of the Tamar afford some instructive sections, especially at low water, between Saltash and the coast, where the mode in which the trap rocks are associated with the sedimentary beds may be well seen. N. of Cawsand, in Plymouth Sound, a porphyritic rock has been protruded with every mark of violence, being curiously intermingled towards Redding Point with the broken and contorted slate beds. Sir Henry De la Beche conjectures that this igneous mass may be referred to the period of the new red sandstone formation, and its date is an interesting question, as connected with the lamination of the grauwacke, as several of the smaller veins which fill the slate cracks are separated by planes of cleavage coincident with those of the grauwacke. In Whitesand Bay, between Trewinnow and Tregantle, calcareous rocks containing fossils are associated with argillaceous slates, and it is thought probable that these beds may be a continuation of the Plymouth limestones. A calciferous patch again occurs at Looe, quartzose rocks N. of Sandplace, and arenaceous beds at Liskeard; the latter being quarried for building stone. S. of this town serpentine is found on the eminence of Clicker Tor, apparently included among the slates. The schistose cliffs between Looe and Polperro *have recently acquired much interest by the discovery of Mr. Couch,*

of Polperro, who was the first to detect in them remains which, though in a very mutilated condition, are pronounced to be those of certain fish, characteristic of the Silurian system of Murchison. At Looe the only fossils are bivalve shells, corals, and encrinurites; but W. of this place, on the shore of Talland Bay, the fish beds make their appearance, and may be seen as far W. as Lantivet Bay, a short distance from Pencarrow Head, where they are succeeded by corals and shells. It is worthy of especial notice that the rocks of the small district containing these fish remains underlie to the N. or towards the land, while the rest of the S. coast underlies in an opposite direction, or towards the sea; the same easterly dip prevailing in both. This inversion of the strata is first observed in Pottredder Bay, opposite the W. end of Looe Island; it continues westward a short distance beyond Fowey Haven, and may be traced for 2 or 3 m. inland, the fish beds occurring only within its limits. Mr. Peach, an indefatigable member of the Cornish Geological Society, has devoted much time to the investigation of these remains, and the result may be seen in the Transactions of that institution.

At Pencarrow Head we again find fossiliferous limestone, which stretches across Fowey Haven near Polruan, in apparent continuation of the beds at Looe, supporting red and variegated slates. S. of Turbot Point hard quartz rock makes its appearance, and constitutes the eminence called the Great Carn; and N. of Gorran Haven another patch of limestone associated with slates and some remarkable rocks of a semi-porphyrific character. An excellent section — commencing with the micaceous and arenaceous slates of the Dodman — is exhibited in Veryan Bay, where the coast cuts the strike of the beds. A band of limestone, which is considered lower in the series than the calcareous beds of Gorran and Looe, will be seen in this bay. At Penare Head a number of very interesting rocks are intermingled on the cliffs, consisting of greenstones and trappean conglomerates, argillaceous slates, serpentine, and diallage. The great abundance of igneous products at this spot is regarded as evidence of some local volcanic action during the formation of this part of the series, but occurring previously to the protrusion of the Lizard serpentine. Near Falmouth, between Pendennis Castle and the Swan Pool, a good section is obtained at low water of the red and variegated slate beds which may be observed intermingled with arenaceous rocks. Further W. the country has been so divided by elvans, cross-courses, and lodes, as to offer few facilities for the study of the grauwacke. On the N. coast argillaceous and arenaceous slates extend from Hayle to Portreath, and fossiliferous calcareous slates occur between Newquay and Towan Head. Watergate Bay exhibits a fine section of the red and variegated beds which may be traced inland to Tregoss Moor. At Towan Head trap dykes can be well studied, as also on the W. of Trevoze Head, and higher up the coast between Endellion and Port Isaac, where, on Kellan Head, is an interesting example enclosing fragments of

the adjoining slate, which appears to have been altered by the heat of the igneous mass.

3. The *carbonaceous deposits* extend over a great part of central Devon, and occupy a considerable area in the N.E. of Cornwall, and consist chiefly of sandstones, often siliceous, and of slates of various colours, but also include roofing slates and limestones, and near the western and southern boundary are abundantly associated with trappean *ash* and other productions which bear a striking analogy to those of existing volcanoes. The general character of the formation is that of drifted matter, including vegetable remains; the principal difference between the carbonaceous deposits and those of the grauwacke being the more frequent occurrence of carbon in the former, although no trace of this substance is to be seen in many of the beds which consist of light-coloured sandstones, slates, and shales.

One of the most interesting circumstances connected with the formation, is the disturbance to which it has evidently been subjected. The strata are twisted and contorted in a manner which defies all description, but may be seen on every part of the coast between Boscastle and the mouths of the Taw and Torridge. This universal dislocation has given rise to very extraordinary and picturesque cliff-scenery, rendering this portion of the coast one of the most interesting to the artist as well as to the geologist. In the confusion prevailing among the strata, a general northern dip may be distinguished. The boundary-line commencing at the united embouchure of the Taw and Torridge, runs eastward along the edge of the grauwacke by South Molton and Bampton over the border into Somerset, where it meets the red sandstone and turns to the S.W., passing great promontories of sandstone to Tiverton, Exeter, and King's Teignton; there it again encounters the grauwacke, which it skirts in a W. direction to Buckfastleigh, whence it sweeps round Dartmoor to Tavistock, and runs N.W. by Lezant and the downs of Laneast and Wilsey to Boscastle in Cornwall. The highest beds of the formation are the calcareous rocks at Barnstaple; the lowest, the sandstones of the Lynmouth Foreland: those near Bideford are highly carbonaceous, containing a quantity of anthracite. The singular eminence of N. Brent Tor and the great copper mine of Huel Friendship are both in this system.

4. *Granite* occurs in Devonshire and Cornwall in six distinct patches, constituting the districts of Dartmoor, Brown Willy, Hensbarrow, Carn Menezes, the Land's End, and Islands of Scilly; rising to an elevation of 2050 ft. on Dartmoor, but sinking gradually in its course westward, until in Scilly its highest point is barely 200 ft. above the level of the sea. These six principal bosses are connected with smaller patches, which appear to be mere out-lying fragments, or links, which unite the great bosses, and complete a chain extending through the country in a N.E. and S.W. direction. These minor patches are all marked by ruggedness and elevation above *the neighbouring slate*, and form the eminences of Boringdon Park

near Plymouth, Kit Hill and Hingston Down near Callington, Castle-an-Dinas and Belovely Beacon S. of St. Columb, Carn Brea and Carn Marth near Redruth, Tregonning and Godolphin hills W. of Helston, and the far celebrated St. Michael's Mount in the vicinity of Penzance. Another small patch occurs at the Cligga Head, but further removed than those previously noticed from a large boss. The granite of Dartmoor and Cornwall consists in general of a coarse-grained mixture of quartz, mica, and felspar; the latter mineral sometimes predominating, and frequently occurring in large crystals, so as to render the mass porphyritic. Schorl and schorl-rock occur frequently on the S. of Dartmoor, but rarely in the Brown Willy and Scilly granite. They are, however, found in some quantity in the Land's End district, and abundantly in that of Hensbarrow, being principally confined to the outskirts of the respective bosses. Schorl-rock may be seen on Dartmoor near Ashburton and Tavistock, and in Cornwall on the Roche Rocks, which are entirely composed of it, and at Treryn Castle, the site of the well-known Logan Stone, where it occurs in an interesting manner, being mostly distributed among the joints. In the central parts of the Hensbarrow district the granite is remarkable for its liability to decompose, and often to considerable depths, the mica being frequently replaced by schorl and a talcose or steatitic mineral. Other varieties of granite may be found on the hills of Godolphin and Tregonning. That which occurs in the parishes of Mabe and Constantine is well known for its beautiful grain, a characteristic which renders it so valuable for economical purposes. In all these masses of granite a peculiar structure will be observed. The rock is apparently separated into horizontal and parallel beds, and these horizontal lines are intersected by a double series of vertical joints, which run generally from N. to S., and from E. to W. By this network of cracks air and moisture insinuate themselves, and, by decomposing the surfaces, separate granite into quadrangular blocks, and originate those fantastic forms which seem to start up wildly in lonely places to the bewilderment of the traveller. The Cheesewring near Liskeard, Bowerman's Nose on Hound Tor, and the Pulpit Rock in Scilly illustrate the effects of this structure. Mis Tor near Prince's Town affords a fine example of decomposition in the horizontal joints alone; and those colossal pillars which rise so magnificently from the headlands of Tol Pedn Penwith and Pardenick, and along that coast towards the Land's End, of the weathering of the vertical joints. The great elevations of granite, including the large district of Dartmoor, have evidently been protruded at the same period, and to this we obtain some approximation by the circumstance of the Dartmoor granite having displaced the carbonaceous beds which abut upon it. De la Beche supposes that the band of granite was erupted along a line of least resistance through a country previously weakened by volcanic action — of which action the numerous trap-dykes and sedimentary accumulations of *ash* afford indisputable proof, and

that the present bosses may mark the position of vents from which former igneous products had been discharged. Wherever the grauwacke can be seen in contact with granite, it will be observed to be altered or rendered crystalline, and to be penetrated in various directions by portions of the igneous rock which, decreasing in size after they have entered the slate, and dwindling often to mere lines, show that the granite when injected must have possessed considerable fluidity. These veins may be well studied near Ivy Bridge, and on the cliffs of the Land's End district, especially at Wicca Pool near Zennor, Porthmear Cove W. of the Gurnard's Head, Pendeen Cove further W., Cape Cornwall, Whitesand Cove N. of the Land's End promontory, and Mousehole. The geologist will also observe near and at the line of contact, that both formations are traversed by granite veins which, once regarded as evidence of the contemporaneous origin of slate and granite, are now attributed to the cracking of the upper part of the mass in cooling and the injection of fluid granite into the fissures from beneath. Examples may be seen on the N. E. side of St. Michael's Mount. In addition to these bosses and isolated patches, numerous bands of a granitic rock—provincially termed *elvan*, from the Cornish word *elven*, a spark—traverse the counties, in courses, with one exception, more or less coincident with the strike of the great granite axis. They are chiefly composed of a felspathic or quartz-felspathic base, containing crystals of felspar and quartz, mixed occasionally with schorl and mica, and vary from an insignificant breadth to an expansion of 400 ft. These elvans cut through both granite and slate, and are to be considered as dykes of the former rock, which have been erupted at a period subsequent to the protrusion of the bosses. The *Roborough stone* quarried near Plymouth, and the *Pentuan stone* of Cornwall, are elvans, and the latter is remarkable for containing fragments of slate, which may be seen in a branch extending along the shore towards the Black Head. There is also an elvan under the Old Pier and Battery at Penzance, and a fine section of another is exhibited on the coast at St. Agnes, where, at the Cligga Point, it may be observed to enter the granite. In an economical point of view, granite, although regarded with an evil eye by the farmer, is a most valuable substance, and the traveller will be scarcely correct in saying that all is barren on the Cornish moors. It is largely quarried in various districts; and the granite of Par and Penryn, so well known for its beauty and durability, is the material of London and Waterloo Bridges, the Docks of Chatham, the lighthouse and beacon on the Plymouth Breakwater, and the monument on the field of Waterloo.

5. *Red Sandstone* and its associated rocks rest upon the eastern flank of the carbonaceous deposits, forming between Babbacombe and Seaton an almost uninterrupted line of picturesque cliffs, passing below the chalk formation near the eastern boundary of *Devonshire*, and extending northwards along the foot of the Black

Down Hills into Somerset; the upper beds of the series principally consisting of marls, the middle of sandstones, and the lower of *breccias* or coarse conglomerates coloured blood-red by peroxide of iron. On the W. side the intrusion of igneous rocks is evidence of volcanic action having accompanied the deposit of part of the series, and the conglomerates, composed of rounded fragments of the older strata, show very impressively that water was a powerful agent during the same period. The boundary line on the W. is exceedingly irregular, passing by Tiverton and Exeter to Torbay, but between those towns making a sweep to the westward as far as Jacobstow near Oakhampton. Some outlying patches also occur at great distances from the body of the formation, viz., at Bideford, Hatherleigh, Slapton in Start Bay, and the Thurlestone Rock just W. of the Bolt Tail. The coast from Babbacombe to Culverhole Point near Seaton exhibits a most excellent view of the entire series, beginning at the lowest and ending at the highest bed. In this section conglomerates prevail between Babbacombe and Dawlish, where red sandstone becomes abundant, increasing towards Budleigh Salterton, and predominating between that town and Sidmouth. Beyond Sidmouth the coast ranges eastward in heights of 400 ft. and 600 ft., the sandstones becoming gradually intermingled with red marls, which form the cliffs at Branscombe Mouth, and beyond that place dip below a patch of chalk, but reappear at Seaton. The upper beds of the series are then exhibited between the mouth of the Axe and Culverhole Point, the red marls being succeeded by others of more varied and lighter tints, and these in their turn disappearing from view below the Lias of Dorset. The formation is characterised by a scarcity of organic remains and by the extreme fertility of some of its soils.

6. The *green sand* strata of the *Chalk formation* cap the Black Down Hills and the heights near Axminster, Seaton, and Sidmouth, and with beds of *chalk* occupy a depression in the coast at Beer, coming down to the level of the sea at Beer Head. Outlying patches cover the eminences of Haldon and the lower grounds between Chudleigh and Newton, and a small patch occurs on the Black Hill near Exmouth, and another of a few acres near Bideford, above 40 m. distant from the green sand of the Black Downs. This wide-spread diffusion and isolation of fragments support an hypothesis that the green sands of the Black Down and Haldon Hills were once united, forming continuous portions of a great arenaceous deposit, long since broken up by denuding causes, which have not only borne away the connecting sands, but have also scooped deeply into the supporting and older rocks. Further evidence of a former extension of the chalk is afforded by the flints which everywhere cover the surface of the green sand. On the Black Down Hills concretions of the green sand are extensively quarried for scythe stones.

7. The *Tertiary deposits* occurring in these counties consist of chalk flints and cherty gravel filling the hollows of the cretaceous

strata ; of clays, sands, and lignite in the green sand valley of the Bovey Heathfield ; and of some remarkable beds of sands and clays resting upon the slate of St. Agnes Beacon, on the N. coast of Cornwall.

In this brief review of the Devonian and Cornish strata, it has been shown that they exhibit manifold marks of a disturbing force, which at different times has altered the surface of the country ; but few of these signs are stamped in such broad and intelligible characters, or are so vividly significant, as those ancient records which bear witness to successive changes in the relative level of land and sea. On many parts of this coast, the retreat of the tide lays bare the trunks of trees, and the stems, still attached to their roots, standing in their natural position ; and the same phenomena have been exposed by excavations at the Pentuan and other tin stream-works. In the Mount's Bay the bed of the sea contains the remains of an hazel wood, among which are found nuts and leaves, and even the elytra of insects which lived upon the trees. Traces of sub-marine forests are also found in Torbay, at the mouth of the Salcombe estuary, at Porthleven near Helston, on Hayle Sands, at Perran Porth, and at the mouth of the Camel. Again, upon the cliffs at various points on the coast, sea-beaches may be observed at heights varying from a few to 40 or 50 ft. above the present high-water mark. The examples are numerous ; but those occurring between the Land's End and Cape Cornwall are the most interesting, on account of the large size of the rounded stones of which they are composed. Raised beaches may be seen also on Hope's Nose near Torquay, at Plymouth, in Gerran's Bay (a fine example), between the harbour of Falmouth and Coverack Cove, on both sides of Cape Cornwall, in St. Ives Bay, and at the mouths of the Camel, Taw, and Torridge. On the E. of Trewavas Head, and on the E. side of Penderennis Castle, they may be observed below cliffs which have been worn by the action of the sea, although now beyond its reach. The physical changes which these submarine forests and raised beaches record, are a considerable subsidence of the land, by which the woods growing on the shore were buried some depth beneath the waves, which gradually covered them with sand, and a subsequent elevation of the coast, in which the submerged trees were brought to their present position, and the beaches raised to the height at which we now find them.

On the N. of Cornwall the traveller will frequently find the shores desolated by sand, which, principally composed of comminuted shells, is piled upon them in *towans* or hillocks. With respect to the origin of these sandy dunes, the old vegetable surfaces which may be traced in their structure, afford evidence of a gradual accumulation, and there is reason to suppose that the principal part of the sand was drifted inland from the beach before the coast was raised to its present height. It is curious to observe how effectually a *small* stream of water will arrest the progress of the sand. The

particles carried forward by the wind are seldom raised many inches from the ground, and individually are held suspended for very short distances. No sooner, therefore, are they drifted past the bank of the stream, than they fall into the water, and are carried away by the current.

The fullest information upon the geology of these interesting counties is contained in Sir Henry De la Beche's Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset, and in the Transactions of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall.

ANTIQUITIES.

Devonshire and Cornwall, so interesting to the geologist, have also claims upon the attention of the antiquary, as containing many monuments which have been attributed to the early inhabitants of our island—monuments of the rudest description, and enveloped in mystery, but curious as the works of an aboriginal people, and as the apparatus of that powerful priesthood, whose opinions were so evidently of Asiatic origin, and whose sanguinary rites are associated in our minds with all that is wild and wonderful. The question by whom, and at what period, England was first peopled is a problem as yet unsolved; but it will be sufficient to state the general conclusion that the first settlers were of Asiatic origin, and came by way of Gaul about 1000 years B. C.; and that the Belgæ, in the year 350 B. C., established themselves on the S. W. coast, and drove the original settlers to the inland parts of the country. The Phœnicians, says Mr. Rowe, may have discovered Baratanac, or the Land of Tin, as early as the reign of David or of Solomon, but the aboriginal period of our history commences before the arrival of the Phœnicians. Such, then, is the possible antiquity of those monuments which now rivet the lonely traveller in our western counties. The stone avenue, or hoary circle which records a by-gone people on the desert waste of Dartmoor, may have been erected at that period when Brute and his Trojan companions are fabled to have landed on the coast of Britain. Both Devonshire and Cornwall are rich in these Celtic remains, notwithstanding the disregard which is shown of their preservation; but Cornwall also contains some antiquities of the Christian Church, with respect to which, says Mr. Haslam, "this part of England is to be considered in a different light to other counties, from the circumstance that the history of the latter passes at once from Roman to Saxon times, while that of Cornwall is distinguished by an intermediate period of 500 years." The monuments, which are regarded as British, are similar to those found in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and other countries which were inhabited by the Celts, and consist of sacred circles, cromlechs, upright stones disposed in avenues, lines, or as single monuments, inscribed and holed stones, kistvaens, cairns, barrows, pounds, hut circles, track-ways, bridges, rounds, and cliffs

castles. To these may be added certain natural curiosities, which have been associated with Druidical rites, and by some referred to the handicraft of the Druid priests, such as logan stones, rock basins, and rock idols. Hill castles or camps record the stormy periods of Saxon and Danish invasion; and crosses, oratories, baptisteries, fonts and lich-stones, are religious memorials of early times, subsequent to the conversion of the Cornish to Christianity; while coffins, or shallow excavations on the *back* of tin-lodes, tell a tale of the ill-provided miner of those ancient days.

Sacred Circles, or Druidical circles, as they are commonly called, consist of a number of rugged stones, placed upright in the ground, at regular intervals from each other, and disposed in circles varying in their size, and occasionally enclosing a single stone in the centre. Camden is inclined to consider them as military trophies, while Borlase deems it highly probable that they were of religious institution, and designed originally and principally for the rites of worship; at the same time he conceives, "they might sometimes have been employed as places of council and judgment, and that, whilst any council or decree was pending, the principal persons concerned stood each by his pillar, and that where a middle stone was erected, there stood the prince or general elect." There can be little doubt that these venerable relics were the rude hypæthral temples of our Druidic forefathers. Their circular form has been supposed by some antiquaries to indicate Solar worship, and, in connection with stone avenues, to represent the head of the serpent, which was anciently the symbol of the sun. But the avenues which still exist on Dartmoor run invariably in straight lines, and thus differ from those which have a true ophite character, such as may be seen in the Great Dracontium of Carnac in Brittany. The serpent, however, was not only the symbol of the Solar deity; Mr. Harcourt (*Doctrine of the Deluge*) is of opinion that serpent-worship may be traced to a traditionary recollection of the Flood, which was represented by a huge water-snake coiled round the globe. These monuments have suffered much from the depredations of the farmer, the upright stones being unfortunately of a convenient size for conversion into gate posts and pig troughs. The largest circle in Devonshire is situated on Dartmoor, under Sittaford Tor. The two most perfect circles in Cornwall are to be found between Penzance and the Land's End.

The *Cromlech* consists of a slab or table-stone placed upon three or more upright blocks. Nothing certain is known respecting its origin or use; but as these monuments abound in every country where the Celts established themselves, it is but fair to conclude that they were erected by that people. It has been a general idea, that they were raised by the Druids as altars for human sacrifices, but the upper stone is generally inclined at such an angle with the plane of the horizon, as to appear unsuited to such a purpose. Some, however, contend that this shelving position was to afford the assembled multitude a fuller view of the cruel spectacle,

and to allow the blood to drain readily from the stone. But the height of these monuments is another objection. The priest must have stood upon the altar, and steps would have been necessary for his decorous ascent to the sacrificial stone; but we never find a trace of any means of access. It is, indeed, a more natural and probable conclusion, that cromlechs were sepulchral monuments, although they may have been the scene of Druidic rites. A skeleton was actually discovered under one of them in Ireland, and it must strike the most superficial observer, that our modern tombs are not very dissimilar to them in their construction, and probably derived their form from a very ancient model. In some of the churchyards on the borders of Dartmoor (as at Harford near Ivy Bridge, and Lidford near Oakhampton), there are granite tombs, much weathered and of extreme age, which consist of a slab, supported at the ends like a cromlech upon upright stones. The name has been differently derived from the Hebrew *carem luach*, a devoted stone or altar, and the British *crum léh*, a bowed flat stone. Cromlechs in Cornwall are provincially called *quoits*. There are five perfect specimens in the two counties — the Spinsters' Rock near Drewsteignton, Pendarves Quoit near Camborne, Lanyon Cromlech near Penzance, Chun Cromlech in the parish of Morvah, and the Trevelly Stone, N. of Liskeard. Models of the cromlech may be seen in the museums of Bristol and Penzance, and in London in the ethnological room of the British Museum.

Stone Avenues are numerous on Dartmoor, and at Merrivale Bridge, on the road from Two Bridges to Tavistock, are found in connection with sacred circles. They are about 5 ft. wide, and formed by detached upright stones 3 or 4 ft. high, arranged in straight parallel lines, which, sometimes stretching for a distance across the open waste, present a very striking and singular appearance. Antiquaries suppose that they were sacred roads on which the idols of Druidic worship were carried in procession. They are generally associated with aboriginal villages, and frequently lead to the bank of a neighbouring stream.

Track-lines, or boundary-marks, are invariably found with the remains of British habitations, and are lines of small upright stones fixed at intervals in the ground. They are regarded in the light of hedges or palings — as demarcations of property. The slope of a hill below Rippon Tor, above the road from Ashburton to Moreton, is divided by track-lines into rectangular enclosures almost as numerous as the squares of a chess-board.

Stone Pillars. — The maen or rock-pillar was one of the most common monuments of antiquity, and was raised in various countries to commemorate the dead or the actions of the living. We read in Scripture that "Jacob took a stone and set it up as a pillar" to be a witness of his covenant with Laban. The Danes were accustomed to mark the scenes of victory or places of interment with upright stones, and the 9 pillars which once stood by the roadside near St. Columb were attributed to that people, as the

number 9 was sacred in the Runic mythology. On Dartmoor the traveller may find several British specimens of the rock-pillar, particularly the *Maen Hir*, or *Long Upright Stone*, among the aboriginal relics near Merrivale Bridge.

Inscribed Stones.—No doubt can exist as to the character of these monuments, since the names of the persons whose memory they record are often legible. We are informed by Strutt, that previous to the beginning of the 7th century, it was held unlawful to bury the dead in cities, and that there were no churchyards. We can approximate to the date of some of these monuments by the shape of the letters, which occasionally are disfigured by the corruptions which crept into the Roman alphabet soon after that people left our country, such as the junction of the letters by unnatural links, or when the down strokes of one were made to serve for two, practices which increased until the Saxon letters were introduced at Athelstan's conquest (936). With respect to the inscriptions, they are all characterised by brevity, as *Rialobran Cunoval Fil*. Many express that the memorial was erected *pro animá*, for the good of the soul, as exciting the devotions of passers-by; while the word *posuit*, or *rogavit*, or *jussit*, often shows whether the stone was raised by the person commemorated, or by others after his death, pursuant to a desire or command of the deceased.

Holed stones, such as the Tolmên and Mên-an-tol, are conjectured by Borlase to have been appropriated to the juggles of the Druids, and the same author asserts that even in his time they were deemed to possess the power of healing those who would crawl through them. In the history of Waterford an account is given of a stone of this description, called St. Declan's Rock, of which it is stated, that many believed in its power of curing rheumatism, and that numbers of persons crawled three times under it, on the patron-day of the saint, in order, as they pretended, to cure or prevent aches and pains in the back.

Kistvaens are rude sarcophagi or chests formed of stones, and originally contained the funeral urns and remains of the dead. The kistvaen is generally found in a barrow, or on the top of a cairn, or placed singly on the brow or slope of some desolate hill.

Cairns and *Barrows*, or sepulchral mounds, were heaped up by the early Britons on the summits of hills, so as to keep alive, by a conspicuous mark, the memory of their chieftains and celebrated warriors. It seems to have been an object of ambition with these rude people, to have their names and deeds handed down to posterity by the sepulchral mound. "If fall I must in the field," says the gloomy chieftain of Carricthura, "raise high my grave, Vinvela. Grey stones and heaped-up earth shall mark me to future times. When the hunter shall sit down by the mound, and prepare his food at noon, 'Some warrior rests here,' he will say, and my fame shall live on in his praise." Barrows are numerous in the northern parts of Cornwall, but during the present century the greater number of them have been despoiled of their contents, which have been

generally found to consist of a *kistvaen*, or stone chest, containing an urn of earth filled with ashes. The cairn is a heap of stones: the barrow a mound of earth.

Pounds are circular or oval enclosures formed by a rampart of stones. They are found on Dartmoor, and are traditionally said to have been constructed by the ancient Britons as pens for their sheep and cattle, and are therefore called pounds; but as they generally contain the remains of habitations, it is fair to conclude that they were also intended for the purposes of defence. *Grimspound*, near Moreton Hampstead, is the finest specimen, and this, Polwhele conjectures, might have been used as a court of judicature.

Hut Circles. — The rings of moor-stone which are designated by this name have been clearly shown to be the ruinous cabins of the Celtic aborigines, and have been so called to distinguish them from sacred circles. They are remains which are well calculated to strike the attention, as occurring in wild and lonely tracks, where the unexpected appearance of the vestiges of a people long passed away cannot fail to impress. They universally consist of the foundations of round huts, without a trace of the superstructure, being circles of unhewn stones set closely together, except at one part, where the door-jamb's often remain. Upon the lonely and desolate Dartmoor these interesting stone-rings are exceedingly numerous, with few exceptions of one size — 26 ft. in diameter, and generally clustered together upon some dreary hill-side sloping to a stream. In these skeleton villages the traveller may sometimes find the basement of a dwelling of superior dimensions, consisting of a circle of the common description enclosed within another twice its size, a variety which would seem to indicate the habitation of one of the chiefs of the tribe. The ruins are always accompanied by the remains of track-lines, which appear to have marked out the quarters of different families. There can be little doubt that in these hoary weed-grown relics we may trace the rude mansions of our Celtic forefathers. The huts of the ancient Britons are represented on the Antonine column as circular buildings with conical roofs; and are mentioned by Cæsar as similar to the cabins of the Gauls, which Strabo describes as “dwellings of wood in the form of a circle with lofty tapering roofs.” Indeed they appear to have been identical with the *shealings* which the inhabitants of Orkney construct at the present day; for these are of wood on circular foundations of stone, and sometimes in the form of a circle within a circle, with roof of fir poles, heather and branches. “Like the Nomades of the ancient times,” says the learned author of the *Antiq. of Wiltshire*, “our Britons resided upon hills, sheltered by huts from the inclemency of the weather, and subsisting on the produce of their cattle, and the venison which the woods supplied in abundance.” Remains similar to the hut circles have been found in Sweden and other northern countries.

Trackways is a provincial term for the remains of aboriginal roads which apparently traversed the forest of Dartmoor in nume-

rous directions. They are formed of moor-stone, and are commonly from 5 to 6 ft. in breadth; but Mr. Rowe, in his "Perambulation of Dartmoor" describes a road of this kind under Three Barrow Tor (near Ivy Bridge), as measuring 16 ft. in width. These trackways are supposed to have connected the different villages, and also to have served as boundary marks. A fine example will be found on Chittaford Down, N. of Post Bridge, descending the hill towards the E. Dart. It is traditionally said to have crossed the centre of the forest in a line from E. to W., from Hamilton Down to Mis Tor.

Bridges of Cyclopean masonry are perhaps the most interesting of all the Celtic relics on Dartmoor. They are formed of unhewn tabular masses of granite, of prodigious size, supported on piers of the same rude material, the whole being held together by the weight of the stones. The finest specimen is situated on the E. Dart, close to Post Bridge, a modern structure by which the high road from Moreton to Plymouth crosses the stream.

Rounds, Pláns an quare (i. e. places of sport), or amphitheatres, of which the only perfect specimen in these counties is in the Cornish parish of Perranzabuloe, were for the performance of interludes or *Guary Miracle Plays*, and for the exhibition of feats of strength, such as hurling and wrestling, for which the Cornish are still famous. Every one has heard of the *Cornish hug*. The *Round* at Perranzabuloe, like the Amphitheatre at Dorchester, is an enclosure formed by a mound of earth.

Cliff-castles. — This name has been given to several headlands, which, isolated by entrenchments of earth or stones, are supposed to have been ancient British fortresses. Treryn Castle and Tol Pedn Penwith may be adduced as examples.

Logan stones are spheroidal masses of granite, which, poised on their minor axes, oscillate when subjected to a succession of impulses. By the mutual intersection of divisional planes and lines of cleavage granite is more or less separated into cuboidal or prismatic forms, and these, when exposed to the influence of the weather, become abraded at the edges, and necessarily assume a spheroidal figure. Antiquaries formerly attributed the roundness of such blocks to the chisel of the Druids, but their theories are now with reason considered erroneous. It is not, however, improbable that these priests of old may have employed the Logan Stone as an engine of religious imposture. Accordingly Mason has poetically described it as endued with the properties of an ordeal: —

" Behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of living adamant,
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock: firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose heart is pure; but to a traitor,
Tho' e'en a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowdon."

In Wales the Logan Stone is termed *maen sigl*, the shaking stone. It is supposed to have been alluded to by Ossian where he speaks of "the stone of power."

Rock basins, as they have been called, in accordance with the theory of the antiquary that they were formed by the Druids as pools of lustration, are circular holes in granite surfaces, and unquestionably the result of decomposition; the surprising roundness of the cavity being a necessary consequence of the uniform texture of the material. They are to be observed in every granitic country, and it is impossible to refer them to the agency of the Druids, unless we suppose these priests of old to have been as universal and active as the elements. The arguments for their Druidical origin are contained in the pages of Dr. Borlase's Antiquities of Cornwall. It is perhaps sufficient to state that one of the principal supports to this theory is the purity of the water which collects in these basins, since the element being deposited by clouds and mists, must necessarily be free from any foreign ingredient which might be derived from the earth. But it is unfortunate for the plausibility of this circumstance, that the highest rocks of the tors and carns, upon which the greater number of these basins are to be found, are the favourite resort of gulls and other birds, whose favours by no means contribute to the clearness or purity of the water, which is sometimes so impregnated with *guano*, that we suspect the traveller, though thirsty as Tantalus, would scarcely be induced to take a draught of it. Air and moisture are certain solvents of granite, and wherever a drop of water can obtain a lodgment, a cavity must sooner or later be produced, and the action is accelerated by the wind as the hole enlarges.

Rock idols is a term that has been given by Borlase to such fantastic piles as the Cheesewring. There can be no doubt that the only agents employed in their formation have been the elements, but it is not improbable that the Druids may have availed themselves of their uncouth and wonderful appearance in practising upon the superstitious fears of their ignorant countrymen.

Hill-castles or *camps* are strong entrenchments upon commanding eminences, and are memorials of the struggle between the fierce Danmonii and the Saxons, and of the occupation of the country by the Romans. "In examining these earthworks," says Sir R. Hoare, "we must endeavour to discriminate the work of the people who constructed them; and wherever we find very strong and elevated ramparts, and deep ditches, with advanced outworks, we may, without hesitation, attribute these camps to the Saxon, or Belgic æra; for neither the Romans nor Britons had recourse to strong ramparts." Borlase supposes that the camps in the Land's End district record the domination of the Danes over the Cornish. If such is the case, their number bears testimony to the valour of those they held in subjection, since it required such numerous and powerful checks; for there are no less than seven of these "castles,"

which could have communicated by signal, situated within five miles of Penzance.

Crosses formed of granite are very common in Devonshire and Cornwall, and are regarded as some of the most ancient ecclesiastical remains in England. Their numbers, indeed, have been thinned by the farmer, who has found them of a convenient size for gate-posts, but many remain in their original positions, — in the churchyards, by the wayside, in the market-places, and occasionally in wild and solitary spots on the moors. They all agree in being much weathered by the elements, but vary essentially in size and shape, and some are doubtless much older than others, but the greater number are considered to date before the conquest of Cornwall by Athelstan (936). Many of these monuments are Greek crosses, that is, formed of four short limbs of equal length, which are sometimes carved on a circular disc, the spaces between the limbs being pierced, as in the Four-Hole Cross near the Jamaica Inn. In a few, as in that at Perranzabuloe, the sacred symbol is marked out by four small holes perforating crosswise the head of the stone. In the Land's End district these monuments are about 4 ft. high, occasionally elevated upon steps, and sculptured with a rude representation of the crucified Saviour. In Devonshire and the eastern parts of Cornwall they are often on a much larger scale, 9 or more feet in height, and sometimes bear traces on the shaft of scroll-work and a moulding. These crosses are considered to be monuments of the Eastern Church, which prevailed in these counties previous to the rule of the Saxon, and to have been erected either as boundary marks of church property or sanctuaries; or to denote places for public prayer, proclamation, or preaching; or, by the wayside, to direct the pilgrim to the different churches; or, lastly, as sepulchral monuments, or records of battle or murder.

Oratories. — The ancient church or oratory of St. Piran, which was discovered buried in sand in the parish of Perranzabuloe, has been regarded as a specimen of Celtic architecture, and assigned to the British Christians of the 6th century. Some remains of a similar character have been revealed by the shifting of the sand hills near Padstow and Gwythian.

Baptisteries are to be found in ruins by many of the wells or springs which gush forth in different parts of this rocky country. The greater number were destroyed by the fanatical puritans during the civil war; but one specimen remains to this day tolerably perfect, at Dupath Well, near Callington. It was the custom of the Celtic Christians to have the baptistry distinct from the church; the practice of christening in a font within the church was introduced by the Saxons. The Cornish are much addicted to superstition, a habit of mind which has doubtless been fostered by the peculiar employment of the miners, who, passing their lives in gloomy caverns, and depending in a measure upon chance for success *in their pursuits*, naturally become believers in the marvellous.

This credulity of the country people is shown in their veneration for certain wells, to the waters of which they attribute extraordinary virtues. At this day the sick resort to them in expectation of a speedy cure, while others attempt to read the future in the appearance of the bubbles produced in their waters by the dropping in of pins or pebbles. This mode of divining, which was formerly termed hydromancy, is perhaps one of the most ancient superstitions that has descended to us.

Fonts.—The older of these are of an early Norman date, and are generally octagon, a shape which is symbolical of the perfect dispensation, of which baptism was the initiatory rite. 7 of the sides were emblematic of the natural creation which was completed in 7 days, and the 8th of the dispensation perfected by the resurrection of our Saviour on the 8th day.

Roodcreens.—This interesting feature of our old country churches is well preserved in these counties—particularly in Devonshire. It is a partition of elaborate wood-work dividing nave and chancel, and in some instances surmounted by a rood-loft, on which it was formerly the custom to fix the *Holy Rood* or crucifix. The Devonshire screens, says Pugin, are in general constructed on one principle, with projecting wooden ribbed work crossing the rood-loft, and ornamented with carving and painted panels, in many specimens quite perfect. Screens with rood-lofts may be seen at Honiton, Feniton, Bradninch, West Buckland, Cullumpton, Dartmouth, Kenton, Pinhoe, Plymtree, Tiverton, Atherington, and Dawlish; without lofts, but of rich and intricate design, with panels gilt and painted—sometimes with heads of saints—at Bridford, Burlescombe, Clayhanger, Dartington, Hempstone, Plymstock and West Oggwell.

Lich-stones.—These are placed at the entrance of the churchyard, and are rough stones upon which it is an ancient practice to rest the coffin when brought for interment. The custom of carrying the dead with psalmody to the grave, which was the usage of the East so early as the 4th century, is still observed in Cornwall.

MINES.

The mineral productions of Devonshire and Cornwall, considered as objects of trade and manufacture, are principally two,—tin and copper, for the former of which the metalliferous district between Dartmoor and the Land's End has been celebrated from a very distant period. We learn from ancient authors, both sacred and profane, that tin was known and manufactured many centuries anterior to the Christian epoch. It is mentioned by Homer as one of the metals employed by Vulcan in the construction of the shield of Achilles; the Tyrians prepared from it their celebrated purple dye, and there are frequent allusions to it in the writings of the Old Testament (Isaiah and Ezekiel). It is not, however, to be supposed that any mercantile intercourse existed at such early periods between

Britain and the nations of the East. The metal was supplied from the Continent of Europe, — from Portugal and the N. of Spain, — and it was not until the Tarshish of Scripture (now Cadiz), the ancient mart of tin, had been colonised by the Carthaginians, that those enterprising navigators (who were Phœnicians by descent), penetrating seas previously unknown to them, discovered the Islands of Scilly and the neighbouring shores of Britain. It may be presumed that they were there gratified by the sight of an article which, up to that time found sparingly in Spain alone, formed the principal export of their own city; and Strabo informs us that, by giving a false account of the situation of these islands, they secured for three or four centuries the exclusive benefit of the Cornish tin trade. At length, however, the Greeks of Phocæa, who had settled at Marseilles, and were animated by the same spirit of adventure, launched their vessels into the Atlantic, and one Pytheas explored the Northern Ocean as high as the 63d degree of latitude (B.C. 330). In the course of this voyage he fell in with the Islands of Scilly, and returning to his countrymen, made them acquainted with the secret mart of the Cadizians, and astonished Southern Europe by an account of the phenomena he had witnessed on his approach to the northern pole. The Massilian Greeks hastened to take advantage of this welcome intelligence, and fitting out several vessels for the trade, were the first to import British tin into Greece direct from Scilly; but, like the Cadizians, they felt the importance of concealing the source of so much wealth, and withheld the secret from the Romans of Narbonne, with whom they were in alliance. The Romans, however, had been long searching for the *Cassiterides*, or tin islands, by which name Scilly was then known, and their perseverance was at length rewarded with success, when, a little before the invasion of Cæsar, one Publius Crassus made the fortunate discovery. He reached the shores of Cornwall, and inspecting the tin-works, introduced the art of mining as it was practised by his countrymen, and persuaded the inhabitants to venture across the Channel in their leathern vessels, and to carry their mineral produce to the opposite coast of Gaul. There, to obviate the risk of a voyage to the Mediterranean, stations for the reception of the tin were established, the principal of which appears to have been situated at the mouth of the Seine; but it is a mooted point with antiquaries, whether St. Michael's Mount, or the Isle of Wight, was the *Iktis* of Diodorus Siculus, from which the metal was shipped. The description of the ancient port by that writer is applicable to the present appearance of the Mount, while it is as inapplicable to that of the Wight; but it is difficult to speculate upon the changes which the lapse of 18 centuries may have produced in the local character of these two places. "The inhabitants," says Diodorus, who flourished about 40 B.C., "carry the tin to a certain island lying on the coast of Britain, called Iktis. During the recess of the tide, *the intermediate space being left dry*, they carry over abundance of tin to this *place in their carts*. There the merchants buy it of the natives,

and transport it into Gaul." When the Romans became masters of Britain, they of course engrossed the whole of the trade. They introduced an improved method of mining, and taught the inhabitants the application of tin to domestic purposes, and the art of incorporating it with other metals. In the unsettled times which followed their departure, the mines are supposed to have been neglected, but it is probable that they continued to supply the Continent with a quantity of their produce. Church-bells first came into use in the 6th and 7th centuries, so it may be presumed there was a demand for tin during the Heptarchy. Upon the establishment of the Normans, that industrious people turned their attention to this source of wealth, and great improvements in the regulation of mining matters ensued; and here we leave the doubtful field of tradition and enter on the sure ground of record. In the reign of King John, when Bruges was the chief tin emporium, Devonshire produced more tin than Cornwall, but the trade was inconsiderable, and entirely engrossed by the Jews, whose ancient smelting furnaces exist at this day under the denomination of *Jews' Houses*, the right of working the mines being wholly in the king as Earl of Cornwall. The exports, however, greatly increased under the auspices of his son Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans, in consequence of the Spanish mines having stopped working on the invasion of the Moors. In the first Edward's reign, the Jews were expelled the country, and the tin mines fell back into their former state of neglect; but a few years subsequently Edmond, Earl of Cornwall, granted to the tanners a charter, which conferred the important privilege of holding plea of all actions relating to the mines, those of "lyfe, lymme, and land excepted," and declared that the prisons for offending tanners should be at Lidford and Lostwithiel. In consideration of these privileges, the gentlemen tanners bound themselves to pay to the Earl of Cornwall and his successors a certain duty (afterwards fixed at 4s.) upon every hundred-weight of tin, and certain towns were appointed to which the blocks of metal should be brought to be *coined* or assayed and kept until the dues were paid. To facilitate these arrangements, the miners of Cornwall were separated from those of Devon, whom they had been previously accustomed to meet every seventh or eighth year on Hingston Down, near Callington; and from this time the Stannary parliaments on Crockern Tor — a wild hill in the centre of Dartmoor — are probably to be dated. The charter of Edmond was confirmed by Edw. I. in 1305, and marks an era in Cornish mining, as it was the origin of many of those customs and practices which are peculiar to the Stannaries, such as the right of *bounding*, or selecting portions of waste land for mining to be marked out by pits, which encouraged the search for tin by vesting in the *bounder* a large proportion of the metal found within the described limits. From the period of the Edwards, the mines continued to flourish under the protection of the Crown, until the reign of Mary, when the tide of fortune once more receded, and at the accession of Elizabeth.

beth had reached so low an ebb, that that sagacious ruler invited over a number of Germans to assist and instruct her poor "spadiards" of Devon and Cornwall, of whose doleful condition at that time we have a picture by Risdon:—"His apparel is coarse, his diet slender, his lodging hard, his drink water, and for lack of a cup he generally drinketh out of a spade." Under the wise rule of Elizabeth, the mines were soon again filled with busy labourers; and, in particular, those of silver and lead at Combe Martin and Beer Ferris, which are supposed to have been vigorously worked in this reign. Some improvements, too, were made in the laws and regulations of the Stannaries. A warden was appointed to do justice in law and equity, from whom there was an appeal to the Duke of Cornwall in council, or, for want of a Duke of Cornwall, to the Crown. Henry VII. conferred an important addition to these privileges—that no law relating to the tanners should be enacted without the consent of the Stannary parliament, which consists of 24 gentlemen, a certain number chosen by a mayor and council in each of the Stannary divisions. Whatever is enacted by this body must be signed by the stannators, the lord warden, or his deputy the vice-warden, and afterwards by the Duke of Cornwall, or the sovereign, and when thus passed, has all the authority, with regard to tin affairs, as an act of the whole legislature. But a necessity for conveying these parliaments seldom occurs. The Devonshire stannators were last assembled on Crockern Tor in 1749, the Cornish at Truro in 1752-3. In 1836 the Stannary courts of jurisdiction were remodelled by the act 6 & 7 Will. IV. c. 106. The equitable jurisdiction of the vice-wardens, which had long been questioned, was recognised and confirmed, and the courts of equity and common law were united and placed under the presidency of the vice-wardens, one for each county, who were to be barristers of 5 years' standing at the least. From the judgment of these courts, an appeal lies to the lord warden (Prince Albert), assisted by not less than 3 of the judicial committee of the Privy Council, and finally from the lord warden to the House of Lords. Since the reign of Elizabeth, the ancient tin trade has kept pace with the extension of commerce, but its importance has been eclipsed by that of copper. The supply of tin from these western counties is at this day not a half of that of copper, yet Cornwall produces 9-10ths of the tin which is annually furnished by Great Britain and the whole continent of Europe.

The history of Cornish copper, now the principal metallic product of the county, is a tale of yesterday compared to that of tin. The sources of this mineral lying deeper in the earth, it required an improved method of mining and drainage to penetrate to them, and such an assistant as the steam-engine to supersede the rude appliances of ancient days. It appears that no notice was taken of this valuable metal until the latter end of the 15th century, and very little attention paid to it until the Revolution, at which period *its true value* began gradually to unfold itself. It is supposed, how-

ever, that no mine was worked exclusively for copper until the year 1700, previously to which, some Bristol merchants had largely profited by buying up the casual produce at the rate of 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* per ton. In 1718, a Mr. Costar gave a great impulse to the trade by draining several of the deeper mines, and instructing the Cornish in an improved method of dressing the ore. From that period the present trade in Cornish copper may be said to date its rise, the annual produce, with some exceptions, having progressively increased. In the year ending June 30, 1849, it amounted to no less than 155,616 tons of ore, which produced 12,869 tons of fine copper, and 825,080*l.* in money. Upon the first discovery of the yellow ore, which is now so valuable, the miner, to whom its nature was entirely unknown, gave it the name of *poder*, or *dust*; and it will scarcely be credited in these times, that he regarded it, not only as useless, but upon its appearance was actually induced to abandon the mine; the common expression upon such occasions being, that *the ore came in and spoilt the tin!* Lead, silver, antimony, iron, arsenic, and manganese are other products of the mines of Devonshire and Cornwall, but of trifling importance compared to tin and copper. Cobalt has also been discovered in small quantities, and grains of gold are occasionally found in the alluvial soil of the tin streamworks. The latter are considered perquisites of the miner, who deposits them in a quill, which he sells, when filled, to the goldsmith. The stannary laws have no application to the working of copper or lead, which is conducted upon such agreements as may be decided on by the contracting parties.

The peroxide of tin and bisulphuret and sulphuret of copper — the only ores of these metals which are of consequence in a mining point of view — are contained in *veins* or *lodes*, which run in an E. and W. direction, through granite as well as slate, and vary in width from an inch to upwards of 30 ft., but the average breadth is from 1 ft. to 4 ft. These are frequently interrupted by *cross-courses*, or veins seldom metalliferous, which maintain a direction from N. to S., and often prove to the miner a source of considerable vexation, for they alter the position of, or *heave* the lodes they intersect, and often in such a manner as to baffle all attempts for their recovery. The veins containing lead pursue a N. and S. course, but are seldom associated with lodes of copper or tin. Indeed, each mining district is in general characterised by the preponderance of a particular ore. Thus Dartmoor, St. Austell and St. Agnes are principally stanniferous, the great mining-field of Gwennap, Redruth, and Camborne, cupriferous, while lead is for the most part confined to the N. coast, and manganese and antimony to the N. E. parts of Cornwall. The Tavistock district is, however, of a mixed metalliferous character, and the ores of zinc and iron are largely distributed, but have hitherto been little noticed by the miner. The geological structure of the district is commonly an indication of the ores which may be found in it. Tin, as a general rule, is to be sought in granite; lead in slate; and copper

near the junction of these two formations. But copper and tin frequently occur in one and the same lode, or in separate lodes running parallel courses, and so near each other as to be within the bounds of the same mine.

The usual method pursued in a search for lodes is to sink a pit to a certain depth, and then to drive a tunnel or *cross-cut* N. and S. (for tin and copper), so as to meet with every vein in the tract through which it passes. Another, and an ancient mode of discovery, is that termed *shoding*, which is now little practised, but as it is somewhat curious it deserves to be mentioned. The lodes rise to the surface, and by the wear and tear of ages the upper portions have been detached, and removed from the parent bed. If a tin stone then should be found in turning up the soil, the Cornishman endeavours to ascertain whence it may have been derived, and tries up hill for the *broil*, or head of the vein from which it has descended. It is seldom, however, that a new mine is opened from the surface, or *grass*, as it is called; the re-working of those which are from time to time abandoned, being in general sufficient to engage all the speculators. But, occasionally, when a lode in a particular mine has assumed a very promising appearance, — as has lately been the case in E. Huel Caradon near Liskeard, — a number of mines will be opened in its vicinity, in the hope of participating in the good fortune.

A lode having been found, the licence of the owner of the soil must be obtained before any operations can be commenced — except, indeed, in a search for tin, when the right of *bounding* should authorise the discoverer to proceed. The proprietor of the land having sanctioned the undertaking, is called the *lord*, and receives, as his share or *dish*, about one-eighteenth of the ore raised; the parties who work the mine being termed *adventurers*, and their shares depending upon the original agreement. The licence to the company is for a period of six months or a year, and at the expiration of this time the proprietor is bound to grant a lease, which is generally in the same terms as the licence.

In working a mine three material points are to be considered; the discharge of the water, the removal of the rubbish or *deads*, and the raising of the ore. To assist in the drainage an *adit*, or subterranean passage, is commenced in a neighbouring valley, and *driven* up to the vein, so that the level to which the water is to be pumped, may be brought as low as possible. The *shaft*, a well-like aperture, is then sunk in the rock, and a machine called a *whim*, erected, to bring up the *deads* and ore. This is a hollow cylinder of wood, or *cage*, which turns on a perpendicular axis, and is worked by horses — or, in a large mine, by a steam-engine. As it revolves, a rope which encircles it winds and unwinds, and raises one bucket or *kibbal* to the surface, whilst the other is descending the mine. The shaft is in general a square-shaped excavation, about 6 feet in breadth by 12 feet in length, and divided in the *centre* by a *strong* wooden partition, which makes it in reality

two shafts; one for the use of the miner, the other for raising the ore. The veins or *lodes* which are to be reached by the shaft may be compared to leaning walls enclosed in the solid rock, slanting or *underlying* to the rt. or l. and descending to unknown depths. Where the shaft intersects them, *levels* or galleries, about 6 ft. in height by 3 in width, are *driven* in a horizontal direction along their course, one below the other, at intervals of from 10 to 20 or 30 fathoms; and when extended to a certain distance from the original vertical shaft, it becomes necessary, for the purpose of ventilation, to *sink* another shaft, which is made to intersect all the levels in the same manner as the first. In the interval a communication is also frequently made between two galleries by a partial shaft called a *wins*. More than one lode are generally worked in a mine, and when this is the case, levels run parallel to each other at the same depth, and communicate by *cross-cuts*, driven through the intervening rock, or *country*, as it is called. The excavations are principally effected by blasting with gunpowder, and the annual cost of the quantity consumed in the Cornish mines amounts to as much as 18,000*l*. It is not, however, usual to extract all the ore which can be obtained. Certain portions are reserved to meet any run of ill success; these are termed *the eyes of the mine*, and are *picked out* only under pressing circumstances. The surface of the mine is called the *bat*, and every level and shaft has a name. In large adventures it is the practice to devote a proportion of the proceeds to "discovery," and this is sometimes pursued on an astonishing scale. In about 20 years the solid rock or *country* of the Consolidated Mines was tunnelled for this purpose a distance of 63 m., at a cost of 300,000*l*. Much skill is shown by the miner in his underground work. The levels and cross-cuts are driven by compass, which is called *dialling*, and a shaft is frequently commenced at different depths, and cut with such exactness that the various parts, when completed, coincide, and form one vertical excavation.

A curious circumstance connected with these gloomy recesses is the increase of the heat with the depth, which is after the rate of 1 degree of Fahr. for every 50 ft., and has been cited as an argument for the Leibnitz doctrine of a central fire, or source of heat, in the interior of the earth. Some, however, have sought to explain it by imperfect ventilation, and the heat generated by the combustion of candles and explosions of gunpowder; and it is worthy of notice, that the recent discovery by Sir James Ross of the uniform temperature of the ocean at great depths, appears to militate against the hypothesis of a central source of heat. In the deep levels of the Consolidated Mines the mercury rises to 98° Fahr., in those of the United Mines to 106° Fahr. The miners work naked to the waist, and have been known to lose 5 lbs. from perspiration during a spell of 8 hours.

The drainage of the mine is an important consideration, and the magnificent engines by which it is effected are well worthy of the

traveller's attention. Before the invention of the steam-engine, the work was performed by horses, men, or water. The pumping machines were then the *water-whim*, in which a horse raised buckets or *kibbals* to the surface; the *rag and chain pump*, which was kept incessantly in motion by parties of men, who relieved each other at intervals of 6 hours; and the *water-wheel and bobs*, a wheel, perhaps, 50 ft. in diam., turned by a stream of water, and connected with a pump in a metallic cylinder, an apparatus which is still used in Cornwall, and is generally employed in Devonshire, where running water is plentiful. In the 16th cent., Newcomen and Savery introduced their atmospheric or *fire-engine*, for which they obtained a patent in 1765. By its aid the mines were deepened, and new sources of wealth made accessible; but the engine was necessarily both clumsy and costly, and consumed about 100 chaldrons of coal per month. In 1778 this engine was giving place to Watt's, in which steam was substituted for the weight of the atmosphere as the power to drive down the piston. The improvement was a great one. The new engine performed more work at a much less expense than one of Newcomen's, and Watt was amply remunerated for the use of his invention by one-third of the coals saved by it. 3 of his engines erected in place of the same number of Newcomen's on Chacewater effected a reduction of 7200*l.* in the annual expenditure of the mine. From the time of Watt, the Cornish pumping engines have made rapid strides to that high position which they now occupy among the powers of steam. Hornblower introduced double cylinders, Woolf high pressure, and Trevithick boilers by which steam can be used at high pressure in single cylinders. The engines are now manufactured in Cornwall, and even one of the worst does the duty of 4 of Watt's. They work, with little noise, expansively at high pressure, and are pre-eminent for the ease with which they drain the greatest depths, and for the small relative amount of fuel consumed by them, and although of colossal size and power are so admirably constructed that they may be placed under the control of a boy. The interior is always handsomely fitted, and in general kept as clean and well ventilated as a lady's drawing-room. Upon the main-beam is fixed a counter, which, by recording the number of vibrations made in a given time, shows the amount of work or *duty* performed. This is called *reporting* the engine, the result being published once a month in *duty-papers*, a practice found advantageous as exciting emulation, for since its introduction some 30 years ago the work performed by the best engines has been more than trebled. The duty is ascertained by finding the number of pounds weight which the engine lifts one foot high by the consumption of one bushel of coals. In Austen's engine, on the Fowey Consols, it amounted one year to more than 18 millions. The beam of the engine communicates with a rod which descends through a chain of pumps to the *sump*, or bottom of the mine, where the water collects, and from this well a certain quantity of the water *is raised to the surface*, and the rest to the *adit*, down which it flows

by a gentle descent to a neighbouring valley. In some cases, however, from the level though elevated character of the district, these subterranean channels are extended to a considerable distance; and the *Great Adit*, which drains many of the principal mines in the parishes of Gwennap and Redruth, is calculated, with its ramifications, to be nearly 30 m. in length. The quantity of water discharged from a single mine occasionally amounts to upwards of 1600 gallons in a minute, and 60 millions of tons have been pumped from the earth by about 60 engines in the course of the year. Some idea of these wonderful machines may be derived from the following statement. An engine on the Consolidated Mines pumps directly from a depth of 1600 ft.; the pumping rod is 1740 ft. long, or, in other words, the third of a mile in length, and lifts at every stroke $33\frac{1}{4}$ gallons of water to the adit level, and 45 gallons more to the surface, the weight of the pumping apparatus alone being upwards of 500 tons.

The traveller who is desirous of descending a mine, must lay aside every article of his ordinary dress, and array himself in the costume of a miner, — a flannel shirt and trowsers, worn close to the skin in order to absorb the perspiration, a strong pair of shoes, a linen cap, and a stout broad-brimmed hat, intended to serve the purpose of a helmet in warding off blows from the rock. He then has a candle fixed to his hat by a lump of clay, and is equipped for the adventure. The descent offers little difficulty, as the ladders are generally inclined, and stages occur at intervals of about three fathoms. But the ascent from these deep and melancholy vaults entails of course considerable exertion. The stranger will, however, find little in the interior of a mine to gratify curiosity; for although the levels and their ramifications extend in general many miles, and hundreds of men are busily working in them at the same time, there are no crystalline chambers glittering with ore, nor crowds of miners grim as the Cyclops, nor caverns lighted by a number of torches and echoing the thunder of explosions and the rending of rocks. On the descent the working of the pump-rods and occasional rattle of the metallic buckets against the side of the shaft produce a certain amount of noise, but the *levels* are as silent as the grave, and generally so low and narrow as to admit the passage of one person only at a time, and that in a stooping posture. The miner, too, like the mole, is solitary in his operations, and is often discovered alone at the end of a gallery, in a damp and confined space, boring the solid rock, or breaking down the ore by the feeble light of a candle.

The most interesting mines for the traveller to descend are those near the Land's End, which penetrate beneath the sea; for in these, when the coast is lashed by a swell from the Atlantic, an accompaniment that is seldom wanting, he may hear in the levels the harsh grating of rocks rolling to and fro over head in the bed of the sea, and the reverberation of the breaking waves; but the enjoyment of such sublime, but portentous sounds, will require strength of nerve in the visitor, as the noise is often so terrific as

to scare the miners from their work. It is a curious circumstance, that these submarine mines are in general the dryest in the county.

Besides the mines, properly so called, the Cornish valleys, or *bottoms*, contain numerous *stream-works* which produce a quantity of tin. Some of this, called *grain-tin*, is of great purity, and exclusively used by the dyer. A few of these works are very ancient, and it is supposed that all the tin of former days was procured by *streaming*. They derive their name from the manner in which they are worked, which consists in merely washing the alluvial soil by directing a stream of water over it, when the earthy particles are carried away, and the tin ore procured in a separate form. Their condition or value is significantly denoted by the technical expressions of the miner,—a *living stream*, *just alive*, and *dead*. The principal stream-works are situated on and near the S. coast of Cornwall, and the greater number in the parishes of St. Austell and Luxulian. The valleys of Dartmoor, although long deserted by the miner, are everywhere scored by the remains of ancient stream-works.

The miners are divided into two great classes—*underground* and *surface-men*, the former being three times as numerous as the latter. The underground men are divided into *tutmen* and *tributers*. Tutmen sink the shafts and run the levels and adits, executing their work by the piece, which is generally calculated by the fathom, and earning on an average from 40*s.* to 50*s.* a month. Tributers find the ore and raise it to the surface. A party of these men, however numerous, undertaking the excavation of a particular level, is denominated a *pair*. This pair is subdivided into three gangs, which, by relieving each other at the end of every *spell* of 8 hours, keep up the work uninterruptedly, except on a Sunday. The expense of sinking shafts and cutting adits is defrayed by the adventurers; but the *lode*, or a *sett* of lodes, called a *pitch*, is let by auction on *setting days*, and is taken by the miners for two months at a time on *tribute*, that is, on an agreement to find their own tools, candles, and powder, a certain sum being advanced to them, called *'sist money*; and to *drive* the vein and raise the ore, on condition of receiving a proportion of the proceeds, the amount of their gains being determined by the value of the ore when ready for market, and varying from 6*d.* to 13*s.* 4*d.* in the pound, according to the richness of the lode. Thus the tributers are adventurers, and the fascination of enterprise induces them, not only to tolerate, but to enter with ardour into their unhealthy occupation. The surface men attend to the machinery and prepare the ore for market, many of the operations being performed by girls and women, whose gay and varied dresses and garrulous tongues enliven these dreary scenes of labour. On a rough calculation, the number of persons directly employed in the mines of Devon and Cornwall may be estimated at 30,000.

As soon as the tin ore is brought to the surface it is spalled, or

broken into smaller fragments, and then pounded in the *stamping-mill*, for the purpose of separating the oxide from the hard matrix through which it is disseminated. The *stamping-mill* consists of a number of *lifters*, or piles of wood shod with heavy masses of iron, which are raised and dropped by the cogs of a water-wheel, or the beam of a steam-engine, and pound or *stamp* the ore small enough to pass the holes of an iron grate, through which it is carried by a stream of water through a series of pits, in which the particles are deposited according to their specific gravity, the richer and heavier portions, called the *crop* or *head*, collecting in the first pit, and the slime or *tail* in the others. The crop ores are then taken to the *buddle*, a pit in which they are arranged on an inclined wooden frame called the *jigging-board*, from which they are again washed by a run of water and separated into three or four parcels of different value. The *head* or *crop* of these deposits is next thrown into the *keeve*, a large vat containing water, and further purified by an operation called *tozing* or *tossing*. This consists in stirring the water round by means of a small shovel, with such rapidity as to bring the *tin stuff* into a state of suspension, when the *tozer* relaxes his efforts, and by frequently striking the keeve with a mallet, the tin, from its greater weight, sinks to the bottom, or is *packed*, while the earth and other impurities circle at the top, and can be separated. The deposit in the keeve is divided into two or three parts, the lowest of which is fit either for *smelting*, or if associated with *mundic*, a name the miners have given to arsenical and iron pyrites, for *roasting* in the *burning-house*. This is a reverberatory furnace fed with coal, but previous to the beginning of the 18th cent. it was a blast furnace, supplied either with turf or charcoal. It was then called the *blowing-house*, and was commonly burnt at the end of every 7 or 8 years for the sake of the tin which had been carried up the chimney, and had collected in the thatch of the roof. After roasting, the crop ores are again *buddled*, *tossed* and *packed*, until fit for smelting. The various portions separated from the crop ores, and which come under the heads of *creases*, *skimpings*, and *leavings*, are subjected to a number of similar operations, namely, *sifting*, *dilluing*, *tying*, *jigging*, *trunking*, and *framing*, all of which are conducted with the object of arranging the particles of ore according to their specific gravity and relative value by the aid of water, and are highly interesting on account of the dexterity exhibited in their performance. The tin ore thus prepared is called *black tin*, and is ready for sale. It contains 75 per cent. of metal; but when first brought to the surface it has frequently no more than 6 per cent. in it. The mode of *dress*ing copper ore is, in many of the operations, similar to that of tin. The ore is first broken up with hammers, or crushed by steel rollers, and divided into *good ore* or *prills*, *dredge ore*, and *halvans* or *leavings*. The *good ore* when passed through sieves, called the *griddle* and *jigging sieve*, in a keeve of water, for the purpose of separating the barren stones,

is fit for the market. The poorer sort is carried to a pit called the *strakes*, where it is washed by a stream of water, the rich pieces of ore being picked out by boys and girls. The stony parts of the deposit in the strakes is afterwards crushed in the stamping-mill, and the slimy leavings washed in the *trunk*, *buddle*, and *keeve*, like the slimy tin. The picked ore is broken into fragments, about the size of a walnut, by girls, called *cobbers*, and is then, like the rest, arranged in heaps on the surface of the mine, and weighed into *doles* or parcels for sale. The ores of tin and copper having been thus prepared are disposed of on *ticketing days*, or periodical sales, which are held twice a month at Redruth or Treloweth for tin, and weekly at Truro, Redruth, or Pool, for copper. The agents for the companies who purchase the ores, having previously taken samples of the different lots, and assayed them, meet the mining agents at a dinner, provided at the expence of the mines engaged in the transaction, and deliver sealed *tickets* containing the prices which each offers for the various parcels. These tickets are then opened and read aloud, and the highest bidders are pronounced the purchasers. The business is speedily transacted, and ores to the amount of several thousand pounds change hands in an hour or two. The merchants are at the cost of reducing the ores to metal by the operation of *smelting*. For this purpose the copper ore is shipped to Swansea, but the tin ore is smelted in the county. The stranger may therefore witness the entire series of operations to which the latter mineral is subjected, and, as an appropriate conclusion to his investigation, regale himself with a noted, though unpretending Cornish dainty—a beefsteak broiled on a block of the glowing metal which has just issued from the furnace. Previous to the year 1838, the *white tin* was cast in large blocks, for the purpose of being *coined* and stamped by the Duchy authorities. With that object these blocks were sent to one of the *coinage towns*, where the *corner* of each was struck off, and assayed by officers appointed for that duty. If the tin was found of a proper quality, the dues were paid, and the blocks being stamped with the seal of the Duchy, were so rendered saleable.

The business of a mine is generally managed by a *purser*, and the working of the concern by an agent called a *captain*, who has other persons under him, styled *grass captains* and *underground captains*; the former superintending the operations on the surface, such as the dressing of the ore; the latter having the immediate inspection of the works underground, and attending to the timbering of the lode, and the pumps. The miners are an intelligent body of men, their wits being sharpened by the system of tribute-work, which renders their gain in a measure dependent upon habits of observation. They are athletic and good-looking, but, certainly, are not beheld to advantage when emerging from the dark scenes of their labour, begrimed with soot, and red with the ferruginous soil. Too often, also, may he observe in them the fatal mark of *pulmonary consumption*, which, above all others, may be called

the miners' disease. Of late years, however, the comforts of these men have been more attended to than formerly, and their condition much ameliorated by the humane exertions of individuals. Mr. Pendarves, for so many years a representative of Cornwall, and who may be justly styled the good genius of that county for the many benefits he has conferred upon it, has introduced *washing-houses* into all the mines over which he has any control. These are supplied with hot water from the engine, and situated in the immediate vicinity of the shaft, and are indeed a blessing to the miner, enabling him to wash the mud from his person and change his dress, without the danger of a sudden exposure to cold air. A century ago these men were by no means remarkable for sobriety, but the preaching of Wesley effected an extraordinary change in their habits; teetotalism is now almost universal, and the thirsty traveller may be inconvenienced by its necessary consequence, a scarcity of beer in the houses of public entertainment. The miner, however, cannot so readily divest himself of a lingering superstition fostered by his occupation: he often hears the Pixies or "small men" sporting in the levels, he carefully abstains from *whistling* when underground, and is a firm believer in the efficacy of the *Virgula Divinatoria* or *Divining Rod*. The absurdity of this faith is indeed so palpable, that the stranger will marvel at finding it countenanced by Cornishmen who hold a higher position in society. The magical rod consists merely of a forked stick of willow or hazel, which is to be held in a particular manner, when it is firmly believed to possess the property of bending towards the earth, and of pointing out the invisible course of a mineral vein or lode. Sixty years ago the efficacy of this wand was unquestioned; and Pryce, a scientific and experienced miner, has recorded his inflexible belief in its extraordinary virtues, and in his *Mineralogia Cornubiensis* has left us full directions for its construction and use.

The miners distinguish various mineral substances by technical names, many of which, like the prefix of *huel*, a *hole*, are old Cornish words. Thus, rocks with a slaty cleavage are distinguished as *killas*; porphyry is called *elvan*; disintegrated granite, *growan*; a decomposed killas, *stukan*; quartz, in the western parts of Cornwall, *spar*; sulphuret of zinc, *Black Jack*; a brown earthy substance, composed of oxide of iron mixed with argillaceous and other particles, and regarded as an indication of a rich copper vein, *gossan*; a matrix of copper ore compounded of mixed argillaceous and siliceous substances, *caple*; whilst iron and arsenical pyrites, which often accompany a lode of copper, are confounded under the name of *mundic*. Gossan lies on the *back* of the vein, and frequently reaches so near to the surface as to be exposed by ploughing, and in this way many of the lodes have been discovered in Cornwall.

With respect to the articles required in working a mine, the consumption of timber, candles, gunpowder, &c., in a large concern, far

exceeds any estimate that a person unacquainted with mining matters could imagine. The following statement of the average monthly consumption (year 1847) in the tin mine of *Balleswidden*, St. Just, will, however, give the reader definite notions on the subject :—

Powder, 4208 lbs.	Iron castings, 4 tons, 8 cwt. 2 qrs.
Fuze coils, 640 lbs.	14 lbs.
Candles, 289 cwt.	Nails, 5½ cwt.
Coals, 170 tons.	Steel, &c., 3 cwt. 1 qr. 4 lbs.
Oil, 30 gals.	Wrought and bar iron, 49 cwt.
Timber, 2000 ft.	0 qr. 24 lbs.
Tallow and grease, 4 cwt. 1 qr.	
14 lbs.	

In the same year the number of persons employed in this adventure, was 362 men and boys underground, 231 men and boys and 49 girls on the surface; and the average monthly expenditure in wages (for labour only) amounted to 1575*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* But *Balleswidden*, although an important undertaking, cannot be compared with the *Consolidated Mines*, the largest of the Cornish group. This wonderful work is nearly 2 m. long, and is conducted as one concern, employing upwards of 3000 persons, and yielding copper and tin from a depth equal to five times the height of St. Paul's. In 1836 it produced ore of the value of 145,717*l.* 1*s.* 1*d.*, on which the lord's dues were 6,071*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* The total expenses for the year amounted to 102,007*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*

THE TRAVELLER'S GENERAL VIEW.

If the traveller could obtain a bird's-eye view over the three western counties of England, he would behold in Cornwall and Devon a surface of accumulated hills, rising in certain districts to a considerable elevation, and in Somerset branching into distinct ranges bounding intermediate plains. Nature has therefore in this part of the kingdom laid the ground-work of great scenic beauty, which she has further developed by protruding the rocky strata through the surface, and by girding the favoured land with a magnificent array of cliffs, and an ocean which is in sight from most of the emiuences. In Devon the mode of cultivating the ground is in harmony with this picturesque disposition of the surface; while the barren and elevated moors, having hitherto been left intact, delight the eye by wild and imposing prospects. But no sooner has the traveller passed the Cornish boundary of the Tamar, than a change comes over the scene. The hills which have hitherto delighted him, are now patched with fields, but otherwise as bald and uniform as the ocean waves which they resemble in their undulations, while they are everywhere disfigured by stone *hedges* disposed along them in straight lines with the utmost exactitude. A great part of the barren country has been stript of the rocks which once imparted interest to the scenery, and the mining districts are rendered hideous by unsightly erections and heaps of

rubbish so impregnated with mineral matter that not a blade of grass will vegetate upon them. Striking, however, as is the contrast between Devon and the inland parts of Cornwall, the shores of the latter county present the most beautiful scenes, and the banks of the rivers, and the deep valleys or *bottoms* with which the county is furrowed, are in general well-wooded and picturesque. To Devonshire, however, has nature very classically given the *apple*, for she is pre-eminently *the beauty* of the western counties. The district derives its name from the innumerable heights and hollows diversifying the surface, and to the embellishment of which the soil and the climate, and even the labour of man, have contributed. The lanes are steep and narrow, and bordered by tangled hedges, often thirty feet above the road, sheltering even the hills from the rigour of unfriendly blasts. In the deep shadowy *combes* the villages lie nestled, with roseate walls of clay and roofs of thatch, and seldom far from one of those crystal streams, which enliven every valley of this rocky county. Even the cliffs of the coast are festooned with creepers, while old weather-worn *lime-hills* crown them like castles, and woods descend to the very brink of the sea. For those who relish less cultivated scenes, Dartmoor presents a waste of rock-capped heights and dark morasses, most truly forlorn and wild. But the tints of the moor are of surpassing beauty, the air most exhilarating, and the grandeur of its lonely hills calculated to impress the most apathetic tourist.

The finest scenery of Devonshire is to be found in the north, between Lynton and Ilfracombe, where the offshoots of Exmoor abut upon the sea, or are based in woods and sub-alpine ravines; and on the skirts of Dartmoor, which on every side are pierced by deep romantic glens, leading to a desolation, but clothed themselves with golden gorse and oaks. The rivers Teign, Dart, Erme, and Okement flow from the moor through valleys of this description. With respect to the coast, those portions of it most worthy the traveller's attention, are the *green sand* and *red sandstone* cliffs ranging at elevations of 400 ft. and 600 ft. between Seaton and Sidmouth; the *mica slate* rocks between the Start Point and Bolt Tail; the romantic *grauwacke* shore of Bigbury Bay; the *carbonaceous* wooded slopes of Clovelly, and the *grauwacke* cliffs of Ilfracombe, Combe Martin, and Lynton.

The *South Hams*, a district bounded by the rivers Tamar and Teign, Dartmoor, and the Channel, is called the *garden of Devonshire*, from its fertility, and contains numerous orchards, which annually supply large quantities of *cider*. This beverage is prepared in the following manner. The apples, when gathered, are exposed in the open air until the *brown rot* has begun, when they are ground to *cheese* in a mill, and in this broken state heaped up with straw under the *press*. A lever is then applied, and in about two days the juice, or *must*, is expressed. The *must* is kept in large open vessels, until the *head* rises, when it is drawn off into casks. The place of manufacture is provincially called the *Pound-house*. In this part of

Devon the valleys are very warm during the summer; but the visitor may, with little difficulty, refresh himself by agreeable changes, both of scene and climate. From the cliffs of the coast, when requiring relief from the glare of sun and water, he can hasten to the skirts of the moor, there to wander through shady dells, amid mossy rocks and mossy trees, or along the banks of pellucid streams; or he may explore labyrinthine lanes, and amuse himself with trout-fishing, or by sketching the weather-worn cottages of granite, slate, or *cob*; or, if desirous of more invigorating exercise, he may ascend into Dartmoor, and there brace his sinews in the healthful mountain air, and delight his soul by grand misty views over those lonely hills. The *Devonshire cottage* is truly said, by Mrs. Bray, to be "the sweetest object that the poet, the artist, or the lover of the romantic, could desire to see." The roof is universally of thatch, and the walls generally of *cob*, which is a concrete of mud and pebbles, very warm, and, if kept dry at top and bottom, very durable. A local aphorism says, "good cob, a good hat and shoes and heart last for ever." Both Devonshire and Cornwall are well known for their *clotted cream*, and the former county for a preparation of cream, spice, and spirit, called *junkets*.

With respect to Cornish scenery, there are parts of the coast which are unrivalled by any similar scenes in England. These are the *slate* cliffs between Boscastle and Tintagel, the *serpentine* rocks of the Lizard, dyed in the colours of the rainbow, and that magnificent barrier of *granite* precipices between the Logan Rock and Land's End. The cliff scenery of the latter is the finest in England; and the huge frame of this astonishing rampart, and the hardness of the material, might be regarded as a special provision against the stormy seas which, by the prevailing winds, are particularly directed upon this part of the shore; but the fact is, no doubt, that "all less impediments have been long since surmounted and washed away." The caverns in these cliffs of serpentine and granite, should be explored. In the former rock they are remarkable for their varied and beautiful colouring; in the latter, for their cylindrical shapes, and the extreme smoothness and polish of their walls, the surfaces of which are sometimes without a single fracture. These caverns retain their old Cornish names, of *hugo* in the Lizard district, and *zawn* in that of the Land's End. Every part of the coast is indented by secluded and romantic coves, provincially called *Porths*, which, on the N. coast, are fringed by beaches of shelly sand, extensively used throughout the county as a top-dressing to the land. During the autumn some of these coves present, at low-water, very animated scenes, when a number of donkeys are busily employed in carrying bags of this sand to the summit of the cliffs. Three of these measures constitute a *seam*, 100 of which are sold to the farmer for about 18s. or 20s. The bands of strata along that portion of the coast which lies between Boscastle and the mouths of the *Taw* and *Torrige* are so narrow and distinctly marked as to give

a ribboned appearance to the cliffs, and are heaved and contorted in a manner which defies all description. They are also so loosely bound together as to yield readily to the assaults of the sea. Here, therefore, the coast presents a ruinous appearance, and huge fragments cumber the shore, bearing a resemblance to enormous walls, or the carcasses of ships which have been stranded and converted into stone. Five of the Cornish headlands may be particularised as pre-eminent for grandeur, viz.: *Tintagel*, the *Gurnard's Head*, *Pardenick*, *Tol Peñ Penwith*, and *Treryn Castle*, the site of the Logan Rock. Three of these are peninsulas connected to the coast by narrow necks of land,—a shape which every projecting cliff must at one time assume, from being exposed to a particular action of the sea which tends to separate it from the shore; for the waves, hurried into the recesses on either side, are straightened as they advance by the converging cliffs, and ultimately discharge the force of their accumulated parts at the head of the bay; and in whatever direction the waves may roll to the shore, they are deflected and ultimately driven to these points.

In exploring the Cornish coast, the traveller may perchance observe, in some secluded nook among the cliffs, a solitary *chough* or red-legged crow, a bird once so common in the county as to have been called the Cornish daw; but which now is confined to the most desolate and lonely retreats. It is this bird's misfortune to be highly esteemed among collectors, and for this reason a price is set upon his head, and he is hunted by the peasants without mercy. His bill, feet, and legs are long, like those of a jackdaw, but of a red colour, and his plumage is black all over. The *cormorant* or *shag*, unlike the chough, has the good fortune to be vulgar and valueless, and in a crowd of his dark-feathered companions escapes the notice of the curious. He is everywhere to be seen, revelling in the storm, or sunning himself on the rocks, and is a strong, predaceous bird, and an adroit fisher, and, with his sooty plumage and hoarse croaking voice, is in perfect keeping with the wild, black cliffs he frequents. Milton has made Satan personate this bird, when sitting on the tree of life devising death.

If the traveller should delight in wild scenery, he will derive much pleasure from an excursion across the Bodmin Moors; for instance, a walk from Liskeard, by the Jamaica Inn and Brown Willy, to Camelford. The hills of these moors are lower than those of Dartmoor, but are capped in the same manner by fantastic piles of granite, which in Cornwall are called *carns*. The slopes of these eminences are also frequently strewn with detached blocks, a number of which are annually broken up and removed from the surface, and applied to building purposes, or converted into gate-posts or implements of husbandry. The method of splitting the *moor-stone* is to drive wedges into a line of holes cut, or *pooled* in the surface, at a distance of three or four inches from each other, according to the size or supposed hardness of the block.

The valleys are filled with bogs, often of considerable depth, and sometimes composed of alternate layers of peat and disintegrated granite, a structure showing that the channels of the streams which flow through them have been periodically shifted. Some of these deposits contain an enormous quantity of hazel leaves and branches, supposed to be the remains of ancient woods, as there is a tradition that the county was once covered with forests, which were cut down to supply charcoal for smelting the tin ore. This tradition is further supported by the discovery of oaks and other trees in tin stream-works, and on the shore below high-water mark on several parts of the coast. The peat of the moor is extensively used as fuel, but the moor-men of Devon and Cornwall pursue a different practice in cutting it. In Cornwall they pare off the surface only; in Devonshire the bog-earth is removed to a depth of four or five feet, and the lowest part is considered the best fuel. In the autumn, the dark herbage of these waste lands is relieved by the white seeds of the cotton rush.

In rambling over Cornwall the traveller may be frequently puzzled by provincial expressions. Thus, for instance, he may ask of a countryman the nearest road to St. Just, and be told to his surprise that he is now in St. Just, although the moor bounds his view on every side. But St. Just means, in Cornwall, the parish of that name: the town is distinguished as the *church-town*; and so is the smallest village which contains a church. Again, a direction to proceed to such a farm-house, and then turn to the right through the *town-place*, will be as Hebrew to one uninitiated in the lingo of the west; but the stranger will soon learn that the town-place of a farm-house is the open space, or farm-yard, in front of it. In thus wandering through the county the foot-weary pedestrian will greet with a benediction the *stile* which admits him to the church-yard, or links the field-path he may be pursuing. Unlike the harassing obstruction in other parts of England, it consists of bars of granite arranged like a gridiron on the ground, and thus offering no impediment to a man, though lame or feeble, but an effectual barrier to cattle or other animals confined in the fields, might be advantageously adopted by farmers throughout the kingdom.

The following objects are also calculated to strike the attention by their novelty; viz., porphyry and granite houses, stone hedges, teetotal inns, and the *arish-mous* in which the corn is so heaped in the field as to be proof against rain. In Devonshire the traveller may view with astonishment, and sometimes with apprehension, the *crooks* which, slung over a pack-saddle, are so laden with furze or faggot-wood that it is no easy matter to pass them in the narrow lanes. In the fields he may observe the *slide* or sledge on its low solid wheels; and occasionally the *winstow*, an old method of winnowing the corn by shaking it in sieves, and thus subjecting it to the action of the wind.

The most interesting scenes and objects in the two counties may be *briefly enumerated* as follows: —

In Devonshire :

Valley of Rocks, Ravine of the E. Lyn, and Valley of Heddon's Mouth, near *Lynton*. The Hobby, Clovelly, and Park of Clovelly Court, near *Bideford*. Yes Tor, and the fine moorland valleys near *Oakhampton*. Wistman's Wood, near *Two Bridges*. Dartmoor, and particularly its skirts on every side. Gidleigh Park, near *Chagford*. The Spinsters' Rock, Fingle Bridge, and the banks of the Teign, Lustleigh Cleave, Houndtor Coomb, and Becky Fall, near *Moreton Hampstead*. The coast from Lyme Regis to Sidmouth. Chudleigh Rock. Berry Pomeroy Castle, near *Totness*. The Dart, from Totness to its mouth. Dartmouth. Holne Chace, Buckland and Heytor, near *Ashburton*. Ivy Bridge. The coast from the Start to the Bolt Tail. Mt. Edgumbe, the Breakwater, the Tamar from Hamoaze to the Weir-head, Bickleigh Vale, and the Valley of the Cad, near *Plymouth*. Brent Tor, Huel Friendship, and the ravine and cascade of Lidford, near *Tavistock*.

In Cornwall :

The coast between Treryn Castle and the Land's End, the Logan Rock, Botallack Mine, St. Michael's Mount, and the circles and cromlechs in the *Land's End district*. Kinance Cove, near *Helston*. The mining-field of *Redruth*. Stream Works and Carclaze tin mine, near *St. Austell*. The antiquities and Cheesewring, near *Lisheard*. Rowtor, Brown Willy, and valley of Hanter-Gantick, on the *Bodmin Moors*. The Delabole Quarries, Tintagel, St. Nighton's Keeve, and the coast between Tintagel and Boscastle, near *Camelford*. Cothele, near *Callington*.

The *fisheries* of Cornwall and Devon deserve the attention of the traveller as the most important on our S.W. coasts, the *seine-fishing* of St. Ives and the *trawling* of Torbay being respectively characteristic of the two counties. Torbay has long supplied London with a quantity of very excellent fish, such as turbot, mullets, soles, and dories. Plymouth and Clovelly are both well known as fishing stations ; but the towns of the W. and S. coasts of Cornwall, St. Ives, Penzance, Mevagissey, and others, possess a more novel and lively interest as the stations of the *pilchard fishery*, a fishery so remarkable for the scale of its operations, and for the science and enterprise shown in its pursuit. Among all the fishers of our southern coasts, the Cornish are considered the most hardy and adventurous, being at sea nearly the whole year round in their arduous occupation, and competing with the Irish on their shores during the herring season. Three kinds of fishing are pursued on the Cornish coasts : the *drift-net*, the *seine*, and the *hook and line* fishing ; mackerel and pilchards are the objects of the first ; pilchards alone of the second ; and hake, cod, ling, and whiting of the third ; a distinct set of boats being required for each. The drift-net and seine-fishing are, however, the grand operations, and in these the annual routine of the fisherman is as follows. He commences about the end of January with the *early mackerel fishing*, off Plymouth. This lasts about six weeks ; but the Cornishman follows the shoals in a westerly

direction for some time longer. About the middle of June he sails for the N. coast of Ireland, and there engages in the capture of the herring, returning to Cornwall about the end of July, but in time for the commencement of the *summer pilchard season*. This being concluded, he overhauls his boat for the *autumnal mackerel fishery*, which is at its height in October; and, lastly, towards the end of October, he engages in the *winter pilchard fishery*, which sometimes continues through the following month to December. Of all these various fisheries, that of the pilchard is the most calculated to afford entertainment to the stranger. Its operations are conducted on the largest scale, and interests of such magnitude are staked on its success, that it is associated with the mines in the whimsical toast of "tin and fish." It is exclusively pursued on the shores of Cornwall and the S.W. of Devon, and is so curious in its details as to merit a full description.

The pilchard belongs to the genus *Clupea*, and is a sociable, migratory fish, so closely resembling the herring in size and form, as to have been called the *gipsy herring*, but differing from it in some essential particulars. "It is a smaller and less compressed fish, and has larger scales, and the dorsal fin placed exactly in the centre of gravity, so that it will balance when suspended by this fin, whereas the herring, when so tried, will dip towards the head." Pilchards derive their principal interest from that instinct which annually induces them to assemble in millions, and to perform a stately march through the sea, generally in the same direction, and within certain determinate limits. They were formerly believed to migrate from the polar regions, and to return to those icy quarters at the end of the season; but Mr. Couch, the author of "The Fauna of Cornwall," to whom the reader is indebted for many of the following particulars, (see a Paper by Mr. Couch, in the Report of the Penzance Nat. Hist. and Antiq. Soc. for 1847,) has ascertained that they remain in small numbers on the coast of Cornwall throughout the year, and that the main body retires for the winter into deep water to the westward of the islands of Scilly, and confines its migrations to an area of sea, which would be bounded by a line drawn from the Start Point along the northern side of the Bay of Biscay, then northwards through the Atlantic W. of Scilly, then in an easterly direction along the S. coast of Ireland, and lastly in a southerly direction on the W. side of Lundy Island to the N. coast of Cornwall; although a few pilchards are occasionally found beyond these limits, and, indeed, in the English Channel as far east as Brighton and Dover.

About the middle of the spring these fish feel a desire for companionship and change of scene. They rise from the depths of the ocean and consort together in small shoals, which, as the season advances, unite into larger ones, and towards the end of July, or beginning of August, combine in one mighty host, which, under the guidance of the *Pilchard King* and the most powerful of the tribe (*see Mr. Couch's memoir*), begins that extraordinary migration

which is the object of the Cornish fishery. Pursued by predaeous hordes of dog-fish, hake and cod, and greedy flocks of sea-birds, they advance towards the land in such amazing numbers as actually to impede the passage of vessels, and to discolour the sea as far as the eye can reach. They strike the land generally to the N. of Cape Cornwall, where a detachment turns to the N.E. and constitutes the *summer fishery of St. Ives*, but the bulk of the fish passes between Scilly and the Land's End, and entering the British Channel follows the windings of the shore as far as Bigbury Bay and the Start Point. Their course, however, is often changed by the currents or the state of the weather, and of a sudden they will vanish from the view, and then again approach the coast in such compact order and overwhelming force, that numbers will be pushed ashore by the moving hosts in the rear (Mr. Couch). The spectacle of the great fish army passing the Land's End is described as one of the most interesting that it is possible to imagine. In the beginning of October the *north-coasters* and *winter-fish*, as they are called, make their appearance on the N.E. of Cornwall, and in such force that 12 millions have been captured in a single day. They arrive at St. Ives about the third week of October, pass thence round Cape Cornwall and the Land's End, and occasionally follow in the track of the summer fish along the shore of the English Channel.

The fishery is pursued both by day and by night, but by different methods. Between sunrise and sunset the capture is effected inshore by the *seine*; between sunset and sunrise some miles from the land by the *drift-net*. The latter mode of fishing is principally pursued in the Mount's Bay, the former at St. Ives. In drift-net fishing a string of nets is stretched like a wall through the sea, very often for the length of $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile, and a depth of 30 ft., and allowed to drift with the tide, so as to intercept the pilchards as they swim and entangle them by the gills. In this manner as many as 50,000 fish are commonly taken by a driving-boat in a single night. The chief obstacles to this kind of fishing are the light of the moon and the phosphorescence of the water. The latter enables the fisherman to see his net to its full depth "like a brilliant lace-work of fire," and the splendid display very naturally alarms the fish, which diverge to the rt. or l. and thus avoid the snare. The principal entertainment afforded by the drift-fishery to the stranger is that long line of boats which may so often be observed standing out from the land, when a setting sun is illumining the scene with its golden beams.

The *seine-fishing* possesses a more general interest, and as by this method the fish are enclosed in shoals, it takes precedence of the other as the grand operation in the fishery. The boats which are employed in it are three in number; the *seine-boat*, carrying the great net or *stop-seine*; the *volyer* or *follower*, in which the *tuck-seine* is stowed; and a smaller boat called the *lurker*, under the guidance of the *master seiner*, whose duty it is to keep a wary eye upon the movements of the fish. When the season has arrived,

and the gathering of gulls and other sea-birds gives warning of the approach of the pilchards, look-out men called *huers* (*huer*, French verb, *to shout*) are stationed on the cliffs, who watch the sea for the red tinge which indicates the presence of a shoal. No sooner is this descried than they announce the welcome intelligence by shouting *heva, heva, heva!* a cry which is instantly responded to by the inhabitants rushing from their houses, and the boats flying from the shore in pursuit. All is now hurry and excitement. The rowers use their utmost exertions, the *huer* directing their course by signals with a furze-bush. In a few minutes they reach the indicated spot, when the great stop-seine, which is usually 160 fath. in length by 8 or 12 in depth, is cast into the sea by three men as the boat is gently rowed round the shoal, and with such dexterity that the whole of this enormous net is often *shot* in less than 5 min. The volyer has meanwhile kept the net taut at the other end, and no sooner is it fairly in the sea than the extremities are warped towards each other, and the lurker takes its station in the opening, so as to drive back the fish from the only aperture by which they can escape. When the ends are in contact they are quickly tacked together, and if the bottom be free of rocks, and the water not too deep, the capture is then securely effected, and the men proceed at their leisure to calculate the number of their prisoners, and to secure the net in its position by carrying out grapnels on every side, or, where the shore is sandy and shelving, with the assistance of some extra hands called *blowers*, to draw the seine into shallow water. At low tide another party of men, termed *regular seiners*, proceed to the next operation, which is the most interesting to the stranger, and is called *tucking*. It consists in removing the fish from the seine into the smaller net, called the *tuck-net*, and in lifting them by *flaskets* from the tuck-net into boats which carry them to the shore. This is a tedious process, occasionally occupying nearly a week when 4 or 5 millions of fish are enclosed in the seine; but as calm weather is essential for its performance, and as it generally happens on a serene evening or by moonlight, the sight it affords is so extremely beautiful, that no opportunity of witnessing it should be neglected.

The pilchards having been brought to the shore are wheeled in hand-barrows or *corvals* to the *fish cellars* to be *cured*, which is performed by girls and women, who heap them edgewise in broad piles—in *bulk*, as it is called—and sprinkle each tier of fish as it is completed with bay salt. In this situation they are allowed to remain about 6 weeks, a quantity of oil and dirty pickle draining from them during the process. This, from the inclination of the floor, finds its way to a well, and is afterwards sold to the currier. The fish are next taken from the bulk, and thoroughly washed and cleansed from the filth and coagulated oil which, rising as a scum to the surface, is collected under the name of *garbage*, and disposed of to the soap boiler. They are then packed in hogsheads, each containing about 2400 fish, and pressed together for the purpose of squeezing out the

oil, which amounts to about 3 gallons a hogshead in the summer, and 2 gallons in the winter, and is an important item in the produce of the fishery. The casks being then *headed up*, are ready for exportation, and are principally shipped to Naples and other Italian ports, and hence the toast of the fisherman, "long life to the Pope and death to thousands." The broken and refuse fish, and those suffocated in the nets, are sold for manure, and when mixed with the calcareous sand of the beach are used throughout Cornwall with very excellent effect.

It is considered that the pilchard fishery gives employment to about 10,000 persons, and that a capital of 250,000*l.* is engaged in it. The yearly produce averages from 20,000 to 30,000 hogsheads, of which about 6000 are retained for home consumption. In 1847, however, the success was unusually great, and the exports amounted to 40,883 hogsheads, containing a quantity of fish which it has been calculated would form a band 6 deep round the world. In 1846, 75 millions of pilchards were enclosed by the seines of St. Ives in a single day; and in 1836 a shoal extended in a compact body from Fowey to the Land's End, a distance of at least 100 m., if we take into consideration the windings of the shore (Mr. Couch). The expense of the St. Ives' fishery, supposing no fish to be taken, amounts to 10,000*l.* a year. The price in the foreign trade averages 50*s.* a hogshead for summer fish, and something less for winter fish. The profits in drift-fishing are divided into 8 shares; 1 for the boat, 3 for the nets, and 4 for the men. In seine-fishing the persons employed are commonly paid fixed wages, but have also a small per centage on the captured fish. The wages may be stated as follows:—

Huer	-	-	-	21 <i>s.</i>	per week.
Master seiner	-	-	-	12 <i>s.</i>	"
Seine shooters	-	-	-	12 <i>s.</i>	"
Regular seiners	-	-	-	10 <i>s.</i>	"
Ordinary men	-	-	-	10 <i>s.</i>	"
Salters (girls and women)				3 <i>d.</i>	per hour.

Pilchards constitute an important article of food to the poorer classes of Cornishmen, and in a successful season are retailed near the coast at the rate of 12 for a penny.

Fly-fishing for salmon, peal, and trout (the last of which are provincially called *shots*, from their rapid motion through the water) is eagerly pursued on all the brooks and rivers of these counties. Mr. Bellamy, in his "Guide to the Fishmarket," enumerates the *Red Palmer*, the *Blue Palmer*, the *Woodcock's Feather*, the *Partridge's Feather*, and (in very hot weather) the *Black Fly*, as the *flies* commonly used in the Devonshire rivers.

The *climate* of Devonshire and Cornwall varies much in different localities; the sheltered recesses on the southern coast enjoying a mild and equable temperature, where the sun has rarely sufficient play to ripen the grape, and snow and ice are almost unknown, and where the myrtle, geranium, fuchsia, hydrangea, and other exotics grow in

the open air; while the bare hills and elevated moors, which constitute a great portion of Cornwall, are characterised by bleakness. Atlantic storms sweep unchecked over this wild expanse, and the few trees which grow in exposed situations are dwarfish in stature, and bent nearly into a horizontal position. The extreme fury of these gales would scarcely be credited by a stranger, but on a visit to Cornwall he will observe that even the tombstones in the churchyards are supported by masonry as a protection against the wind. "The gale from the West," says Polwhele, "is here no gentle zephyr; instead of wafting perfume on its wings, it often brings devastation." The salt of the sea is borne across the country by the tempest, and this also has a pernicious effect upon vegetation, and after a gale of any continuance the withered appearance of the trees is very striking. Rain is of frequent occurrence, a fact which is conveyed in a popular Cornish adage, that *the supply for the county is a shower on every week-day and two on a Sunday*. It is, however, rarely heavy or lasting, and the days are few indeed on which the sky is not relieved by a sunbeam. To the farmer this prevalence of moisture is a subject of congratulation, as the soil on the high lands is so shallow and porous as to require repeated supplies; but the quantity that falls during the year is but little above the average of other parts of England. The position of Cornwall necessarily exposes it to seamounts which, collecting in the solitudes of the Atlantic, are blown towards this shore by westerly winds; but they are of a very different character to the gloomy fogs which infest some of the inland counties. Sweeping over the land in fantastic masses, they impart a certain grandeur to hill and valley, and affect the inhabitants with feelings the reverse of those which the cockney experiences during a London fog. There is another meaning besides the frequent recurrence of such mists, in the popular saying, that a Cornishman is never in spirits but during *drisky* weather.

OLD LANGUAGE.

The old Cornish language appears to have been a dialect of the Celtic. This, the original language of the country, on the introduction of the Saxon or Teutonic, continued to be spoken only in Scotland, Wales, and Cornwall, and being thus confined to districts remote from each other, became necessarily modified, according to the amount of intercourse existing between the natives and foreign countries. In Cornwall a marked change ensued. The inhabitants abandoned their guttural pronunciation, and adopted softer tones, more allied to those of the Armoric dialect which was spoken in Bas-Bretagne. This alteration, it is considered, was caused by the influx of Phœnician merchants, trading for tin, who, visiting both shores of the Channel, are supposed to have introduced their purer form of the language among the inhabitants. In the reign of Henry VIII. English was read for the first time in one of *the churches*, but the old language appears to have been very gene-

rally spoken up to the year 1700, from which period it was confined to the western parts of the county; and in 1770, Dolly Pentreath, an old fishwoman of Mousehole, was distinguished as the only person in Cornwall who could converse in the native tongue. Mr. Lhuyd, writing about the year 1700, mentions several changes which had occurred during the previous century in the orthography of the language — as the insertion of b before m, as *cabm* for *cam*, and d before n, as *pedn* for *pen*, a corruption he attributed to the cessation of a previously frequent intercourse between the Cornish and Bretons. At the present day, the only extant works written in Cornish, are a vocabulary about 800 years old, preserved in the Cotton Library; two MSS. of interludes, sacred dramas, or *ordinalia* in the Bodleian Library; one of which, containing a single play, was written by William Jordan, a native of Helston, in the year 1611; and in the same library a narrative poem on Mount Calvary, of which the author is unknown. In the county itself, however, Cornish still maintains a footing. Old names are retained, which often delight the ear by their musical intonation, as *Tregonebris*, *Crousan wra*, *Boswavas*, *Treslothen*, and *Landewed-nack*; and frequently begin with one of three syllables, which are so common to Cornish names as to have originated the following distich: —

“ By Tre, Pol, and Pen
You may know the Cornish men.”

Many words of the old language also linger in the mines, or may be heard among the fishermen and country people; as, “*cheal-veen*,” little child, a common mode of address; *bal*, the surface of a mine; “to be as wet as a *quilquin*” (frog); and there are numerous proverbs which illustrate the sagacity as well as the language of the Cornish, as —

En' hāv, perhou gwā :
“ In summer remember winter :”
Ne vedn nevera doas vās a tavaz re hir ;
Bes dēn heb tavaz a gollas e dir :
“ Never will good come of a tongue too long ;
But a man without a tongue shall lose his land.”

A small quarto was published in 1790, by William Pryce, a medical man of Truro, entitled “*Archæologia Cornu. Britannica* ;” or, an Essay to preserve the ancient Cornish Language.

THE DUCHY OF CORNWALL.

In the early times of our history mines of every description were deemed royal, as yielding the materials for coinage, the right of which was vested solely in the king. Hence the metalliferous moors

of Dartmoor and Cornwall had been crown lands for a long series of years, when they were settled by Edw. III. (1333), upon his eldest son the Black Prince, and his heirs, eldest sons of the kings of England, for ever. By the charter of this monarch they were consolidated as the Duchy of Cornwall, which included not only the naked wilds of stanniferous bog, but 10 castles, 9 parks, 53 manors, 13 boroughs and towns, 9 hundreds, and a forest abounding in wild deer. The lands, however, which were comprised in this dukedom, were little better than profitless moors previous to the reign of James I., as the authorities had no power of granting definite leases, and the tenure was dependent on the life of the sovereign. But at that time (1622) the parliament took the Duchy in hand, and by remodelling its constitution, empowered tenants to hold farms in perpetuity by renewable leases, and gave encouragement to the outlay of capital in improvements by creating good and indefeasible estates. With respect to the revenue of the Duchy, it was in former times mainly derived from the tin dues; but in 1838 this duty was abolished, and a compensation given to the Duchy in lieu of it, founded on the clear annual amount during the previous 10 years. This compensation, (which averages between 11,000*l.* and 12,000*l.* a-year, being 15*s.* per cwt. for tin, and 10*s.* for tin ore,) together with the rents received under the constitution of James I., and the purchase-money of original leases, constitute the revenue of the Duchy at the present day.

HAND-BOOK

FOR

DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL.

SECTION I. DEVONSHIRE.

ROUTES.

, The names of places are printed in *italics* only in those routes where the *places* are described.

ROUTE	PAGE	ROUTE	PAGE
1 Wellington to Launceston, by <i>Tiverton, Crediton, and Oakhampton</i>	2	<i>Salcombe, Kingsbridge, and Modbury</i>).	41
2 Wellington to <i>Exeter</i> , by <i>Cullumpton</i>	11	9 <i>Exeter</i> to <i>Plymouth</i> , by <i>Chudleigh, Ashburton, Ivy Bridge, and Plympton</i>	56
3 <i>Azminster</i> to <i>Exeter</i> , by <i>Honiton (Ottery St. Mary)</i>	18	10 <i>Exeter</i> to <i>Plymouth</i> , by <i>Moreton Hampstead and Tavistock</i>	63
4 <i>Lyme Regis</i> to <i>Exeter</i> by (<i>Seaton</i>) <i>Sidmouth, B. Salterton, and Exmouth</i>	21	11 <i>Exeter</i> to <i>Launceston</i> , by <i>Oakhampton</i>	106
5 <i>Exeter</i> to <i>Torquay</i> and <i>Plymouth</i> , by <i>Rail</i>	30	12 <i>Exeter</i> to <i>Barnstaple</i> , by <i>Crediton</i> and <i>Chulmleigh</i>	107
6 <i>Exeter</i> to <i>Teignmouth</i> , by <i>Dawlish</i>	32	13 <i>Lynmouth</i> and <i>Lynton</i> to <i>Hartland</i> , by <i>Combe Martin, Ifracombe, Barnstaple, Bideford, and Clovelly</i>	107
7 <i>Exeter</i> to <i>Torquay</i> , by <i>Chudleigh</i> and <i>Newton</i>	34	14 <i>Bampton</i> to <i>Holsworthy</i> , by <i>South Molton</i> and <i>Torrington</i> 127	

The principal conveyances from London into Devonshire and Cornwall are the following, viz. :

1. Trains by *Exeter* to *Torquay* or *Plymouth*, and coaches from *Bridge-water, Taunton*, and *Exeter* to the north of *Devon*; and from *Exeter* and *Plymouth* to *Falmouth* or *Penzance*.
2. Trains as far as *Bristol*, and steamboats from *Bristol* to *Hayle*, calling at *Ifracombe* and *Padstow*.
3. Trains to *Southampton*, and steamboats from *Southampton* to *Plymouth* and *Falmouth*, calling off *Torquay* and *Mevagissey*.
4. Trains to *Plymouth*, and steamboats from *Plymouth* to *Falmouth*, calling off *Mevagissey*.
Dev. & Cornw.

ROUTE 1.

WELLINGTON TO LAUNCESTON, BY
TIVERTON, CREDITON, AND OAK-
HAMPTON.

Wellington. (See SOMERSET.)

On the Devon border the *Black Down* heights rise on the l., and stretching S., form a natural boundary of the county. In the N. W., *Exmoor* gives a grandeur to the distant prospect.

1. is the *Wellington Monument*, a stone pillar erected by subscription to commemorate the victory of Waterloo. An annual fair is held near it on the 18th of June. The *Black Down Hills* command a fine view of the *Vale of Taunton*, and on the Devon side embosom some secluded valleys and crystal trout streams, and are intersected by innumerable narrow lanes. At *Hemyoke* (pronounced Hemmick, about 5 m. to the l. of the Tiverton road) are some fragments of a Norman castle, of which the entrance archway is considered a good specimen of flint-work. They are close to the *Church*, which has been lately renewed, but contains an old font of Purbeck stone in the Early Decorated style. The castle anciently belonged to a family named *Hidon*, and, at the period of the Rebellion, was garrisoned and used by the Parl. as a prison. About 4 m. S. of *Hemyoke*, in a sheltered vale, are some trifling remains of *Dunkeswell Abbey*, founded by William Lord Brewer in the reign of Richard I. Part of the abbey site is now occupied by a handsome church recently erected by Mrs. Simcoe of *Wolford Lodge*, the lady of the manor.

As the traveller proceeds from the border towards Tiverton he will observe the *Scythe-stone Quarries* on the N. escarpment of the *Black Downs*. These stones are concretions of the green sand. They occur in layers at several places on these hills, and are associated with organic remains

in fine preservation. *Burlescombe* church, rt., has an ancient screen.

9 *Sampford Peverell.*

2 *Halberton.* See the screen, pulpit and font in the church, a building of the 14th cent., restored in 1848.

3 *Tiverton* (Two-ford-town). — *Inns*: Angel; Three Tuns. A well-built town, deriving its name from its position between the rivers *Exe* and *Loman*. It is connected by a branch railway with the *Exeter* line, and owes its handsome appearance to a fire which destroyed 298 of the old thatched houses, in June 1731. During the disturbances in 1549, a battle was fought at *Cranmore*, near *Collipriest*, between the insurgents and the king's troops, in which the former were defeated. Tiverton has water communication with Taunton by the *Grand Western Canal*, which is 23 m. long, and was originally planned to connect the two channels, by a line between Taunton and *Topsham*. The barges are raised from level to level by machinery, without locks.

The *Castle*, built in 1106 by Richard de Redvers, stands on the N. side of the town, and for many years was a residence of the earls of Devon. It was fortified for the king during the rebellion, and stormed, together with the church, by *Fairfax* in Oct. 1645, after which it was dismantled. The remains consist of the great gateway, and some ivied walls and towers, and are now the property of Sir W. P. Carew, Bart. The gateway is a fine specimen of the architectural style prevailing in the 12th cent.

The *Church of St. Peter*, a beautiful Gothic structure dating from the 15th cent., contains a curious screen, and an altar-painting of the *Wise Men* offering to Christ. The porch and the chapel (1517) on the S. side of the building are richly ornamented with sculpture illustrative of the Bible. The porch was rebuilt in 1825. The tower of the church rises to the height of 116 ft., and commands a

good view of the neighbouring country.

The *Grammar School* was founded in 1604 by Peter Blundell, a rich merchant, who in early life was a clothier of Tiverton. The trustees of the charity meet annually, in August, when horse-racing takes place for two days in the *Castle Meadows*.

Lace-making was introduced into Tiverton in 1816, and is now a thriving business. The factory of Messrs. Heathcoat is well worth a visit. It employs about 1500 hands. Adjoining it is a large *iron foundry* belonging to the same firm. In the neighbourhood of the town is *Bolham House*, the seat of J. Heathcoat, Esq., M.P.

Before the stranger proceeds on his journey he should walk by the Cullumpton road to the summit of *Newt's Down*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m., for a view of the vale and town.

6 l. the camp of *Cadbury Castle*, close to the road. It was occupied by Fairfax's army in Dec. 1645.

6 *Crediton (Inn: The Ship)*, situated on the small riv. *Creedy*. It owes its modern appearance, like Tiverton, to the ravages of fire, but is a very ancient town, the birth-place of the Anglo-Saxon Wilfred, better known as St. Boniface, (the first preacher of Christianity in Central Germany, and the founder of the famous monastery of Fulda), and the seat of a bishopric from A.D. 909, to 1050, when the sees of Devon and Cornwall were united and established at Exeter. Thus the inhabitants say—

“Kilron was a market town
When Exeter was a fuzzy down.”

It was once famous for the manufacture of woollen goods; but the clothier is now superseded by the shoemaker, who drives the busiest trade in the place. Near the town are *Shobrook Park*, J. H. Hipplesley, Esq.; *Downes*, J. W. Buller, Esq.;

and *Creedy Park*, Sir H. R. F. Davie, Bt.

The *Church*, in the old pointed style, dates from the end of the 15th cent. The altar-piece represents Moses and Aaron supporting the Decalogue. To the learned vicar of Crediton, the Rev. Samuel Rowe, we are indebted for “A Perambulation of Dartmoor,” an entertaining account of the most curious and delightful district in this county. In the vicarage is a *collection of stuffed birds* killed on Dartmoor or in its vicinity, including the following rare specimens:—the merlin, short-eared owl, grey shrike, grasshopper warbler, Bohemian waxwing, hawfinch, greater spotted woodpecker, lesser do., wry-neck, rock dove, turtle dove, and great bustard.

In the neighbourhood, the geologist may find on *Posbury Hill* (S. W.) a large patch of igneous rocks in the red sandstone strata; and the antiquary, about 4 m. on the road to Torrington, *Coplestone Cross*, one of the oldest ecclesiastical monuments in the county. It is about 12 ft. high, and rudely ornamented with scroll-work.

7 *Bow*, a wretched cob-built village. Beyond it, the road becomes interesting on its approach to Dartmoor. *Cawsand Beacon*, 1792 ft., and *Yes Tor*, 2050 ft., are the most conspicuous summits.

4 A lane on the l. to *Gidleigh* and *Chagford*. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the rt. is the village of *Sampford Courtenay*, in which the efforts of a parish priest raised the formidable insurrection in the reign of Edw. VI. The rebels having unsuccessfully besieged Exeter, were defeated by Lord Russell at Clist St. Mary.

1 *Sticklepath* (i. e. steep road, from sticcle, Sax.) Here there is an inn, where the traveller should rest and consult the Handbook; for this village is a good starting-point for the ascent of *Cawsand Beacon*, or *Cosdon* (its old name). There are some an-

tiquities, too, in the neighbourhood, and fine moorland scenes near *Belstone* and in the gorge from which the *Taw* issues.

Ascent of Cawsand Beacon. At the W. end of the village, l. of the road, is a granite *cross*, rudely sculptured, and from that ancient guidepost, a path will lead the traveller along the river bank to *Taw Marsh*, where the peculiar scenery of the border is displayed in perfection. The swampy vale is wildly decked with grey stones; *clatters*, or the debris of rocks, stream down the neighbouring slopes; whilst aloft in the blue air stand the giant tors. From this valley (whose peaty soil entombs the oak and the birch) the pedestrian can steer direct for the summit of *Cosdon*, which commands an amazing view. On a clear day, it is said, even the *Bristol Channel* may be seen; but the *English Channel* off *Teignmouth*, is commonly visible. *Dartmoor* is, however, the most impressive feature of the prospect. Far and wide stretch its desolate hills, the ancient haunt of wolves and wild deer, and barbarians as untamed. A solitary wondrous region, everywhere darkened by morasses, but piled with fantastic rocks and glowing with innumerable tints. To the W. will be seen *Yes Tor*, the highest hill on the moor; to the S., the rocks of *Heytor*; and to S. W. the grand central wilderness of deeply-fissured bog, in which lie concealed the mysterious pool of *Cranmere*, and the fountains of the rivers *Dart*, *Taw*, *Teign*, *Okement*, and *Tavy*. On the summit of *Cosdon* is an enormous *cairn*, on which beacon-fires are supposed to have been formerly kindled. There are some remains, too, of *histvaens*, and a small circular *pound*; and on the slope of the hill, nearly opposite *Belstone Tor* (p. 6.), a number of *hut circles*. The village of *Throleigh* will be observed below *Cawsand Beacon* on the E. W. of its church, about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. is *Shelstone Pound*, in the midst of the remains of a British vil-

lage. This enclosure is in a very perfect state, and formed by a wall of stones, about 7 ft. thick and 3 ft. high.

Oakhampton; commonly called *Ockington (Inn: White Hart.)* This little town is conveniently placed for mountain excursions, lying immediately under the N. flank of *Yes Tor*, within an easy distance of wild and rugged scenery, and upon the conflux of the two heads of the *Okement* river, well-known, like most of the *Dartmoor* streams, for their excellent though small trout. The town lies in a valley, and presents nothing of interest, except perhaps its *Chapel of Ease*, with a granite tower of *Perp.* date, and some fragments of carved seats within. The *Parish Church* stands on a height above, outside and N. W. of the town.

The *Castle* is situated 1 m. S. W. of the town, in the W. *Okement* valley, on its l. bank, close to the *Launceston* road. It occupies the summit and eastern slope of a tongue of rock, isolated by an artificial cut on the W. side, by a natural ravine on the N., and by the valley of the *Okement* on the S. side. Its position is very strong, and the view down upon the dell of the *Okement*—here a brawling stream—and the skirt of *Dartmoor*, once the *Castle Park* or *Chase*, beyond, is extremely wild and beautiful. The ruins are extensive. On the summit is a small quadrangular keep (remark a curious recess or oratory in the wall), a fragment of which resembles some time-worn crag, and is inclined from the S. W. as if bent by the prevailing winds. Below it are the remains of the great hall, which will be distinguished by its huge old chimney, and of numerous chambers, including part of a chapel, with a piscina. The keep may be *Perp.* or *Dec.* The lower buildings seem to range between E. *Dec.* and *Perp.* The ruins form a picturesque and interesting group.

The reputed founder of this bor-

der castle was Baldwin de Brioniis, created Earl of Devon by the Conqueror. It afterwards, with other estates, came to Richard de Redvers, or Rivers, and from him by inheritance to the Courtenays, who held it with a forfeiture under Edw. IV., and a restoration under Henry VII., and a second forfeiture in the person of Henry Courtenay under Hen. VIII., and a second restoration under Mary, until, in the reign of Charles I., it descended by marriage to the Mohuns, who became Barons of Oakhampton, and failed in 1712. Long before that period the castle had ceased to be a residence of its lord. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was dismantled, and the chase sparked, and from that time to the present the bats and owls have been the only occupants of the ruin, which has recently been purchased by Sir R. R. Vyvyan. A *cross-course*, containing lead and silver, is worked on the bank of the river below the castle.

A weekly *Market* is held at Oakhampton on Saturdays, and from the circumstance of the oat being the principal grain which is grown on the high or poor land in the neighbourhood, the supply of this article is very abundant, and the price unusually low. S. of the town, the Okement flows through the woods of *Oaklands* (A. B. Savile, Esq.).

Those who take delight in moorland scenery should make the ascent of *Yes Tor*, (probably a corruption of *East Tor*), the highest hill on Dartmoor, and 2050 ft. above the level of the sea. The summit is about 5 m. from Oakhampton, and best reached by the valley of the W. Okement (rt. bank), which, for the first 3 m. is of considerable width, its sloping declivities presenting happy contrasts of wildness and cultivation. After a short ascent from the town the traveller will enter *Oakhampton Park*, a rough hill-side, which still preserves in its name the memory of the barons' chase; and where enormous furze

bushes, old hawthorns, and hollies, remain as memorials of former times; and where, on the brow of the hill, is *Fitz's Well*, a spring, it is said, of marvellous virtues, and to which it was once the custom for young persons to resort on the morning of Easter day. The castle will be observed on the bank of the river, and a little beyond it a view is obtained of the old ruin in the foreground, the town in the middle distance, and woods and blue hills filling in the background. At a distance of about 3 m. the valley contracts to a glen, and a turn in the path opens to view the mossy water-wheel of *Elmdon Quarry*, a huge and deep excavation in limestone, which you should cross the stream to examine. On the l. the hills are divided by a rough moorland hollow, remarkable for a white granite of peculiar character, of which a specimen may be seen in London, in the Museum of Practical Geology (Piccadilly). It is of so fine a texture, and so pure a white, that it has been employed in the sculpture of chimney-pieces. $\frac{1}{4}$ m. beyond the quarry, look back at the view. In another $\frac{1}{4}$ m. the glen divides, and at a solitary cottage (where a search has been unsuccessfully made for ore) the traveller leaves the brawling Okement, and turns to the l. up a deep hollow, which is abruptly closed by a steep acclivity. When this is surmounted he finds himself upon the upland of *Yes Tor*, a wilderness of bog and granite, through which he may at will direct his steps towards the summit, which is now visible, and marked by piles of stones; but he is advised to diverge a little to the rt., to some rocks called *Great Black Tor*, and to look down upon the course of the W. Okement, where the scene may remind him of some of the Highland glens. The summit of *Yes Tor* commands an extraordinary prospect. On the one side lies extended the hazy area of N. Devon and a great part of Cornwall, sunset defining by

darker tints the mountainous region of Brown Willy; on the other, an expanse so wild and desolate as almost to defy description. The traveller looks into the heart of Dartmoor, and sees lengthening before him gloomy ridges which stretch for miles, and are so entirely covered with bog as to be inaccessible for many months in the year; the morasses occupying the summits as well as the slopes, and everywhere rent by deep black chasms, so intersecting each other as to appear to cover the hills as a net. To the E. (at a distance of about 4 m.) is the hill-side of *Cawsand Beacon*, which will excite astonishment by the extent of its surface: to the S. W., beyond the intervening gorge of the W. Okement, the summit of *Great Links* (or *Lynx Tor*), resembling the ruins of walls. The S. side of *Yes Tor* is scored with long lines or *streams* of granite stones,—such as *Creswick* loves to paint,—which important items of a wild scene, from the remoteness of the locality, have hitherto escaped the quarryman. From the wild valley on this flank of *Yes Tor* may be observed some rocks which bear a whimsical resemblance to works of art; viz. on a low eminence (E. side), a tor which will undoubtedly be mistaken for the ruins of a tower; and on the hill-top (W. side) an isolated mass of granite, so true in outline to the figure of a huge recumbent animal, that it might be supposed to have originated the name of *Great Lynx Tor*. These chance resemblances are best seen from the S. end of the valley. Those who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the moor may trace the W. Okement to its source in *Cranmere Pool*, called “the mother of rivers,” under the popular idea that it contains the fountains of the Taw, the Dart, the Tavy, and the E. and W. Okement; but, in fact, these rivers, with the exception of the W. Okement, flow from *morasses which cover the neighbour-*

ing hills. The miraculous pool was never above 220 yds. in circumf., and is now partially, if not entirely, drained by the removal of peat from its banks. It is invested with a certain mystery, which has probably arisen from its isolation in the midst of such desolate bogs, and from the many fruitless attempts made by travellers to discover it. The name occurs in other parts of England (for instance, in *Wolmer Forest*, Hants), and according to *De Luc*, signifies the *lake of cranes*. Should the traveller fancy this bold adventure of tracing the W. Okement to its fountain-head, let him move obedient to the following directions, which may prevent his being check-mated at the confluence of the tributaries with the main stream. We suppose him under the N. side of *Yes Tor* on the bank of the river. At the 1st confluence the W. Okement is the stream on the rt.; at the 2nd on the l., 3d on the l., 4th on the rt., 5th on the rt., 6th on the rt., 7th on the rt., 8th on the l. Another bold walk may be taken across the moor to *Prince's Town* or *Two Bridges*; the traveller steering by compass, or following the course of the streams, if provided with a good map; but such excursions are attended with hazard in unsettled weather, as this elevated region is frequently enveloped in mist for a week or a fortnight at a time.

The visitor to *Oakhampton* should also ascend *Cawsand Beacon*, alt. 1792 ft., and explore the valley of the E. Okement, which is rich in wild rocky scenery, particularly about the village of *Belstone*, 2 m. distant. The river comes roaring down *Belstone Cleave* over a solid floor of granite, and in the glen of *St. Michael of Halstock*, near *Belstone*, meets the *Blackaven* from the uplands of *Yes Tor*. Here is *Chapel Ford*, which preserves in its name the memory of the ancient shrine of *St. Michael*, of which there is no other vestige. *Belstone Tor* is rather more than a mile above *Chapel*

Ford; and on the W. side of this hill is a sacred circle, called *the Nine Stones*, but consisting of 17, the highest of which is barely $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. above the ground.

Between Oakhampton and Tavistock are three of the most remarkable objects in the county, viz., *Lidford Bridge*, *Lidford Cascade*, and *Brent Tor*. The village of Lidford is 9 m. from Oakhampton, and the road runs to it over elevated ground under the escarpment of Dartmoor. The views by the way are, therefore, characterised by the wild and the beautiful. In 6 m. the traveller reaches a few cottages, collectively known by the name of *Lake*, where, l. of the road, in a deep gully, is a small copper mine called *Tor Wood*, deserving notice for its gigantic water-wheel and picturesque locality; and on the neighbouring heights *Granate Tor*, very beautifully covered with snow-white lichens, which show that the rock is not granite, although the name seems to imply it. About 2 m. from Lake the road crosses *Vale Down*, a projection from Dartmoor, beyond which a lane on the rt., leads in $\frac{1}{4}$ m. to

Lidford. (The only house deserving the name of *inn* is the Dartmoor Arms on the high road, 1 m. from the village.) The stranger will learn with surprise that during the heptarchy this group of "ragged cottages, cold, treeless, and unprotected," was one of the principal towns in Devonshire, and the seat of a mint, which, however, was worked only for a short time, and principally through the reign of Ethelred II. In the Domesday Book it is described as taxed in the same manner as London itself; and Sir William Pole mentions it as "the principal town of the stannary." Edw. II. conferred the manor and castle of Lidford upon his favourite, Piers de Gaveston. At the present day the chief interest of the place is derived from its position, as it stands in full view of the western

front of Dartmoor. It belongs to the duchy of Cornwall, and the parish includes the entire forest of Dartmoor. The objects of curiosity to the tourist are the ruins of the castle, an old weather-beaten church, and a bridge which is one of the wonders of the county.

The *Castle*, however, scarcely merits notice, except as a feature in a distant view of the village, being merely the shell of a square tower on a mound by the roadside. It is of evil notoriety as an ancient prison of the Stannary Court, and in 1512 was described in an act of Parl. as "one of the most heinous, contagious, and detestable places in the realm." The Stannary Court, which was held in it until late in the last century, was of no better repute, for its proceedings are said to have been so arbitrary in their character that "hang first and try afterwards" was the fundamental maxim of "Lydford law." Accordingly Browne the poet, a native of Tavistock, has given us the following humorous description:—

"I've oft times heard of Lydford Law,
How in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after;
At first I wonder'd at it much,
But since, I've found the matter such
That it deserves no laughter.
They have a castle on a hill;
I took it for an old windmill,
The vanes blown off by weather.
To lie therein one night 'tis guess'd
'Twere better to be stoned or press'd,
Or hang'd, ere you come hither."

Some have derived "Lydford law" from "the strange acts of tyranny" committed by Sir Richard Grenville (Charles I.) when governor of the castle, but the phrase had a much earlier origin, as it occurs in the curious poem on the deposition of Rich. II., edited by Mr. Wright. The Stannary Courts had great privileges, and their customs were no doubt of extreme antiquity; hence, except among the miners, they were in no very good repute. The infamous Jeffries presided as judge at Lidford, and the inhabitants

affirm that his ghost to this day occasionally visits the old courtroom in the shape of a black pig. The castle was founded at a period subsequent to the Conquest, and by charter of Edw. I. was made the Stannary Prison for Devonshire. In 1650 it was described as dilapidated. There is a tradition of a subterranean passage leading from it to the neighbouring ravine.

The *Church* (in the style of the 13th cent., and containing a primitive font), is close to the castle, and commands a magnificent view, particularly of the long front of Dartmoor with its giant tors. In the churchyard the stranger will notice an old tombstone resembling a cromlech, and the following curious specimen of sepulchral wit inscribed on a tomb by the porch.

“ Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of George Routleigh, watchmaker; whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession. Integrity was the main-spring, and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions that he never went wrong, except when set a going by people who did not know his key. Even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing his time so well, that his hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky minute put a period to his existence. He departed this life Nov. 4, 1802, aged 57, wound up in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleaned and repaired and set a going in the world to come.”

A short descent leads from the church to *Lidford Bridge*, which in point of situation must resemble that of the Pont y Monach, or Devil's Bridge, in Cardiganshire. It consists of a single arch, which is thrown *oss a frightful cleft or ravine*; the

country in its vicinity, though open and bleak, being cultivated and disposed in such gentle undulations, that the traveller would never suspect the vicinity of such a chasm. Many persons have in fact passed over the bridge without being aware that it was an object of curiosity. The river Lyd, rising on Dartmoor, here worms its way through a cleft about 70 ft. deep, but not more than a few yards in breadth, and so narrow towards the bottom that the struggling stream can be scarcely discerned in noon-day. To obtain a good view of the singular scene, it is necessary to scramble as far as practicable down the rocks. The tourist should also ascend the course of the river (about 1 m.) to *Kitt's Fall*, a small cascade named from the circumstance of a young woman called Catherine or Kitty, having been drowned near it in attempting to cross the stream when swollen by rain; and, if an antiquary, 1½ m. farther, to the basement of an *ancient hut*, of which both the form and construction are uncommon. It is situated on the river bank, below *Doe Tor*. The shape is rectangular, and the stones set face to face. A story is told of a person who arrived at Lidford from Tavistock late one night, and much to the astonishment of the inhabitants, as the bridge had been lately broken down. The traveller, however, had remarked nothing more than that his horse had made a sudden spring. Upon being afterwards shown the fearful chasm which he had thus unconsciously passed, it may be imagined with what mingled sensations he contemplated the danger he had so narrowly escaped. Another incident connected with this bridge is related of a Captain Williams, who, having determined upon destroying himself, rode at night from Exeter to Lidford Bridge, and, as was afterwards discovered by the marks on the road, endeavoured to spur his horse over the parapet. The horse, however,

refused the leap, as he was afterwards found loose on the road; but the saddle and bridle were discovered entangled among the trees, and it is supposed that Captain Williams, in the vain hope of concealing the wilfulness of his desperate act, threw them into the ravine before he sprang into it himself. In the reign of Charles I. Lidford glen would have often afforded subjects for the pencil of a Salvator — savage rocks, wild woods, and outlaws, for the neighbourhood was the favourite haunt of Roger Rowle, the Robin Hood of the West. He was the leader of the *Gubbins*, a gang of broken men, with the like of whom the remoter parts of England were then greatly infested. "Gubbins' land," says old Fuller, "is a Scythia within England, and they Scythians that dwell therein."

At Lidford the traveller has entered the *mining-field* which lies between Dartmoor and the Tamar, and several mines of copper, manganese, and lead are scattered over the country in the vicinity of this village and Brent Tor.

Lidford Cascade is in one of the prettiest spots imaginable, and situated immediately N. of the Tavistock road, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Lidford. A small stream which has its source on *Blackdown* here slides about 110 ft. down a dark-coloured schistose slope to join the Lyd in its deep ravine. The adjoining ledges are mantled with trees, and the scene of so soft and tranquil a character, as to contrast delightfully with the rough moorland views from the higher grounds. A zig-zag walk has been cut to the foot of the cascade; and a miller, who lives hard by, keeps the key of this approach, and a certain quantity of water ponded back, which, by the magic of sixpence, may be made to spring over the fall, to which it gives an imposing volume and impetuosity. Observe the view from the top of the winding descent, where the village and castle of Lidford are seen in connection with the wild front of Dartmoor,

the lower parts of the picture being occupied by the wooded ravine of the Lyd. "The fall of the river," says Gilpin, "is the least considerable part of the scenery."

Brent Tor, or the *Burnt Tor*, ($2\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond Lidford Cascade, on the road to Tavistock, and in alt. 1100 ft.), is truly a most singular eminence, and an outlying peak of the great Dartmoor range, from which it is now further separated by cultivation. It is capped by a church, and when seen from a distance, grouped with other Dartmoor hills, resembles in shape a flame starting upwards from the earth. This conical form and its mineral formation have excited much discussion among geologists. Some have seen in Brent Tor the crater of an extinct volcano (*Red jasper* may be found in blocks on the N. side of the hill), and there is but little doubt that its substance is of igneous origin, and identical with other rocks, intermixed with the carbonaceous deposits, and named *volcanic ash* by De la Beche. The name of the hill is thus singularly appropriate; but it doubtless originated in beacon-fires, which anciently "flamed amazement" from this frontier summit. It is an obsolete word, used by Spenser and other old writers, and derived from the Saxon, *brennan* to burn. The church, called *St. Michael de Rupe* in old records, (of which one dates as early as 1283,) is a curious little weather-worn structure, about 40 ft. in length by 14 in breadth, with a roof of oak, and lighted by one small window. It stands on the verge of a precipice, and in a diminutive churchyard, containing a few mouldering gravestones. An erroneous idea has been very generally entertained, that in digging burial-places at this spot the rock is found to be so saturated with moisture that the excavation is, in a short time, filled with water. The fact is, however, the ground is as dry here as in other churchyards; and the notion

doubtless originated in an incident which occurred after a heavy fall of rain, when, a coffin being brought for interment, the grave was found partly filled with water, which had been directed into it by the shoot from the roof of the church. There is, however, no lack of water on the hill; as on its eastern side a spring gushes forth which has been never known to fail; and the village is supplied by wells, some of which are as deep as 10 fathoms. To return to the little church, which bears every mark of antiquity and the weather, to which it is so exposed. Its erection is attributed by tradition to a merchant, who, overtaken by a storm at sea, resorted to the expedient of bribing the interference of a saint by the promise of a church, which he vowed to build upon the first point of land which should appear in sight. This happened to be the lofty peak of Brent Tor, and here, accordingly, he founded his church. But there is another version of the story, which places the building originally at the foot of the hill, and attributes its removal to that busy body the Devil, who, being "prince of the powers of the air," carried the church to the summit, which lay in his own dominions. No sooner, however, had the building been dedicated to St. Michael, than the archangel ousted the enemy, and, tumbling him down hill, sent a huge rock flying at his heels, and this, it is said, may be seen to this day at the base of the tor. There is a similarity in the situation of this building and those of the chapels on the *mounts* of St. Michael on the coasts of Cornwall and Normandy. The three churches are dedicated to St. Michael; and it is said that these elevated sites were selected as significant of the archangel's position at the head of the angelical hierarchies. In ancient times the abbots of Tavistock - annual Michaelmas fair on
v. Observe a curious monu-

mental stone on the exterior of the church. The view of the moor from this elevated spot is truly delightful. When the sun shines brightly, the ghastly appearance and cloud-like tints of these barren hills are remarkable. The most conspicuous summits of this, the western, front of Dartmoor, are *Great Links Tor* in the N., capped by masses of granite, resembling the walls of a fortress; *Hare Tor*, nearly opposite, distinguished by the beauty of its conical form; and *Great Mis Tor*, one of the most imposing of the Dartmoor hills, about 4 m. farther S. In the direction of Hare Tor, the traveller looks up the valley of the Tavy, or *Tavy Cleave*, and upon a cloud of miners' huts, marking the site of the great copper-mine of *Huel Friendship*. This mine is well worth a visit, and is no great distance from Brent Tor. It is an immense concern, highly remunerative to the adventurers, and curious as being entirely worked by water. The machinery kept in action by this motive-power is on the largest scale; and the manner in which the water is economised and made to traverse every part of the surface, so as to turn a number of colossal wheels, and to perform other labours, shows great ingenuity. The mine is provided with a steam-engine, as a precaution against a drought; but the supply of water is seldom deficient. The high road from Tavistock to Exeter passes through the mine.

The valley of the Tavy (see *Tavistock*) abounds in picturesque scenery. The stream is of a very beautiful character, the limpid water flowing over schistose rocks, which occupy its bed in masses. If inclined for a wild excursion, you may ascend the river to the source of its northern branch on Dartmoor, passing under the escarpment of Hare Tor. It lies on a boggy platform, immediately above the valley previously described as on the southern flank of Yes Tor (p. 6.). You can then ascend

Yes Tor, and pass down the valley of the W. Okement to Oakhampton. Another walk may be taken over the moor-by Great Mis Tor to Prince's town.

Having returned to Oakhampton after this long digression, and proceeding again towards Launceston,

The road passes the Castle on the l., and skirting Dartmoor for some distance, commands the numerous tors which crown the detached summits.

4 From *Sourton Down* a road branches off on the l. to Lidford and Tavistock.

2½ *Bridestow*. The churchyard has a curious Norman gateway, and the church a wooden screen. On the l. is *Leawood House* (S. C. Hamlyn, Esq.); and beyond the village, on the rt., and situated in a pretty valley, *Millaton*, the house of J. G. Newton, Esq., which contains a collection of stuffed birds, including the following rare specimens, procured on Dartmoor, or in its immediate vicinity—the merlin, grey shrike, golden oriole, hawfinch, parrot crossbill, great black wood-pecker, wryneck, red-legged partridge, little egret, and little crane. Further towards Lifton, on rt., is *Haine Castle* (Mrs. Harris).

8½ *Lifton*. In this neighbourhood the Lyd and two other trout streams effect a junction. About 3 m. S. are *Kelly House* (A. Kelly, Esq.) and *Bradstone Manor-house*, an old Tudor building approached through a gate-house. The latter was formerly a seat of the Cloberry family, but is now tenanted by a farmer.

l. *Lifton Park* (H. Blagrove, Esq.), an ancient possession of the Arundel family, whose quarterings are suspended in the village.

1½ *Poulston*. Here the traveller, will cross the Tamar, although "there passeth a pleasant tradition," says Fuller, "how there standeth on Poulston Bridge a man of great strength and stature, with a black bill in his hand, ready to knock down

all the lawyers that should offer to plant themselves in the county of Cornwall." In about 2 m., however, whether lawyer or not, he will reach the old town of *Launceston*. (Rte. 15.)

ROUTE 2.

WELLINGTON TO EXETER, BY CULLUMPTON.

Wellington. (See SOMERSET.) The road enters Devonshire in view of the *Black Down Hills* and *Wellington Monument*, as described in Rte. 1.

12 *Cullumpton* (Inn: White Hart.), an old but uninteresting town, situated on the river Culme, and on the Bristol and Exeter railroad, and formerly known for a manufacture of woollen stuffs. The Church is dedicated to St. Andrew, and dates, in part, from the 15th cent.; but a chapel on the S. side was built in 1528 by one John Lane, a clothier of this town, and deserves notice for its external ornaments, which represent the machinery employed in the manufacture of cloth. The screen is a gorgeous specimen, and the walls of the church are ornamented with curious paintings in distemper, which were concealed by plaster previous to the restoration of the building in 1849. One in the N. aisle is a colossal figure of St. Christopher with fishes and mermaids at his feet. Another represents St. Michael weighing departed spirits; and a third, St. Clara, arrayed in an orange-coloured robe. There are other figures of an equally gigantic size, but some have been injured by marble monuments.

In the town is the *West of England Church-bell Foundry*; in the neighbourhood several *paper mills* and *Hillersdon House* (W. C. Grant, Esq.); on the road to Honiton, *The Grange* (E. S. Drewe, Esq.); and, in the adjoining parish of Uffculme, *Bradfield Hall*, B. B. Walrond, Esq., one of the finest ancient mansions in the county, and in which this family has

been seated for many generations. *Plymtree* church, 4 m. SSE., has one of the old screens.

2 *Bradnich*, 1 m. from *Hele Station*. In 1644, during the Rebellion, King Charles was here in person, and slept several nights at the rectory, now called *Bradnich House* (G. Pearce, Esq.), where his bedstead is still preserved. The church contains a fine screen and an old painting of the Crucifixion. The N. aisle was built in the reign of Hen. VII. by the fraternity of St. John, or Guild of Cordwainers.

2 rt. *Killerton Park* (Sir T. D. Acland, Bart., M. P.), l. *Spraydon House* (W. B. Moore, Esq.).

3 l. *Poltimore House* (Lord Poltimore). Rt., not far off the road, the village of *Bramford Speke*. The family of Speke was once very powerful in Devon. "There are yet in remembrance," says Wescote, in his *Survey*, (1630), "certain by-paths over enclosed lands, which they call *Speke's Paths*, as lawful for him and his people to ride, go, and drive that way, but for no other; but they are all well nigh forgotten and shut up now." "The church of Bramford Speke," says Dr. Oliver, "is neglected and decaying." There is a very ancient *chantry* of the Speke family.

3 EXETER, 193½ m. from London by rail. (*Inns*: New London Inn;—Clarence Hotel;—Globe Hotel.) Exeter (pop. 31,333), without rival the Queen of the West, situated on the l. bank of the river Exe, "upon a hill among hills," is remarkable for its salubrity, and interesting both to the antiquary and lover of the picturesque. Its origin is very remote, and its history distinguished by stirring events. The Britons are supposed to have founded it long before the invasion of Cæsar; the Romans called it, by the name of *Isca* to the dignity of a *castrum* and under the Saxons an important mercantile city by reason of its

vicinity to the Dartmoor tin-works. "*Excestria clara metallis*"—Exeter famous for her mines—is the characteristic assigned to her at a later period by Henry of Huntingdon. Athelstan expelled the Britons from Exeter, driving them across the Tamar, and surrounded the city with a wall (or repaired the old Roman one), as some protection against the Danes, who wintered in Exeter in the year 876, and repeatedly pillaged it, particularly under Sweyn in 1003. After the Conquest, in 1066, it was besieged by Will. I.; in 1137, by Stephen; unsuccessfully by Perkin Warbeck in 1497 (Hen. VII.); and by the insurgents for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic ritual in 1549 (Edw. VI.). In Sept. 1643, during the Great Rebellion, it was taken by Prince Maurice after an 8 months' siege, and by the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax in April 1646, having in the intermediate period been the head-quarters of the Royalists, and the residence of the queen, who here gave birth to the princess Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. It gives the titles of marquis and earl to the Cecil family, and by an act of Parl., enacted in the reign of Edw. VI., is constituted an independent county. The principal thoroughfares divide it into 4 parts; High Street and Fore Street traversing it in a line from E. to W., and North Street and South Street running N. and S., and meeting at rt. angles to High Street. Of late years the prevalent building mania has greatly extended its dimensions. The principal suburbs are *St. Sidwell's* on the N.E., *Mount Radford* on the S.E., *St. David's* on the N.W., and *Exe Island* and a square called *the Quarter* on the S.W.

The *Cathedral* is the first point of interest. Its history is doubtful, but its foundation is to be referred to the reign of Edw. the Confessor (1050), when the seat of the bishopric was removed from Crediton to Exeter.

At that time, as Hooker informs us, a Benedictine monastery (founded by Athelstan) and two other religious houses stood within the precincts of the present close; but whether the Confessor's structure was the monastery of Athelstan enlarged for a cathedral is undecided. No Saxon remains are to be recognised in the present building, which was commenced in 1112 (Hen. I.), under Bishop Warelwast, of whose cathedral the present Norman towers formed a part. When Stephen took the city he pillaged and partially burnt this cathedral; but the damage was repaired, and the building had been enlarged at various times before the reign of Edw. I. (1279), when Bp. Quivil determined upon remodelling the whole, and to the skill and munificence of this prelate, and the good taste of his successors in adhering to his plan, is due the present structure. Quivil retained the Norman towers, the Lady Chapel, and that of St. Gabriel, making them subservient to his design; and the work of renovation begun by him was carried on during a period of 500 years, under the superintendence of successive prelates, the expense being defrayed principally by the bishops, the clergy, and the religious houses of the diocese. The choir, it appears, was finished by Bishop Stapeldon, in 1310, at which period, also, many of the windows were fitted with painted glass from Normandy. In the reign of Edw. III. Bishop Grandisson extended the nave, vaulted the roof with stone, and ornamented the W. front with the façade or screen; and in 1380 (Rich. II.) the cathedral was completed by Bishop Brantyngham, who had added the cloisters and altar window. From that distant period all the architectural details were preserved uninjured through a long series of years to the Reformation, after which Queen Elizabeth's Visitors began that havoc which was consummated in the Rebellion by the puritanical fanatics,

who destroyed the cloisters, and passed and executed a sweeping sentence of decapitation upon the decorative figures.

The exterior of the cathedral has a venerable appearance, the Norman towers rising with great effect to a height of 145 ft., and corresponding in form and size, although dissimilar in their details. The upper or clere story is supported by flying buttresses of very elegant proportions, and the ridge of the roof has a worked border, an uncommon but effective ornament. The interior is divided into a nave with two aisles, a transept terminating in the towers, a choir and side aisles, 10 chapels, a chapter-house, and a room called the consistory court; the structure occupying an area 403 ft. in length by 74 ft. in breadth. The *western façade*, although it cannot compete with those of Wells, Lincoln, Peterborough, or York, is a beautiful and elaborate piece of stonework, forming, as it were, "a public statuary gallery of patriarchs, sovereigns, prelates, barons, saints, and angels;" but the finer detail is now destroyed by corrosion and mutilation. Upon entering the *nave* (which is 175 ft. in length), the stranger may experience a slight disappointment, from the freshness of the stone, which gives it a modern appearance, and from a glare of sunshine. Grandeur and simplicity are, however, its attributes, although, as a part of a Gothic building, it has a certain baldness, from the scarcity of ornament. The great *W. window*, universally admired, is a remarkable specimen of Dec., with flowing tracery; it contains in the centre the figure of St. Peter, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. The piers of the nave (Dec.) are clustered with shafts of Purbeck marble, and support the upper or clere story, from which projects the *Minstrel's Gallery* (supposed date Edw. III.), a curious relic of olden times. The organ screen which separates the nave from the choir is one of the

greatest curiosities in the cathedral, and remarkable for the beauty of its design and workmanship. The greater part of it is as old as the reign of Edw. III.; and it contains, in a series of panels, 13 rude oil paintings on stone, coeval with the screen itself. These represent the Creation, Adam and Eve, the Deluge, Moses dividing the Red Sea, the Destruction of Solomon's Temple, the Building of the Second Temple, the Angel appearing to Zacharias, the Nativity, the Baptism, the Removal from the Cross, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. The *organ* is a large and powerful instrument. Turning from the screen, the stranger will observe at the N. end of the transept, a strange old *clock*, which will acquaint him, not only with the time of day, but with the age and the phase of the moon. It has two dials, and its construction is referred to the reign of Edw. III., when the science of astronomy was in its nonage, and the earth regarded as the central point of the universe. The upper disc, which was added in 1760, shows the minutes. The lower disc is divided into three parts; the figure of the earth forming the nucleus of the innermost circle, that of the sun traversing the outer space, that of the moon the intermediate one. The sun is stamped with a fleur-de-lis, the upper end pointing to the hour of the day, the lower to the age of the moon; while the figure of the moon is made black on one side, and moved by the clock-work so as to imitate the varying aspect of its inconstant original. The N. tower is generally ascended by visitors for a view of the *Peter Bell*, which weighs 12,500 lbs., and, as an English bell, is surpassed in size only by the Great Tom of Oxford, which weighs 17,000 lbs. The roof commands a bird's-eye view of the city. The S. tower contains 11 bells, *g in peal*, and are

the heaviest set in the kingdom. The stranger next enters the *choir* (Dec. 1279—1310) where he will be much interested by the E. window, the dark array of oaken stalls and canopies, but particularly by the *Bishop's Throne*, a fabric of most exquisite and airy workmanship, towering to the roof. This beautiful structure, a tabernacle of black oak-work, rises in a pyramidal form to a height of 52 ft., and was erected in the prelacy of Bishop Bothe, 1470. It was fortunately taken down and concealed during the Rebellion, and so escaped destruction at the hands of the Puritans. The workmanship of the pulpit (date 1560), and of the three stalls on the rt. of the choir, should also be remarked. The windows, adorned with curiously ramified tracery and painted glass, are dissimilar to each other on the same side of the cathedral, but correspond with those which are opposite to them. The great E. window, of early Perpend. work, was constructed 1380—82. The choir is separated from the aisles by a modern stone screen in the pointed style of the 14th cent., but is not improved by being filled in with glass for the convenience of the congregation. On the rt. side of the altar the visitor will observe the three stone stalls, which are of unequal height, and were formerly the seats of the celebrant, deacon, and subdeacon in the festivals of the Roman Church. The aisles of the choir and the chapels contain a number of curious *monuments*, the oldest of which is said to be that of Bishop Warelwast. The following merit particular notice. In the Lady Chapel those of Bishops Stafford (S. wall) and Bartholomew (N. wall); the effigy and canopy of the former being of alabaster: between the chapels of Our Lady and St. Gabriel, the monument of Bishop Bronescombe, an elegant specimen of sepulchral art, supposed to date from the reign of Edw. III., although the

bishop died in 1280; and on the N. side of the choir, the Dec. tomb of Bishop Stapeldon (1327), murdered in the reign of Edw. II. by a London mob. In the wall of the N. aisle is the effigy of an emaciated figure extended on a shroud, vulgarly said to represent the body of a certain bishop who had died from starvation in an attempt to fast the 40 days of Lent: in the S. aisle two tombs with cross-legged effigies. St. Gabriel's chapel contains two modern works of art, marble statues of Northcote and Lieut.-General Simcoe, by Chantrey and Flaxman. Lastly, in the S. aisle of the choir, the stranger should notice a simple monument on which a seraph is so placed as to appear as if it had just descended from the sky. In the chapter-house is preserved the *cathedral library*, which consists of about 8,000 volumes, including a copy of an edition of Cæsar printed in 1471; the cathedral MSS., of which some are of Saxon origin; the episcopal registers from the reign of Edw. I., and a volume of Domesday, relating to the counties of Devon and Cornwall. The following table may be found useful for reference:—

Reign.	Bp. of Ex.	Part of Cath.
Hen. I.	Warelwast	1112 N. and S. towers.
— III.	Bruere	1230 Lady Chapel: Chapter-house.
Edw. I.	Quivil	1279 Transept: part of choir.
— II.	Stapeldon	1310 Choir finished: windows.
— III.	Grandisson	1330 Nave: screen.
Rich. II.	Brantingham	1380 Altar window: cloisters.
Hen. VI.	Lacy	1427 Part of Chapter-house.
Edw. IV.	Bothe	1470 Bishop's Throne.
Hen. VII.	Otham	1519 Otham's Chantry Chapel.

Exeter and its suburbs contain 21 *parish churches*, besides numerous chapels. The following possess some interest for the stranger:—*Allhallows in the Walls* (Bartholomew-yard), with a fine E. window of coloured glass; *St. James's* (N.E. suburb) with *painted E. window*, and carved pul-

pit, said to have been taken in a Spanish ship, temp. Eliz.; *St. Lawrence's* (High street) with oak screen and curious altar-piece; and, over the doorway, a statue of Queen Eliz., which once adorned a conduit in High street: *St. Martin's* (Cath. yard), believed to date in part from 1065: *St. Mary Arches* (street of same name), containing old monuments: *St. Mary Major's* (Cath. yard), very ancient, particularly the tower, with fine screen, and, over the N. entrance, figure of St. Laurence on a gridiron: *St. Mary Steps* (West street); in the tower an antique clock with 3 figures, popularly called Matthew the miller and his two sons; the central figure representing Hen. VIII.: *St. Olave's* (Fore street), very old, given by Will. I. to Battle Abbey, and after the Edict of Nantes to the French Refugees: *St. Paul's* (Paul street), with painted window and font of black marble: *St. Petrock's* (Cath. yard), containing among the sacramental plate, vessels dated 1572, 1640, and 1692: *St. Sidwell's* (N.E. suburb), a modern edifice in the pointed style, but the pillars dividing nave and aisles are part of the original building. The capitals of these pillars are decorated with figures of St. Sidwell and angels, and the pulpit is a rich specimen of carved-work: *St. Thomas the Apostle* (Covick street), containing a *monument by Bacon* to the memory of his daughter, Mrs. Medley. Her husband was the present Bp. of Fredericton, for some years vicar of this parish. Lastly, *Exwick Chapel* (at Exwick), built in 1842, and richly decorated.

Rougemont Castle (whose site is now occupied by the Devon Sessions H.) was the ancient citadel, which, built on an eminence, commanded a view over the town and its approaches. Tradition assigns its foundation to Julius Cæsar in the year 50 a. c., and derives its name from the red colour of the soil and stones; but *William of Worcester* informs us that both the

castle and its title were originated by a baron named Rothemond. It is clear, however, from the remains, that whoever had the honour of its foundation, the structure was rebuilt by the Normans. It is generally believed to have been the residence of some of our Saxon kings, and, in more recent times, of the dukes of Cornwall. As the citadel of Exeter it has played a conspicuous part in the military history of the county. In 1067 it was taken by the Conqueror, who, having altered its gates as a mark of subjection, bestowed it upon Baldwin de Brionis, the husband of his niece Albreda, with whose descendants it remained down to the year 1230; and during the troubles of Stephen's reign it was captured by the king, when all the outer works were burnt; "the besieged," says an old Chronicler, "being compelled to throw even their supplies of wine upon the flames in order to extinguish them." In the reign of Hen. IV. John Holland, Duke of Exeter, had a fine mansion within its walls, but no traces of that building are now to be seen; and even as early as the reign of Charles I. Rougemont was described as "an old ruyning castle, whose gaping chinks and aged countenance presageth a downfall ere long." At present the only remains are the gateway, a portion of the walls, and three of the bastions; but from one part of the rampart the stranger may obtain a peep across the city to distant hills; and the pleasure grounds of *Rougemont Lodge*, R. S. Gard, Esq., (adjoining the castle gate, and where the stranger will be admitted on presenting his card) contain the ivied remains of the ancient entrance, and the most perfect part of the castle mound, which is tastefully laid out as a terrace walk.

The promenade called *Northern-hay*, is under the castle wall, where the sloping bank was levelled and planted many centuries ago. It is a favourite lounge with the inhabitants; but the view from it embraces

little more than the neighbouring *County Gaol and Bridewell*, and is therefore of no very remarkable interest. At the back of this gaol is the *Reservoir* for the supply of the city; where also, close to the road, in the adjoining field, is a small mound dignified with the title of *Dane's Castle*, and supposed to mark the site of an outpost of the Roman garrison.

The *Devon Assize Hall and Sessions House* were built in 1773. The crown bar court contains a picture of the Judgment of Daniel by Brockedon.

The venerable façade of the *Guild-hall* is the principal ornament of High Street. The building was restored in the year 1464, and the part projecting into the street is supposed to have been added about 1593. The hall is ornamented with the armorial bearings of mayors, incorporated trades, and benefactors of Exeter, and contains, among some other pictures, portraits of General Monk, and Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., by Sir Peter Lely; and of Lord Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Earl Camden, by Hudson.

The *Devon and Exeter Institution* (in the Cathedral Yard), founded in 1813 for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, possesses a valuable library, a few paintings, and some cabinets illustrative of natural history. The *Polytechnic Instit.*, estab. 1847, has an interesting museum (in *Magdalene House Academy*).

At the E. end of High Street is the old dilapidated building of *St. John's Hospital*, now appropriated to a free grammar-school, a blue-coat and commercial schools. It was founded at a very early time for five priests, nine boys, and twelve almsmen, and suppressed in the reign of Hen. VIII. The structure encloses a quadrangle, and in the centre of this a statue of Hen. VII. arrayed as a Roman, and once the ornament of the E. gate of the city, which stood near the hospital.

College Hall, in the S. quarter of Exeter, dates from the 14th cent., and is attached to a building commonly called *the College*, containing houses of residence for the Vicars Choral of the Cathedral. The *Exeter Architectural Diocesan Society* has permission to use the Hall, which is hung with antique portraits, supposed to represent certain early bishops of the diocese, and a number of drawings by members of the society.

Among other buildings and institutions the stranger may be interested by the *Market Houses*, two modern erections in Fore Street and Queen Street; the *Deaf and Dumb Institution* (in the S. E. suburb, near the banks of the river on the Topsham road), founded in 1826, and open to visitors on Tuesdays and Fridays; and the *Institution for the Blind* (on St. David's Hill, beyond North Street), founded in 1838, and shown daily, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

Exeter also contains three old chapels, which are connected with alms-houses, and may be of interest to the antiquary. They are *St. Wynard's* (in Magdalen Street), date 1436; the chapel of the *Leper's Hospital*, at the foot of Magdalen Hill; and the *Chapel of St. Ann*, a small building only 15 ft. long, in Sidwell Street. A house in High Street (at the corner of North Street) supports an old wooden figure, the size of life, representing St. Peter in the act of treading upon Paganism.

North Street passes down a steep hill to an iron bridge or viaduct of 6 arches, a useful work, erected by the Exeter Improvement Commissioners at a cost of 3500*l.*

The *Cemetery* is situated to the l. of this street, and comprises about 5 acres of sloping ground, prettily laid out with shrubs and walks.

Many very delightful spots are within a day's excursion of Exeter, even for those who travel after the *old fashion*; but the railway has

brought many of the most beautiful scenes in the county within easy access in point of time. Among the most interesting localities may be mentioned the romantic moorland in the neighbourhood of *Moreton Hampstead*; the banks of the *Teign* from Dunsford Bridge, on the Moreton road, to a point 2 m. above Fingle Bridge; *Chudleigh Rock*; the watering-places of *Sidmouth*, *Budleigh Salterton*, and *Exmouth*; the *Dart* from Totness to its mouth; and the ruins of *Berry Pomeroy Castle*. The Dart and Berry Pomeroy, as well as the towns of Dawlish and Teignmouth, are brought, as it were, within the environs of Exeter by the South Devon Railway. For a full description of these localities, consult the index.

In the immediate vicinity of the town you may make shorter excursions of interest. The park of *Powderham Castle* (E. of Devon) is accessible to the public. The castle retains little of its old military character, but, according to Polwhele, was built either before the Conquest, to hinder the Danes from sailing up the river to Exeter, or by William de Ou, a Norman baron who came over with the Conqueror. In the reign of Edw. I. it belonged to a family named Powderham, from whom it passed to the celebrated Humphrey de Bohun, and in 1377, by marriage, to the Courtenays, Earls of Devon. The park is nearly 10 m. in circumf., and commanded by the *Belvidere*, a tower from which a noble prospect is surveyed in 3 different parts from the 3 windows. Magnificent views are to be obtained from the ridge of *Haldon*, and from *Wattle Down*. To reach the latter eminence the tourist should turn off to the l. from the Oakhampton road, a short distance beyond the 2nd milestone from Exeter. The banks of the *Ship Canal* afford a pleasant walk to Topsham, or further, to the termination of the canal at a place called *Turf*. And again, those who are interested

by vestiges of ancient buildings may pursue a field-path to a farmhouse situated to the l. of the Cullumpton road, beyond the turnpike. In this building are some remains of *Polsloe Priory*, once a Benedictine nunnery. The stranger should also know that *Exwick Hill*, N. W., commands a fine view of the city; that *Pennsylvania*, a row of houses on the *Old Tiverton* road, looks down the vale of the Exe and the glistening river to its confluence with the sea; and that the delightful grounds of *Fordlands* (J. Abbott, Esq.), $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. W., are often visited (with permission) by parties of pleasure. $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. E. of Exeter is *Pinkoe* church, with an ancient screen; and about 4 m. N. E., *Poltimore House*, a seat of Lord Poltimore, which, in Oct. 1645, was garrisoned by Fairfax.

Heavitree, 1 m. on the road to Honiton, was formerly the place where criminals were executed. By the turnpike-gate is *Livery Dole*, an old chapel and almshouses, the latter lately rebuilt (see p. 21.); and near *St. Loyes* (Pitman Jones, Esq.) the ancient chapel of *St. Eligius* or *St. Loyes*, now a farm stable.

The *Exeter Ship Canal*, which floats the produce of foreign climes to this ancient city, deserves the notice of the stranger as one of the oldest canals in England. In early times the river flowed deep with the tide as high as Exeter; but in 1284, it was closed to salt water and sea-going vessels at Topsham, by the erection of a wear, the work of Isabella de Redvers, Countess of Devon (whence *Countess Wear*), who thus revenged herself upon the citizens for some affront. Her successor, Hugh Courtenay, added insult to this injury, maltreating the city officers on a quay which he had constructed at his own town of Topsham. The corporation of Exeter ineffectually sought redress. They established at law their right to the navigation of the river, but, with a verdict in their favour, were unable to act until the reign of Hen. VIII.,

when they procured authority from Parl. to cut a canal from Topsham to Exeter, and this they speedily did, at a cost of about 5000*l.* The city being thus again connected with the sea, was made a royal port by Charles II. Subsequently, at different times, the canal was enlarged, and in 1825, was extended to a place called *Turf*, and widened and deepened to its present dimensions. It is now about 5 m. in length 15 ft. in depth, and 30 ft. in width, so that two vessels of considerable size have room to pass each other. At one end it terminates in a lock 120 ft. long, and of the width of the canal, at the other, in a basin by the quay at Exeter, 917 ft. in length, 18 ft. in depth, and from 90 ft. to 110 ft. in breadth.

The river *Exe*, rising in Somerset, on the barren waste of Exmoor, is one of the most considerable rivers in Devonshire, and, like all the streams of this rocky county, flows in a clear and merry current through wooded and romantic vales. Its course is about 70 m., and in this long journey it is augmented by numerous tributaries, and 4 m. below Exeter is joined by the *Clyst*, when it suddenly expands to more than a mile in width, and becomes navigable for vessels of large size. The shores of this estuary are well wooded and picturesque, but their effect is somewhat injured by the intrusive embankment, and long array of poles of the South Devon rail, and its telegraph.

ROUTE 3.

AXMINSTER TO EXETER, BY HONITON
(OTTERY ST. MARY).

Axminster (*Jans*: George; Old Bell.), a town of melancholy appearance, but in a very pretty country. It was formerly well known for its carpets, which for many years were manufactured in the *Court House*, close to the church, and were first made by a Mr. Whitty, in 1755, who was rewarded for his ingenuity

with the medal of the Society of Arts. These celebrated fabrics were far superior to anything of the kind which had been previously made in England; rather glaring in colour, but for durability considered equal to the carpets brought from Turkey. Their excellence in this respect was due to their being made entirely by hand, like tapestry. The manufacture is now carried on at Wilton, near Salisbury, but the rugs alone are hand-made, the carpets are woven. The factory at this place has been closed many years. Axminster has been the theme of much antiquarian discussion. It is generally believed to have been founded before the invasion of Cæsar, and connected with the British camps of *Membury* and *Musbury*, which are still in good preservation N. and S. of the town. Some also suppose that this neighbourhood was the scene of the furious battle of Brunanburg, in which Athelstan defeated a combined host of Danes, Scotch, and Irish, date 937; and nine kings were left dead upon the field; and the ancient name of the town, *Branbury*, as well as other names in the vicinity, such as *Kingsfield*, *Wurlake*, and *Kil-mington* (Kil-maen-ton, the town at the stony burial-place), would seem to give support to this opinion. The modern name of Axminster probably originated about that time when Athelstan is said to have founded the Minster in commemoration of his victory.

The *Minster* is the prominent and only interesting feature of the town. It is a handsome stone structure dedicated to St. Mary, and, in part, unquestionably of early date. In the nave are a triple pulpit of carved oak, an old but plain font, and on the wall under the organ loft, two sculptured figures which belonged to a monument of the Drakes of Ashe; on each side of the chancel an ancient freestone, but painted, effigy in a niche; that on the rt. representing the founder of the

minster, that on the l. one of our Saxon kings, minus his head, which was knocked off by a puritanical mason employed in the church; on the rt. of the altar three sedilia and a piscina with two pointed arches; in the S. aisle a painting of the twelve Apostles by some unknown genius of Axminster; and in the N. aisle a part of the ancient screen. The chancel has an old roof; the nave a modern one, perfectly plain. The pillars of the nave are of blue lias, painted grey. The S. aisle was built in 1800. Altogether the Minster is barely worth a shilling as a sight. The most curious part of it is an arch with zigzag moulding at the E. end of the S. aisle, but which originally stood on the S. side of the building opposite the N. entrance.

Some pleasant excursions can be made from this town, and one which should be the object of every visitor, viz., to *Ford Abbey*, situated in the adjoining county, 7 miles distant. (See DOBSET.)

The tourist should also visit the old gate-house of *Shute*, the ancient seat of the family of De la Pole, an interesting ruin, embowered among trees, about 3 miles S. W. The present mansion (Sir J. G. R. De la Pole, Bart.) commands a view of the sea, and contains pictures, occasionally shown to strangers. Nearer Colyton are the ruins of *Colcombe*, another old seat of this family. (See COLYTON.)

Other objects of interest are some trifling remains of *Newenham Abbey*, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile S., on the road to *Seaton*, founded by the family of Mohun in the reign of Hen. III. They are to be found in the orchard of Mr. Swain's farm, rt. of the road, by a path through five fields. Some of the arches are standing. *Ashe*, (close to *Musbury*, a village 3 m. towards *Seaton*) the birthplace of the great Duke of Marlborough, now a farm-house, but with the original kitchen, and some other old rooms long believed to be haunted by their ancient lords, whose effigies

may be seen in the church of *Musbury*. *Membury* and *Musbury*, entrenchments on lofty hills, respectively N. and S. of the town.—*Hawksdown Hill*, over Axmouth, the site of another camp; all three commanding very extensive prospects; the *cliff scenery W. of Seaton*; and lastly the *Pinney Land-slips* on the coast between Axmouth and Lyme Regis. (See Rte. 4.)

Dr. Buckland, the eminent geologist, is a native of Axminster. His father rests in the churchyard—with his crutches, which are represented on the tombstone. *John Prince*, author of "The Worthies of Devon," was born in the *Abbey House*. In the vicinity of the town are *Clocombe House* (unoccupied), *Sector House*, James Davidson, Esq., *Fursbrook House*, S. Northmore Esq., *Seacombe House*, J. H. Richards, Esq., *Castle Hill*, Major N. T. Still, and *Coryton House*, W. Tucker Esq. Seaton and Axmouth, are each 6 m., Lyme Regis 5 m., and Chard 7 m., from Axminster.

Proceeding on our route from Axminster:—

2 *Kilmington*. A little beyond this village the tourist will observe on the l. the old park of Shute House.

4 *Widworthy*. *Widworthy Hill* and *Widworthy Court House* (Sir E. M. Elton, Bart.) on the l. The former is a beautiful eminence; and a little church near its summit contains a number of curious monuments to the old family of Marwood.

1½ l. The *Basket House*, a tower in the grounds of *Offwell House*, a seat of the late Dr. Copleston, Bp. of Llandaff. It stands on the top of Honiton Hill, commanding a bird's-eye view of the Vale of Honiton.

1½ *Honiton*. (*Inns*: Dolphin; Golden Lion.) This clean and airy town, about 10 m. from the Cullumpton station, is delightfully situated in a valley remarkable for its graceful lines and *rich culture*, and bordered by *decorations pleasingly grouped*.

It is well known for its lace, made by hand on the *pillow*, a beautiful fabric; but of late years in a measure supplanted by bobbin-net, a cheaper and inferior article worked by machinery. The manufacture of lace was introduced into England by the Lollards in the reign of Eliz. The best point lace was then made exclusively of Antwerp thread.

The *Old Church* stands in a commanding position on the hill-side S. of the town, and contains an oak screen, exceedingly light and elegant, but unfortunately painted. By the E. door is the black marble tomb of Thomas Marwood, "who practised physic 75 years, and died at the age of 105, physician to Queen Elizabeth." Observe the grotesque heads on the ceiling of the church. The churchyard commands a view of the vale; *Tracey House* (—Lott, Esq.), on St. Cvas Hill, opposite, *Hembury Fort*, further to the N. W., and the round-backed eminence of *Dumpdon Hill* (alt. 879 ft.), N. of Honiton, being conspicuous objects.

St. Paul's Church (1837) is more conveniently situated in the centre of the town. It contains a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," and fine monuments to the memory of the Rev. R. Lewis and J. Marwood, Esq., the great-grandfather of Sir E. M. Elton, Bart.

The *river Otter*, so named from the otters which once frequented it, has a high reputation among anglers.

Hembury Fort may be visited from Honiton. It is the finest specimen of a Roman camp in the county, crowning a bold spur of elevated land about 4 m. N. W., and commanding on three sides a vast prospect. It consists of an oval area, encircled by three lofty ramparts in excellent preservation, and is divided into two parts: one, it is supposed, for the horse, the other for the foot. Some antiquaries consider that it was the *Moridunum* of Antoninus. On *Roborough Down*, N. W. of this hill, and about 10 m.

from Honiton, are *whet-stone quarries*, from which scythe stones are sent to all parts of England. The down is also distinguished for the beauty and extent of the view.

The remains of *Dunkeswell Abbey* are situated in a secluded vale, 5½ m. N. of Honiton (but they are not worth seeing). The *Basket House* and surrounding woods of *Offwell*, on the summit of Honiton Hill, are objects for another excursion. Among the seats in the neighbourhood may be noticed *Manor House*, Visct. Sidmouth, near the village of *Upton*, 5 m., containing a full length portrait and bust by *Roubiliac* of the first Lord Sidmouth; and *Netherton Hall* (date Eliz.), Sir E. S. Pridaux, Bart., about 3 m. S. *Sheafhayne House*, on the border of the county, near *Yarcombe*, about 8 m. from Honiton, is an old mansion belonging to Sir T. T. F. E. Drake, Bart., a descendant of the illustrious "warrior Drake."

2. rt. *Deer Park*, W. M. Smythe, Esq., and *Feniton Court*, Hon. Mr. Justice Pateson. Feniton church has an ancient screen.

1 A road on the l. accompanying the river Otter, proceeds to *Ottery St. Mary*, distant 3 m. (*Inns*: King's Arms; Red Lion; London Hotel.) This town, situated in a broad pastoral vale, is celebrated for the beauty of its church, and connected with some historic incidents. The traveller is shown the *Convention-Room of Oliver Cromwell*, who came to Ottery for the purpose of raising men and money, but failing in that object, gave the run of the church to his destructive followers, who decapitated a number of the old monumental figures. Fairfax subsequently made the town head-quarters for about a month. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh resided in Mill Street; but the ruinous turret, which was long pointed out as the remains of his house, has been recently demolished. *Ottery was once noted for the manu-*

facture of serges, a business now supplanted by silk-spinning and lace-making. It was the birthplace of the late S. T. Coleridge.

The *Church*, a fine ancient fabric in the Early English style of architecture, and eminently picturesque, was built by Bishop Bronescombe in 1260 (Hen. III.), after the model of Exeter Cathedral and has recently undergone a careful restoration. It consists of two towers, a transept, nave, choir, and Lady Chapel. Some parts of the building were added by Bishop Grandisson; and the stranger should notice a curious monument supporting two figures, which are said to represent that prelate and his wife. In this neighbourhood are *Escot House* (Sir J. Kennaway, Bt.); *Cadhay*, an Eliz. mansion, the property of Sir Thomas Hare; *Gosford House* (Sir H. A. Farrington, Bart.); *Heath's Court* (Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge); and *Salston House* (Rt. Rev. W. H. Coleridge).

9 *Honiton's Clist*, on the river Clist.

3 *Heavitree*. By the turnpike gate stands *Livery Dole*, an ancient chapel and almshouses, the latter lately rebuilt. The houses were founded in 1591, by Sir Robert Dennis, previously sheriff of Devon; the chapel is of more ancient date. Heavitree is the place where malefactors were formerly executed; we have records of their having been frequently burnt here, and, on digging the foundation for the new almshouses, the workmen discovered an iron ring and chain, supposed to have been used to fasten the unfortunate culprits.

1 *Exeter* (Rte 2.).

ROUTE 4.

LYME REGIS TO EXETER BY (SEATON) SIDMOUTH, B. SALTERTON, AND EXMOUTH.

Lyme Regis. (See DORSETSHIRE.)

The coast W. of the town, as far as Culverhole Point near the mouth of the Axe, has been the theatre of some

remarkable disturbances, similar to those which have produced such striking effects in the Isle of Wight. But the *Pinney Landslips*, unlike that once romantic region—the Undercliff, are wild and solitary, and bear only the impress of the convulsions to which the district has been subjected. They comprise the Cliffs of Pinney, Whitlands, Rowsedown, Dowlands, Bendon, and Haven; but the most remarkable scene is on the estate of Dowlands, where a chasm, 250 ft. in width, and 150 ft. in depth, extends parallel with the shore a distance of $\frac{3}{4}$ m. This was caused by a great landslip which occurred at Christmas, 1839, and devastated upwards of 40 acres belonging to the farms of Bendon and Dowlands. The catastrophe, however, was not attended by any sudden convulsion; but nature seemed to deliberate as she formed the craggy pinnacles and buttresses which now so astonish the beholder. For a week previously cracks had been observed on the brow of the hill, but, on the night of Christmas Eve, the land began slowly to subside, while crevices extended in every direction. This disturbance continued on the following day, and at midnight a party of the coastguard were witness to the commencement of the great chasm by the opening of fissures which produced a noise like the rending of cloth. This was the most eventful period; and by the evening of the following day the down had regained its stability, but presented, for a long distance, a wild scene of ruin. In the ensuing February another landslip occurred at Whitlands, near the centre of the district. This was, however, on a much smaller scale; but it originated some delightful crag-scenery, which is now richly embellished with wood.

Those who are in the humour for

to explore all the way
to the chasm by the
the *Pinney* landslip
to *Lyme Regis*
exploring the

coast for the first mile westward, which presents little difficulty. The grand scene of ruin is, however, on the estate of Dowlands, and to reach this by road, you must proceed to the farmhouse of Dowlands (3 m.), and then by a field-path to the summit of the cliff, from which a cart-road descends to the undercliff. The whole landslip is covered with trees, of which many went down in the debacle; some were killed, and their withered arms now wave in the wind above the crags and chasms, but an orchard thus roughly transplanted still flourishes and bears fruit. Two cottages descended with like good fortune. They were afterwards pulled down, but one has been since rebuilt on the original site, and with the original materials. It is inhabited by farm servants of Dowlands, and commands an excellent view of the mural precipice, the great feature of the landslip, and from which, *Mistress Echo* will return you some wild music, if you shout to her. Travellers must not expect to find guides in this solitary region. They must track its mazes by themselves, and should come provided with the knowledge that the finest views are to be obtained from the cottage, from the knolls near the sea, and from the E. end of the great chasm, which is situated just W. of the mural precipice. The great chasm itself will probably disappoint. It too much resembles a gravel-pit; but the view from the E. end of it is wonderfully fine, and the old hedges which cross it, disjointed by the fall, are interesting. The features of the scene are much changed since the landslip occurred. They are, in fact, continually changing, and many curiosities, such as the beaches heaved up on the shore, and the *havens* which were formed in it, have long since disappeared.

5 The village of *Armouth* and *Stidcombe House*, formerly the family mansion of the Halletts, are about 1 m. to the N. under *Hawksdown Hill*.

The church of Axmouth has a Norman entrance, old monuments of the Erles and Halletts, and some extraordinary stone devils doing service as spouts.

1 *Colyford*. From this village a road on the l. leads to

Seaton, 2 m. (*Inns*: Bunch of Grapes; Golden Lion), a small watering-place situated at the mouth of the valley of the Axe, upon land which has been reclaimed from the sea. It consists of little more than a single street, built at right angles to the shore of a small bay, which is bounded on the W. by *Beer Head*, an ivy-hung promontory of lower chalk strata, and on the E. by Culverhole Point. Seaton has been considered by Camden as the *Moridunum* of Antoninus; and a field adjoining it (rt. of the lane to Beer) bears the name of *Honey Ditches*, and is the site of an old entrenchment, supposed to have been Roman. The Danes landed in the bay in the year 937.

The principal features of the shore are the valley boundaries abutting on the sea, viz. on the W. *White Cliff*, a bluff picturesque headland, on the E. *Haven Cliff*, a lofty height towering above a mansion of the same name, the residence and property of John Hallett, Esq. Between Seaton and Haven Cliff is a great bank of shingle, mentioned by Leland as beginning to be formed in his time, and now stretched across the mouth of the valley like a dam. At its E. end is a ferry to a road running to Axmouth (distant 1 m.), and to a diminutive quay and pier at the embouchure of the river, which is a shifting opening little broader than the vessels which enter it, and sometimes completely barred by an easterly wind. The view from the little pier is truly delightful; Culverhole Point is the furthest land eastward, Beer Head, called by the fishermen Beer Wold, to the westward. The cliffs of Seaton are remarkable for their colouring. In the centre of the bay they are of

bright red sandstone capped by grass; and as red and green are complimentary colours, and therefore heightened in tone by juxtaposition, the effect is very brilliant. Haven Cliff is red sandstone surmounted by chalk; and White Cliff, chalk based on brown, red, and amber grey strata which, by their dip, give the buttresses of this remarkable headland the appearance of leaning towards the sea.

The nearest railway stat. to Seaton is Taunton, 24 m. post. The distance to Axminster is 6 m., Chard 14 m., Lyme Regis 8 m., but for one a-foot, only 6 m. over the ferry.

The objects of interest in the neighbourhood are the *Pinney Landslips*, (just E. of Culverhole Point) 1½ m. E. over the ferry, and by horse-path to Dowlands up Haven Cliff Hill, but about 6 m. by road; the villages of Beer and Branscombe, W.; *Hawksdown* and *Musbury* camps, the valley of the Axe and town of *Colyton*, N.; and the cliffs from Seaton to Sidmouth, so remarkable for their altitude, and geologically composed of chalk, greensand, and red sandstone. They average from 400 ft. to 600 ft. in height, and are particularly fine between Branscombe and Weston.

Axmouth is 1 m. from the opposite side of the ferry, but 2½ m. from Seaton by road. It is situated under the immense hill of *Hawksdown*, which is crowned by a Roman camp. The entrenchment of *Musbury* is rt. of the Axminster road, near the village of *Musbury*, 3 m. from Seaton. Axmouth church is of some interest, and ¼ m. beyond it is *Stidcombe House*, property of Mr. Hallett, commanding a fine view of the valley. A pleasant lane runs from Axmouth to Dowlands, the scene of the great landlip in 1839.

The pedestrian can take the following delightful walk from Seaton to Sidmouth.

He will proceed across *White Cliff*, by a path, to

Beer, 1½ m., a rare subject for the pen-

cil, and in times past a nest of the most incorrigible smugglers, among whom was Jack Rattenbury, whose name was long a by-word in the county. The tourist will be charmed with this romantic village on his descent from White Cliff. It is situated in a little glen, and a stream runs merrily through it, leaping to the sea in a cascade. The cove is a rugged recess, bounded on the W. by *Beer Head*, remarkable for its two white towers of chalk. From this place the stranger should visit the celebrated *Beer Quarry*, about 1 m. W. up the road from the village. It is entered by a gloomy archway, and extends about $\frac{1}{4}$ m. under-ground, at a depth of about 300 ft. from the surface. Its caverns are, therefore, both dark and wet, and, as they branch in every direction, form so perfect a labyrinth, that it would be very rash to enter them without a guide. A shout at the entrance will, however, generally bring a quarry-man from one of their recesses, who, candle in hand, will conduct the traveller to the scene of his labour, and show him the massive pillars left for the support of the roof, and strange nooks in which the smugglers were accustomed to conceal their tubs of spirit. The freestone consists of beds which lie at the junction of the chalk with the greensand, and is principally composed of carbonate of lime, being easy to work when first extracted, but gradually hardening on exposure, from the evaporation of the water it had contained. The quarry has been worked for ages, and supplied some of the stone employed in the decoration of Exeter Cathedral. A path leads from it over the fields (about 1 m.) to *Branscombe Mouth*.

² is a straggling village, situated in a wide, but at the junction of and as many streams, sea at *Branscombe* *Jes* of these valleys

form a perfect jumble of picturesque hills, one of which, on the S., gives a character to the scene. It rises abruptly, with a load of old trees, to the height of 600 ft., and there meets with the precipice which forms the other side of the hill, and descends at once to the shore. The tourist should visit the beach at the Mouth, where calcedonies are numerous among the shingle, and the white towers of Beer Head are seen to much advantage. On *Southdown*, between Branscombe and Beer, a landslip of about 10 acres occurred in 1790. The manufacture of *pillow-lace* is busily pursued both at Branscombe and Beer, and Mr. Tucker of this place is one of the principal lace merchants in the county, employing several hundred hands. In 1839 his work-people made the Queen's wedding-dress, and in 1851 exhibited in the Crystal Palace a marvellous specimen of their art, valued at no less than 3,000*l.* *Petrifying springs* are numerous in the neighbourhood.

From Branscombe, the pedestrian will pursue his walk along the cliffs as far as Weston Mouth, 3 m. The coast is everywhere lofty and extremely beautiful, rising from the sea in slopes or precipices, and occasionally varied by an undercliff of small extent, a rude kind of terrace which here and there affords space for a little orchard or corn-field. The rocks are festooned with ivy and other creeping plants, and the cliffs crowned with old lime-kilns, perched aloft in such elevated positions as to command the coast from Portland to the Start. In this extended prospect the *Heytor Rocks* are conspicuous, but the grand red cliffs of *Sidmouth* are the objects calculated to excite the most admiration.

Weston Mouth, a coast-guard station at the opening of a glen, and bounded on the W. by *Duncombe Cliff*, alt. 351 ft. Near the summit of this cliff is a layer of shells which have been converted into calcedony,

and an instructive example of rolled chalk flints. A path winds up the hollow through a wood to the ruinous old mansion of Dunscombe, and to a road which leads to

Salcombe Regis, the Salt Vale (1½ m. from Weston Mouth), a group of cottages in another dell which opens to the sea. Here there was once a fort, which was the last in the county to hold out for King Charles, and from that circumstance added *Regis* to the name of the village. The church is ancient, and the tower has the demi-octagonal turret so often seen in Devonshire. In the vicinity of the village are quarries of a freestone similar to that of Beer.

From Salcombe the road crosses *Salcombe Down*, from which the traveller descends, with a noble prospect extended before him, into the vaunted vale of *Sidmouth* (2 m.).

Returning to Colyford, the point at which we left the high road. 1 m. to the rt. is

Colyton (*Inns*: Dolphin; Commercial Hotel), a town prettily situated. It is approached from Seaton by two roads, the higher of which is the more interesting of the two, as commanding a fine view of the valley of the Axe, and the bold ridge which stretches from Axminster to the sea, and upon which are the Roman camps of *Musbury* and *Hawksdown*. At Colyton there is a *paper-mill*, a busy manufacture of *pillow-lace*, and a *Church* of some interest, containing a strange old-fashioned burial-place of the De la Pole family, and a monument to the memory of a grand-daughter of Edw. IV., who, according to the inscription, died at Colcombe House, choked by a fish-bone. The vicarage-house, rebuilt by a Dr. Brerewood in 1524, is also worth seeing. "Above a window is inscribed 'Peditatio totum: Meditatio totum,' indicating we suppose the peculiar philosophic tendencies of the learned doctor."—

R. J. K. The remains of *Colcombe Dev. & Cornwall*.

House are close to the town, on the l. of the Axminster road, and now partly converted into a farmhouse. The mansion was first erected by the Earl of Devon in the reign of Edw. I., but rebuilt when the family of De la Pole became its possessors. Nearer Axminster is the ancient gate-house of *Shute*, a more picturesque ruin, and mentioned in Rte. 3. *Yardbury*, another farmhouse, was a seat of the Drakes. About 5 m. W. is *Wiscombe Park* (C. Gordon, Esq.).

Proceeding on our route from Colyford.

2 A road on the l. to *Beer*, 2 m.

5 *Salcombe Regis*.

2 *Sidmouth*. (*Inns*: Royal York Hotel; London Hotel.) This fashionable watering-place occupies the shore of one of the main valleys, which, like the small dell of Salcombe, run at right angles to the coast. This valley is enclosed by lofty hills, which terminate in the cliffs of *Salcombe* and *High Peake*, sheer precipices of more than 500 ft. Meadows and woods diversify the landscape, and the rural *Sid* brightly glistens among the fields, and forms a pretty crystal pool before it joins the sea. The view from the beach is of more than usual interest, on account of the situation of the town, in the centre of that great bay which is bounded on the E. by the Isle of Portland, and on the W. by the Start. It therefore includes a semi-circle of cliffs which stretch in perspective to those distant points, while huge red promontories occupy the foreground. It is an opinion of the inhabitants, based upon tradition, that the coast W. of Sidmouth once extended much farther into the sea, so as to render their bay a secure anchorage; and that such was the case appears more than probable, from the many large rocks which emerge westward at low water, and the remains of houses which have been discovered beneath the shingle of the shore.

Further evidence in support of the tradition is afforded by the early coins and relics which are so frequently washed up by the sea, that it is a common practice with the "mud-larks" of the place to search for them after storms. Sidmouth is celebrated for its pebbles, which consist of *calcedonies, green, yellow, and red jaspers, moss agates, and agatized wood,* and are often so hard as to require a diamond in the working. They are not, however, found far W. of this town, and even the shingle of Sidmouth is succeeded at Budleigh Salterton by flat oval stones of a very different character. The neighbourhood abounds with petrifying springs, which flow down the cliffs and encrust the mosses growing on them. The tourist will of course visit the esplanade on the shore, and walk to the mouth of the river Sid, which forms a pretty scene where it filters through the shingle to the sea. On the beach are the flat-bottomed boats which convey coal from the colliers to the town; for all vessels, to land cargoes at Sidmouth, must employ boats for the purpose, or lie ashore and hazard the chances of the weather. Some years ago a project was entertained of running out a pier on a reef of rocks at the W. end of the bay, and a tunnel was actually excavated $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. through the cliff, as a roadway for the transport of the stone; but the undertaking was ultimately abandoned, on account of a clashing of opinions and interests. With respect to the *climate* of Sidmouth, the air is remarkable for its purity and mildness, but moist and relaxing, and scarcely fitted for an invalid during the summer. The temperature, on the average of the year, is 3° warmer than that of London, while in the winter the difference is 4° or 5° .

The objects of interest in the town
 - its immediate neighbourhood
 - Church of St. Nicholas, date
 - Esplanade, protected
 1 ft. in length, and
 top the encroach-

ment of the sea, which in 1824 swept away a great part of the beach; *Salcombe Hill* and *High Peake*, respectively E. and W. of the town, commanding magnificent prospects; and *Knowle Cottage*, the villa of T. L. Fish, Esq., opened to the public between the hours of 2 and 4 on every fine Monday during the autumn. This is a unique specimen of the Sidmouth villas, which are all remarkable for the extreme neatness and elegance of everything connected with them; but the grounds of Knowle Cottage are further distinguished for conservatories rich in the curious plants of the tropics, aviaries of rare birds, and a number of foreign animals, such as kangaroos and buffaloes, at large on the lawn or in the paddocks. The house is of one story, with a suite of drawing-rooms 100 ft. in length, containing upwards of 70 tables for the display of Dresden china, vases, and other objects of *vertu*; while in the breakfast-room are collections of fossils, minerals, shells, and corals. Knowle Cottage is considered one of the greatest curiosities in Sidmouth, and on a fine Monday in the autumn, the town presents a scene of considerable bustle from the arrival of "Fishites" (as the visitors are called) in troops from Exeter and the neighbouring towns.

Many pleasant excursions may be taken in the neighbourhood; viz. to any of the places previously mentioned in this route; or to the pretty dells of *Harford Wood*, 2 m.; to *Sidford*, 2 m., the scene of an adventure of Charles II., who, having narrowly escaped from Lyme, was here obliged to conceal himself from his pursuers in the chimney of a cottage:—to *Sidbury*, 3 m., where there is a picturesque bridge over the river, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. of the village, an old camp upon *Sidbury Hill*:—to *Beacon Hill*, about 1 m. N W. of Sidford, commanding a bird's-eye view down the valley to the sea, and towards the W. of the angular granite rocks of *Hey-*

tor looming on the horizon. The tourist can also visit *Newton Poppleford*, or *Peppleford*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m., so called from the oval pebbles found in the soil; and the old Roman camp of *Woodbury Castle* (the site also of an English camp between the years 1798 and 1803), situated upon the lofty hills between *Newton Poppleford* and *Topsham*. He should also walk westward along the cliffs to *Ladram Bay*; and may extend this excursion to the beautiful gardens of *Bicton* (*Lady Rolle*), or to *Budleigh Salterton*. The botanist will observe *Anchusa sempervirens* and a rich variety of ferns in the lanes, and *Arenaria rubra* (*marina*) on the face of the cliffs.

High Peake is the greatest ornament of *Sidmouth*, and, for beauty of shape and colour (the *Prawle* for *grandeur*), perhaps the most noted cliff on the coast of *Devon*. A path leads over its summit to *Ladram Bay*, where the red sandstone is much caverned, and the sea rolls through an archway detached from the shore. *High Peake* slopes rapidly landward, and on the top may still be traced the segment of an earthwork, which probably encircled the summit at a time when the headland extended much farther into the sea. *High Peake* is *Mr. Hutchinson's* candidate for the honour of the ancient *Moridunum*.

In the neighbourhood of *Sidmouth* are *Peak House* (*E. Lousada, Esq.*), the finest place at *Sidmouth*; *Woolbrook Glen*, at the end of the esplanade, (*Mrs. Gen. Baynes*) the late *Duke of Kent* died in this house; *Withey* (*James Cunningham, Esq.*); *Cotmaton Hall* (*J. Carslake, Esq.*).

The direct road to *Exeter* is 15 m., and passes within a mile of the old encampment of *Woodbury Castle*.

Proceeding on our route towards *Budleigh Salterton*—

4 *Otterton*, a village as red as the soil, consisting of rude cob cottages, in which the manufacture of pillow-lace is busily pursued. It is a place of some size, and of great antiquity.

The *Church*, a hoary structure, was partly restored by the late *Lord Rolle*, and adjoins the remains of a religious house, a priory for 4 monks, which, founded by *John Lackland*, belonged, together with the manor of *Otterton*, to the wealthy abbey of *St. Michael*, in the diocese of *Avranches*, *Normandy*. Beyond the bridge over the *Otter*, is a path on the rt., which leads in $\frac{1}{2}$ m. to

Bicton Church, an elegant edifice, recently erected through the munificence of *Lady Rolle*, and standing on a site somewhat in advance of the strange old parish church, a part of which has been converted into a mausoleum, and connected by a cloister with the ancient tower, which is allowed to retain possession of the spot which it has occupied for ages. This group of buildings is separated by a light iron railing from the beautiful gardens of *Bicton* (*Lady Rolle*), with their terraces, temple, fountains, lawns, and statues. The view of this terrestrial paradise from the road is extremely charming, but it gives no idea of the horticultural treasures which enrich it. Of these the *Arboretum* must be singled out for notice, since it contains representatives of every hardy family of tree and shrub, systematically arranged, and so conspicuously labelled, that the visitor may "read as he runs" along the broad turf drive which extends from one end of it to the other. For size, selection, and arrangement, this collection may challenge competition with any in the kingdom, and is, indeed, second only to that at *Elvaston*. The park, too, contains an avenue of *araucarius imbricatus*, and oak and beech, which are perfect giants of their kind. This fine estate, long held by the hero of the *Rolliad*, is now under the care of trustees, destined to guard it through a long minority. The late *Mr. Loudon* has recorded his opinion of the *Bicton Gardens* in the following words. "We never before saw culture, order,

the late Lord Rolle. They form a delightful promenade, and add not a little to the beauty of the prospect by framing it, as it were, in trees. Another walk and drive extends for a distance of 1800 ft. along the *Strand*, which is bounded by a very substantial sea-wall, and was the magnificent gift of the late Lord Rolle. From these walks the stranger may notice the sand-bank called the *Warren*, which straightens the mouth of the estuary, and is connected with a *bar* which has only a depth of 8 ft. of water over it at low tide. These sands appear to have accumulated in modern times, for in the reign of Edw. III. Exmouth was a port of some consequence, contributing 10 ships to the fleet which assembled before Calais. In the year 1001 it was burnt by the Danes.

Among the seats and villas in the neighbourhood may be noticed *Bystock* (E. Divett, Esq., M.P.), *Courtlands*, on the shore of the estuary (W. F. Spicer, Esq.); *St. John's Cottage* (C. Sanders, Esq.), *Bassett Park* (C. Wheaton, Esq.), both surrounded by the most beautiful grounds; and *A-la-Ronde* (Miss Parminter), a house as fanciful in construction as in name, the rooms being arranged around a central octagon hall, and fitted with sliding-shutters instead of doors. In its vicinity is an almshouse founded for 4 poor old maids by the late Mrs. Parminter; it is called *Point-in-view*, and bears the motto "Some point in view we all pursue."

The excursions from Exmouth are numerous. The visitor can cross the water to *Dawlish*, or *Powderham Castle*, or proceed by rail to *Exeter*. On this side of the water, he can wander to *Budleigh Salterton* and the interesting old ruin of the *Church of St. John in the Wilderness*, about 2½ m. N. E., which is said to have been called the Chapel of St. Michael in the reign of Hen. VIII. From Exmouth it is a pleasant drive to

Exeter, but the usual way of reaching that city is to pass the river to Starcross, and there take the rail. Another agreeable mode of proceeding as far as Topsham is by boat.

Proceeding by high road—

2 l. The village of *Lymptone*, famous for oysters.

1 l. *Nutwell Court* (Sir T. T. F. E. Drake, Bart.). Here there is a portrait of the "old warrior," Sir Francis Drake, wearing a miniature of Queen Elizabeth, which was given to Drake by the queen herself. This very miniature, the work of Vicentio Vicentini, is in the possession of Sir Trayton Drake, with other relics.

3 *Topsham*. (*Inns*; *Salutation*; *Globe*.) This town, before the completion of the Ship canal in 1544, was the port of Exeter, and had a larger trade with Newfoundland than any other town in the kingdom. In very early times the river is said to have been navigable as far as Exeter, and there is a tradition that Isabella de Redvers, Countess of Devon, to revenge herself upon that city for an affront, cut down the trees which were growing near Powderham, and throwing them into the river, so choked the channel. In 1643, the Earl of Warwick attempted to land a force at Topsham for the relief of Exeter, which was besieged by the royalists. But after pouring shot from his ships with little effect for three or four hours, the tide fell, and he was forced to retire, and abandon 3 of his vessels which had taken the ground. In 1645, Topsham was made head-quarters by Fairfax, before he removed to Ottery. The stranger should notice the views from the *Strand* and the *Church*. This building contains two monuments by Chantrey in memory of Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, Bart., G. C. B., and of his son, Colonel George Duckworth, who fell at Albuera.

Chist St. Mary, N. of Topsham, was the scene of the defeat of the rebels by Lord Russell in the reign of

Edw. VI. Adjoining the village is *Winslade House*, H. Porter, Esq.
 3½ *Exeter* (Rte. 2.).

ROUTE 5.

EXETER TO TORQUAY AND PLYMOUTH,
 SOUTH DEVON RAILWAY.

Exeter (Rte. 2.). From this city the S. Devon railway prolongs the iron path from London and Bristol to Plymouth. It was originally laid down as an atmospheric line, and the frequent engine-houses, designed with much taste, still remain as monuments of an experiment which cost the company 364,000*l.*, total loss.

Leaving the *Exeter Station*, the line crosses by a low trussed timber bridge to the rt. bank of the Exe. On the l. is seen the high bank on which a part of the suburbs of Exeter is built, and above, on a still higher bank, the lofty trees and buildings of the castle and the old walls of the town. Here is *St. Thomas' Station*, communicating with the S. end of the city, a somewhat unnecessary arrangement.

The line next traverses the marshes, leaving close on the rt. the white Perp. turreted tower of *Alphington Church*, known for its Norman font with carved bowl, and its well preserved wooden screen (of Perp. date), which runs across the chancel and its equal chapels. The ancient shields and supporters of the Courtenays may yet be traced on the porch. Near the church is a very pretty valley and trout-stream, and opposite Alphington, on the l., the raised embankment of the *Exeter Ship Canal*.

5 rt. *Exminster*.—l., across the river, the town of *Topsham*, with its white houses, flat gabled ugly church, and frequent shipping.

2 The line approaches *Powderham* (Earl of Devon). First is seen the *Church*, a Perp. building with triple chancel, or aisles of equal projection, *gement in the west.*
 2, a prospect-tower,

erected on an eminence near the castle, and commanding delightful views. Finally, the *Park* and *Castle* occupied by J. W. Fraser, Esq. The park covers a large tract of undulating ground, and its woods of oak stretch their arms to the very brink of the estuary. The Castle is well seen, but will probably disappoint, as the stout old walls look so fresh in their coats of plaster, that it is difficult to believe they have formed the seat of the "imperial family" for the last 500 years, and before that of the Bohuns, the maternal ancestors of the Courtenays. Powderham is, in truth, one of the oldest places in the county. It was founded at the distant period of the Conquest, and has belonged to the Courtenays since the year 1377. In the Rebellion it was garrisoned and armed with cannon, and captured more than once by the contending parties.

On the opposite shore are the woods of *Nutwell Court* and the pretty village or town of *Lympstone*.

9½ m. from Exeter, *Starcross Stat.*, quite on the water-side, with a little pier attached. Opposite is the town of *Exmouth*, placed precisely, as its name imports, at the mouth of the estuary of the Exe.

The line which has hitherto run between the cultivated ground and the water now cuts off a tract of salt marsh and sand-hill called the Warren; and turning to the rt., pursues its course along the shore, upon which, piercing occasional headlands, it remains as far as Teignmouth.

3½ *Dawlish Stat.* (Rte. 6.) is upon the beach, with a good view of the Clerk rock headland, through which the railway passes. The line crosses the mouth of the valley in which Dawlish is built, allowing of a brief but pretty view of the place, and then passes through 5 short tunnels driven in a soft conglomerate of the new red sandstone, to

3 *Teignmouth Stat.* (Rte. 6.), where it quits the sea, and ascends along

the l. bank of the estuary of the Teign. At W. Teignmouth will be observed a long straggling bridge, carrying a road across to *Shaldon*; and higher up, on the opposite side, the village of *Coomb in Teignhead*, in a lovely dell. Beyond *King's Teign* 3 water-channels meet, and a fine view opens on the rt. up the course of the river towards *Stover Lodge* (Duke of Somerset).

5 *Newton Stat.* (Rte. 7.), at *Newton Abbot* and close to *Newton Bushel*, *Chudleigh Rock*, *Ugbrooke Park*, and the *Pottery at Bovey Tracey*, are about 6 m. from this station.

A branch of the railway passes off on the l. to *Torquay*. At first it coincides with the main line, but then diverging, runs near the Perp. church of *King's Kerwell* (rt.), and ascends the valley to a summit at *Shiphay*, from which it descends to

Torquay Stat. (7 m.), about a mile from the town. The carriages usually take the higher road, almost one continuous street; but a prettier approach is on the rt. by

Tor Abbey (R. S. S. Cary, Esq.), formerly one of the richest religious houses in England. Notwithstanding the addition of a hideous modern house with wings, enough of the old building remains to give a character to the whole. The gate-house is fine, and the W. side generally of decorated date and embattled for defence. About the abbey is a small park, and several old avenues of limes and elms.

The *Church of Tor Moham*, near the abbey, is the parish church of *Torquay*. It is a Perp. building, with large aisles and a good font. It contains some Jacobean monuments of the Carys, and a curious tomb and effigy of about the same date. Both church and churchyard are filled with monuments of the young, whom even the salubrious climate of the south has been unable to save.

Passing *Tor Abbey*, the Bay suddenly bursts upon the view in full

beauty, *Berry Head* and *Brizham* on the rt., and the broken cliffs and bright sunny houses of *Torquay* on the l. The road, a new one, skirts the shore and leads to an open space about the centre of the town. (See *Route 7.*)

After passing *Newton*, the Plymouth line no longer follows a well-defined valley, but threads its way through a series of ravines, many of which are in the limestone, and much resemble in their features some of the upper *Dovedale* scenery. The steepness of the gradient at several points is proclaimed by the uneasy and measured puffing of the engine, but this immediately ceases, and the train proceeds with sudden velocity after passing the summit and reaching a valley tributary to the *Dart*. The line passes within a mile of the romantic ruins of *Berry Pomeroy Castle* (Duke of Somerset), and then crossing the *Dart*, in view of *Dartington House*, reaches

8½ *Totness Stat.* (Rte. 8.). Part of *Totness* lies low. Its principal features are its 2 churches, and the ivy-covered keep of its *Castle* on a high mound outside the town. After leaving *Totness* the traveller will remark that the thatch of the neighbouring cottages is coated thickly with white-wash to protect it from the fiery showers of the passing engine. A short tunnel brings the line to

7 *Brent Stat.*, known by the old church and Norman tower in the adjacent village. Here the scenery, which from *Totness* has been tame and uninteresting, becomes bolder, though very bare of wood. A viaduct carries the line into

2 *Kingsbridge Road Stat.* Beyond this place the railway crosses several deep and broad valleys, spanning them by means of large viaducts of iron and timber on tall piers of masonry. A short but lofty work

of this description bears the line in a curve across the romantic valley of the Erme to

3½ *Ivy Bridge Stat.* (Rte. 9.) On the l. is the town with a good Perp. church-tower, and the bridge which gives name to the place. Beyond this station the railway pursues its course along the edge of Dartmoor, traversing two other viaducts on the road to

6½ *Plympton Stat.*, near which, on the l., is the town and handsome Perp. pinnacled tower of Plympton St. Mary. Very shortly after leaving Plympton the railway enters a broad flat valley, crosses the narrow head of the *Laira Estuary*, and skirts along its margin. In the distance is seen the iron *Laira Bridge* of 5 arches, and as this vanishes from the view the line runs into a deep cutting, and then through a tunnel to the station in the centre of

5 *Plymouth*, (Rte. 10.) As the train passes through the suburbs, the traveller will observe to the rt. the new cemetery, with its two chapels for Churchmen and Dissenters. They are precisely similar in architecture, and remind one of the lines in Macaulay's ballad :

“ These be the great twin brethren,
To whom the Romans pray.”

ROUTE 6.

EXETER TO TEIGNMOUTH, BY DAWLISH.

1 *Alphington*.

2½ *Exminster*. In this neighbourhood are limestone quarries, and contortions of the strata which may be observed in the cuttings of the road.

Peamore House, a fine old mansion, is

f S. T. Kekewich, Esq.

1 *Castle* (Earl of Devon) is on the l., between Ex-

. Here there is an in-arch, supposed to date from the reign of *Edw. III.*, con-

taining as interesting a screen. *Oxton House*, (J. B. Swete, Esq.) is 1 m. W.

1½ *Starcross*. (*Inn*: Courtenay Arms.) A town rising, through the influence of the rail, to the remunerative dignity of a watering-place. A short distance beyond it is the ferry from the *Warren* sand-bank to Exmouth. The Dawlish road having left Starcross, soon turns to the W., when an obelisk comes in view, crowning the wooded heights of *Mamhead* (Sir R. L. Newman, Bart.) The house is seen on the rt.

4 *Dawlish*. (*Inns*: London Hotel; York Hotel, with London prices brought by rail.) A small but fashionable watering-place, of recent origin, exceedingly picturesque, and with peculiar features. It is situated in one of those numerous valleys for which this sheltered and sunny coast has long been celebrated, and is a continuation towards the shore of the old village of Dawlish, which, with the parish church and a few villas, stands half a mile from the sea. A sparkling stream flows down the centre of the valley between two rows of houses, which, built on each side of it at the foot of the slopes, are separated from each other by a grassy enclosure, which allows of an uninterrupted view up the valley to the wooded heights of *Luscombe* (Charles Hoare, Esq.). These houses, with a row fronting the sea, form the modern watering-place.

The hills around include the principal eminence of Little Haldon, a 2 m. walk from the church, with a fine view.

The church was rebuilt in 1825, saving the tower, and, all things considered, there is reason to be grateful that it is no worse. The nave, piers, and roof appear to be in part from the old edifice. Here, amidst a crowd of monuments to visitors from all parts of the kingdom, are tablets to Sir Win. Grant, Capt. G. Anson Byron, father to the present Lord, and Admiral Shanck, once a well-

known name. There are two monuments by Flaxman. The whole aspect of the place is bright and cheering. The railway runs across the mouth of the valley. Opinions differ as to its effect upon the appearance of the place; but the taste of Mr. Brunel has been shown in a small granite viaduct in a plain Egyptian style, which carries the rail across the brook, and affords a free communication with the shore. The railway company have also formed a handsome esplanade along the side of the line, and the station-house and building intended for an engine-house certainly add to the appearance of the place. The portion of the line seen from the promenade skirts the very edge of the sea, and piercing several headlands has a fine effect, especially when a train is approaching.

Dawlish is considered to be as warm as Torquay. The prices generally are reasonable, and there is good sea bathing.

The cliffs of the bay, composed of blood-red sandstone, traversed by numerous *faults*, terminate on the W. with the singular rock called the *Parson*, bearing some resemblance to a huge monk with his back against the headland; and on the E. with the *Langstone* divided by the rail, but still projecting as a fragment on the shore.

With respect to excursions, the tourist should ascend *Little Haldon*, alt. 818 ft., commanding the estuary of the Exe on the one side, and of the Teign on the other. The hill is strewn with blocks of quartziferous porphyry, and marked by an old camp called *Castle Ditch*, about 2 m. W. of Dawlish. He should also visit the promontory of the *Parson and Clerk*, about 1 m. distant. The Parson sits at the pitch of the headland, but the sea seems to have had little respect for the sanctity of his person. The Clerk rises from the waves in advance, and W. of his master, and cuts a whimsical figure.

His head is silvered with *guano* and bristles like a hedgehog, whilst his raiment is of many colours. One fond of cliff scenery will be gratified by a scramble along the base of the cliff W. of the Clerk. The rock is principally a conglomerate with a magnesian-calcareous cement, and belongs to the new red sandstone, a formation so largely developed on this coast. Observe the size of the concavity opposite the Clerk. The botanist will find *Rubia sylvestris*, or *madder*, in hedgerows round Dawlish.

3 *Teignmouth* — (*Inns*: Veales' Royal Hotel; Searle's Commercial Hotel) — with the exception of Torquay the largest watering-place in the county, and divided into two parishes, E and W. Teignmouth, forming one town. It lies at the mouth of the wooded estuary of the Teign, the vista of which terminates grandly in a moorland ridge capped by the rocks of Heytor. The river discharges its waters by a narrow channel obstructed by a shifting bar, and, in the course of ages, has accumulated at its mouth a huge bank of sand, like the Warren of the Exe. This is called the *Den*, and forms a wide esplanade, which is the distinguishing feature of Teignmouth. At the end of it is a quaint little lighthouse, erected in 1844-5, for the direction of vessels approaching the river; and to this spot the stranger should proceed for a view up the Teign. He will observe in the foreground the *bridge*, which is said to be the longest in England. It is on 34 arches, having a swing-bridge at one end, and is 1671 ft. in length. It was constructed in 1826-7. On the other side of the river is the village of *Shaldon* and the promontory of the *Ness*. Under the shelter of the latter is the marine villa of Lord Clifford of Ugbrooke, who has cut a carriage-drive by tunnel to the shore. Looking E. from the Den, the *Parson and Clerk Rocks* are striking objects, and the Parson from this point really

bears some resemblance to the figure of a monk in a crouching position. Some rare shells may be found on the sands, such as *Maetra lutraria* and *Nerita glaucina* or *Livid Nerite*. The hills above Shaldon command a bird's-eye view of the town.

The Danes are said to have landed at Teignmouth in the year 970, and to have committed such havoc that the cliffs have ever since been the colour of blood. In 1347 the town was burnt by some French marauders, and again in 1690, in the reign of Queen Anne, by a French fleet which had beaten a combined English and Dutch squadron, under the Earl of Torrington, off Beachy Head. The port belongs to that of Exeter, and has a considerable trade with Newfoundland, and an export of china-clay from the parish of Kingsteignton, and of granite from the Heytor quarries.

The *Public Assembly Room* on the Den is a handsome building, date 1826.

From Teignmouth the tourist can visit the *Parson and Clerk Rocks*, 1½ m. E., by a pleasant stroll along the beach as far as *Smuggler's Lane*, and can make a longer excursion to *Chudleigh Rock* 8 m., or about 6½ by true Devonshire lanes, over the shoulder of Little Haldon, from Kingsteignton, and by the old mansion of *Lyndridge*. In the latter route, however, the stranger should be careful not to be benighted in the labyrinth of lanes,—to *Heytor*, *Becky Fall*, and *Lustleigh Cleave* (Rte. 10.); to *Ashburton* and *Buckland or Holne Chace* (Rte. 9.), and to *Babbacombe* (by sea 4 m.) and *Torquay*, both described below in Rte. 7. He can also visit the *pottery* at Bovey Tracey; and make an excursion by high-road, rail, or water to *Newton* (market-boats ply daily).

About 3 m. N.W. are the ruins of *Lithwell Chapel*, in which, says a legend, some time in the 16th cent., there dwelt a villanous priest, who waylaid travellers on a neighbouring

heath, despoiled them of their money, boarded his ill-gotten booty beneath the altar of this chapel, and threw the bodies of his victims into a well, which may be seen among the ruins covered with a slab of granite.

Bitton House, on the W. cliff, is the seat of W. M. Praed, Esq.; the *Hennons*, 1 m. W., of W. B. King, Esq.

ROUTE 7.

EXETER TO TORQUAY, BY CHUDLEIGH AND NEWTON.

From Exeter our route crosses the *Haldon Hills*, which attain an elevation of 818 ft. above the sea, and are of the same class, geologically speaking, as the *Black Down Hills*; the *green sand* surface of Little Haldon supporting in places blocks of *quartziferous porphyry* of more than a ton in weight. In every direction these hills are marked by barrows. The road passes near *Haldon House*, Sir L. V. Falk. Bart., and by the side of the Exeter racecourse, and then descends towards

10 *Chudleigh* (Inn: Clifford Arms), a mean place, now suffering by the removal of traffic to the railroad, and mostly built since 1807, when 166 houses were destroyed by fire. The town at one time belonged to the Bishops of Exeter. It is noted for cider, and for the far-famed *Chudleigh Rock*, a wild eminence of blue limestone, extensively quarried under the name of *Chudleigh marble*. The objects of curiosity in the vicinity of the town are *Chudleigh Rock*, *Ugbrooke Park* (the seat of Lord Clifford), and some trifling remains of the *Bishop's Palace*.—in the neighbourhood, the *valley of the Teign*, *Bovey Tracey*, the *Heytor Rocks*, and the *Bottor Rock* at Hennock (about 3 m distant). *Skat Tor* and the *White-Stone* are also of interest, and rise high above the valley of the Teign, the one between Brid-

ford and Christow, the other 1 m. N. of Christow. The country round Chudleigh is intersected by a great number of steep and solitary lanes, which form so perfect a labyrinth that the traveller involved among them towards nightfall will find no little difficulty in reaching his inn. At the base of the town runs the river Teign, well stored with food for the fisher. On the Ashburton road, a lane to the l. (by the blacksmith's shop), $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the church, leads direct to the

Bishop's Palace, or rather its site, which is occupied by an orchard. An old crumbling boundary-wall, and an insignificant fragment, now serving as a cider-room, are the only remains. Immediately beyond them is *Bishop's Kibn*, and the

Chudleigh Rock, rising on the skirts of Ugbrooke, and presenting naked surfaces of stone, which are seen here and there in the gaps of a wild and irregular wood, and at the summit form platforms, commanding the most delightful views. Within this marble barrier is a glen, where trees grow tangled, and a brawling stream, concealed from sunshine by the foliage, runs murmuring to its moss-grown stones, and, at one point, leaps in a cascade, which is sketched every year by a legion of artists. The rock is bound, as it were, with creepers, and has open spots on the summit, on which wild fennel grows luxuriantly; and midway on the cliff the mouth of a deep cavern (the key must be obtained) which the country people describe as haunted by the Pixies. "At a small distance from a village," says Coleridge, "half way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling, and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the author discovered his own and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood." Note to the *Songs of the Pixies*.

In *Russia*, on the shore of the

Baltic, is a town of *Chudleigh*, which, in situation, much resembles its namesake in Devon. Erman, in his "Travels in Siberia," when describing the Russian Chudleigh, remarks, "the limestone rock has here the appearance of a great promontory; for on the east it is bounded by a deep ravine, cut by a rapid stream, which falls into the bay."

Ugbrooke Park (Lord Clifford) is bounded by Chudleigh Rock, and is a large and beautiful demesne, about 6 m. in circumference, containing a Danish encampment, called *Castle Dyke*. The house is furnished with a collection of pictures, which are sometimes shown to strangers. *White-way House*, N. of Chudleigh, is the seat of M. E. N. Parker, Esq., and *New Cannonteign House* of Viscount Exmouth. The latter is in the valley of the Teign, about 4 m. towards Dunsford Bridge, amid beautiful scenery, a stream tumbling in a cascade near the house. The old mansion of Cannonteign, stormed by Fairfax in 1645, is now tenanted by a farmer. The Chudleighs were long seated in the adjoining parish of Ashton, and some remains of their residence may still be seen.

6 *Newton* (*Inn*: Globe Hotel, good and cheap.), a town composed of Newton Abbot, once subject to Tor Abbey, and Newton Bushel, commemorative of its lord in 1246. Here William of Orange made his first declaration after landing in Torbay, at a stone still preserved in Woolborough Street, in front of the Chapel tower. Newton is on the Lemon River. About a mile above the town, at a bend of the valley, is the very curious old *Manor-house of Bradley*, with chapel, &c., now used as a sort of farm-house, but very perfect, and standing in a level mead of peculiar beauty. Newton Bushel Chapel is an old Perp. building of considerable size. The town is in the two parishes of Highweek and Woolborough, and the parish church

is at some distance, on high ground. The church is wholly Perp., with a plain tower. The S. door is set in a square head, with a deep hollow moulding with flowers. The capitals of the nave piers resemble bands, and are coarsely executed. The roofs are of wood and plaster carved. There is a good deal of wood screen-work, late Perp., and in excellent order. It severs the chancel and two side chapels or ancient pews. The *font*, of Norman date, has a bowl of a fine red gristone, boldly and most effectively ornamented. In the windows, among fragments of stained glass, are the arms of De Vere quartering Clare, Courtenay, Scrope, &c.; and in the chancel those of Nevil, Montague, and Morthemer. The arms of Sir W. Courtenay, Kt., are carved on the gallery. The arms in the windows are older than the connexion of the Courtenays with this place, and probably have been brought from some other church. In the chancel are some modern country hatchments, and a handsome marble tomb, with effigies and canopy, to Sir R. Reynell of Ford, and Lucy his wife, date 1633. He built Ford, and he endowed the church with a fund for its repairs.

Ford House, close to the Railway Station, is a seat of the Earl of Devon, occupied by H. Cartwright, Esq. It was built early in the 17th century, by Sir R. Reynell, a maternal ancestor of the Courtenays, and during the Rebellion was the scene of some memorable actions. Thrice was it taken by either party before Fairfax and Waller subdued it. Here, too, the P. of Orange slept on his way from Torbay to Exeter, in a room still pointed out. The house has been repaired in good taste. *West Ogwell* church, 2 m. S.W., has a fine old screen.

Between Newton and the coast, on a streamlet tributary to the Teign, are *Haccombe House* and *Haccombe Chapel*, the former, seat of Sir W. Palk Carew, Bart., whose family has

possessed it for many generations. It was erected about fifty years ago on the site of a very ancient Hall. In the time of the Conqueror the property was held by the Haccombcs, from whom it passed through the Archdeacons to the Courtenays, and in the 13th century to the present family. The chapel, dedicated to St. Blaise, contains many interesting monuments of the Haccombcs and Carews in fine preservation; and on the door are two horse-shoes, placed there to commemorate the wild feat of a Carew, who won the wager of a manor of land by swimming his horse a long distance from the shore into the sea, and back again.

7 *Torquay*. (*Inns*: Royal Hotel; —Hearder's Hotel;—London Inn.) This watering-place, reputed to possess a moist but one of the most equable climates in England, and much resorted to by invalids with delicate lungs, is for the most part of very modern growth. It is built on the northern angle of Torbay, at the confluence of two deep valleys with the sea; and while its regular streets, for the most part, occupy the lower levels or terraces, the cliffs and summits are dotted over with neat white villas. The general effect of the white houses, the grey limestone cliffs, and the foliage and green-sward forming the ground of the whole, is unusually pleasant and picturesque, and calculated to soothe, as far as scenery can soothe, the lassitude and depression of ill-health. Torquay seems first to have been brought into notice as a residence by the families of naval officers, when, during the war, the channel fleet used the bay as an anchorage. Here, as elsewhere, the supply of houses has recently been great, but only a very little, if at all, beyond the demand. The town lies upon a little cove or bay, extending from Tor Abbey sands to the quay and tidal basin of the town, while lofty villa-crowned heights overlook it. These are the *Braddons* on

the N., *Park Hill* on the E., and *Waldon Hill*, with its wood of firs, on the W. The appearance of the place from the sea is very striking.

The mean temperature of Torquay is about 52°, or in the winter months above 46°. The neighbourhood possesses a great variety of both beautiful and sheltered drives and walks, to which, no less than to its climate, the reputation of Torquay is due.

Torbay, so well known for its stores of fish, is semicircular in form, about 3½ m. wide at the entrance, and bounded on the N. and S. by the limestone promontories of *Hope's Nose* and *Berry Head*. "On both sides," says Gilpin, "its shores are screened with ramparts of rock, between which, in the centre, the ground forms a vale, declining gently to the water's edge." It is a noted anchorage, protected from the prevalent gales, and affording space for the largest fleets; and, between the years 1792 and 1815, was frequently the refuge of our channel squadron, when driven from its cruising ground. Brixham, near *Berry Head*, is the station of the fishermen. *Raised beaches* and a *submarine forest* may be observed at various points on the shore; and good examples of the former occur on *Hope's Nose*, and on the *Thatcher Rock*, just inside that headland.

This beautiful bay has, moreover, an historical interest, as the scene of the landing of the Prince of Orange, Nov. 5. 1688. But on that memorable occasion it presented an aspect very different from the present. "Its quiet shores," says Macaulay, "were undisturbed by the bustle either of commerce or of pleasure; and the huts of ploughmen and fishermen were thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and of luxurious pavilions." On Nov. 1. the Prince of Orange set sail from Helvoetsluis, and for twelve hours stood to the N.W., to divert attention from the scene of his intended operations.

Then, changing his course, he bore up for the English Channel before a favouring gale; passed the armament under Lord Dartmouth, wind-bound in the Thames; and on Nov. 3. reached the Straits of Dover, where his ships extended from one shore to the other, and saluted both Calais and Dover at the same time. On the morning of the 5th of Nov. the land was concealed by a fog, and before the pilots could determine their position, the fleet had been carried beyond Torbay, while the gale blew so furiously from the east that it was impossible to return. Upon the discovery of this misfortune, all was given up for lost; Plymouth was strongly garrisoned, and Lord Dartmouth in full pursuit. But suddenly, it is said, when the calamity seemed irretrievable, the wind abated, the mist dispersed, a gentle breeze sprang up in the south, and the fleet was wafted back to Torbay. The disembarkation was immediately begun. 60 boats conveyed the troops to the shore; the prince himself landing on a desolate beach, which is now the busy quay of Brixham. No sooner, however, had the landing been effected than the wind, the good genius of the prince, came fiercely from the west, and encountering the ships of Lord Dartmouth, drove them for shelter to Portsmouth. To the Prince of Orange and his army the welcome gale brought a little discomfort; the ground was soaked with rain; the baggage still on shipboard; and the prince was fain to pass the night in a miserable hut, from which his flag, with its memorable motto, waved over the thatched roof. On the following day the army commenced its march upon the capital, and towards evening the vanguard reached Newton Abbot, where the Declaration was first publicly read. Here the prince rested for two days, and then proceeded towards Exeter, which he entered amid the acclamations of the people, on the

8th of Nov. The fleet wintered at Plymouth, and caused a considerable scarcity of provisions in the neighbourhood.

In the town and its immediate vicinity, the stranger should direct his attention to the following objects and localities:—

The Museum of the *Torquay Nat. Hist. Society* on the Higher Terrace.

—The *Rock Walk*, on the Warren, W. of the harbour, as affording delightful views through the trees.—*Daddy's Hole*, on Daddy-Hole Common, just beyond the easternmost villa on the cliff. It is a limestone chasm, formed by a small land-slip, and sheltering some trees and shrubs; the locality commanding an excellent perspective view of the Nose, which is about 2 m. from Torquay. Below the common lies the cove of *Meadfoot*, in which crescents and terraces are rising like mushrooms; and from *Meadfoot Sands* a pretty coomb ascends to *Ilsam*, where may be seen an old and very small Perp. domestic chapel, now a fowl-house.—*Kent's Hole*, the celebrated ossiferous cavern, rt. of the Babbacombe road, about $\frac{3}{4}$ m. from the town. Permission to view it must, however, be first obtained from the Curator of the Torquay Nat. Hist. Society, and a guide with a torch will be required. The floor of this limestone cavern was first examined in the year 1824, when it was found, like those of Kirkdale and Yealm Bridge, to be abundantly stored with the fossil bones and teeth of animals now foreign to this country, such as the bear, hyæna, rhinoceros, and elephant. The entrance is about 5 ft. high. The interior, which was formerly hung with stalactites, ranges from 2 ft. to 70 ft. in breadth, with a maximum height of 18 ft., and may be explored for a distance of 650 ft., when a pool of water presents an impassable barrier.

De la Beche supposes that *Hole* was at first a den of
d afterwards the retreat of

hyænas, since it contains a quantity of gnawed bones, and the fæcal remains of those animals. On the adjoining farm of *Tor-wood* are some picturesque fragments of a building which formerly belonged to the monks of Tor Abbey.—*Chapel Hill* crowned with an old chapel. It is on the outskirts of Tor Mobam, on the Newton Road.

The following excursions can be made from Torquay, but that to *Anstis Cove* and *Babbacombe* should on no account be passed over.

Looking at the map, it will be seen that Torquay forms part of a small rocky peninsula, which divides Torbay from that far more extensive concavity, which includes the coast of Devon hence to Axmouth. A road leads across the roof of this peninsula direct to Babbacombe, 2 m., passing close to Kent's Hole and Anstis Cove, and a *Public Garden* on the outskirts of the town. But a far pleasanter course to the Cove and Babbacombe is by a path which, crossing the hill near Hope's Nose, on which, by the bye, may be observed contortions of the limestone strata, winds midway along the ivy-hung cliff, presenting a series of delightful prospects. By this path it is an easy stroll of about 3 m. to—

Anstis Cove, justly considered one of the most beautiful spots on the coast. It is sheltered from the wind by lofty cliffs very brilliantly coloured and glossy like satin, and based on a beach of white crystalline shingle, derived from the slates in the neighbourhood; the rocks in the centre forming buttresses of limestone, which are ivied like a ruin, and screen a little undercliff and tangled wood. The northern horn of the cove is a promontory of marble, and a busy quarry; and a seat on its summit commands, in one direction, a view in which hills and patches of sea are very curiously intermingled; and, in another, the headlands from Teignmouth to Port-

land stretched out in long succession. Close to the Cove, but on the Babbacombe Road, is *Bishopstone*, the handsome and well-placed Italian villa of the Bishop of Exeter. $\frac{1}{4}$ m. N. is the village of—

Babbacombe. (*Inn*: The Cary Arms, close to the beach.) A few years ago, this pretty village was one of those romantic seclusions which have rendered the coast of Devon such a favourite with the novelist. At a turn of the coast, the shore receding forms a tiny bay, in which a group of cottages most fanciful and picturesque lie nestled in a wood. The bay is little more than a stone's-throw across, and bounded by cliffs of marble and dark red sandstone, rising from a white beach of quartzose pebbles. Far as the eye can reach, the coast stretches eastward, and the eye ranges with pleasure along the face of the barrier, tracing the different formations as they appear in the cliffs, until the prospect is terminated by the chalk downs of Dorset mingling with the sky. Speculating builders are, however, now effecting a change in Babbacombe. The village is extending inland in ugly houses, and will probably, at no very distant period, amalgamate with Torquay.

On the N. side of the bay is *Petit Tor*, extensively quarried for marble, and exhibiting an interesting geological section, in which a mass of slate is seen to have been thrust up with violence in the form of an arch. It supports a bed of limestone, portions of which have been fairly squeezed into the shales. About $\frac{1}{4}$ m. distant is *St. Mary Church*, in which there are marble works.

Another excursion can be made from Torquay, in a westerly direction, to the pretty village of *Cockington*, 2 m., and extended to the remains of *Compton Castle* (an additional 2 m.), once a seat of the family of Pole, but now converted into a farmhouse. It is almost unique as a specimen of the

early fortified mansion, and dates from the period of Edward III., or thereabout. In the reign of Henry II. it belonged to Sir Maurice de Pole, and afterwards to the Comptons, Gilberts, and Templers. F. Garrett, Esq., of *Parkfield*, is the present proprietor. A stranger residing any time at Torquay will also visit the ruins of *Berry Pomeroy Castle*, and *Totness*, descend the Dart to *Dartmouth*, and return by *Brixham*, sleeping a night at Totness or Dartmouth. Or the order of this route may be reversed. Brixham, by itself, may be made the object of a pleasant excursion by boat, 5 m., or by road, 8 m. (but only the first 4 have any interest.)

Brixham. (*Inns*: London Inn; Bolton Hotel.) Every intelligent tourist will visit this town, as it is unique of its kind, being the head-quarters of the great Devonshire fishery of Torbay, of which *trawling* is the main feature, while *seining* and *driving* are characteristic of the Cornish fisheries. Brixham is divided into the Higher and Lower town, together extending a distance of about a mile up a valley; but the Lower town, or *Brixham Quay*, is the only part deserving notice. A fourth of the manor was purchased many years ago by 12 Brixham fishermen, whose shares have been since divided and subdivided, so that visitors to the pier or market-place may generally have the opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of a "Brixham lord."

About 200 *trawlers* belong to the town, being large decked sloops of from 40 to 50 tons burthen, each generally managed by 3 men and a boy. The trawl net is about 70 ft. long, in the form of a bag, and provided with a beam, occasionally 40 ft. in length, to keep the mouth open. This net is drawn or *trawled* along the bottom of the sea, and procures flat-fish, gurnards, haddocks, whittings, &c. It is best to visit Brixham on a Saturday, as on that day as many trawlers as can find accommo-

dation enter the harbour, while the rest of the fleet moor off the entrance. Evening on every week-day is the most interesting time, as the fish are then landed, and if the trawlers have been successful the Quay presents a lively and picturesque scene; the fish lying in broad piles, a saleswoman disposing of them by auction (the subject of Collin's picture in the possession of the Earl of Essex), men and women engaged in packing them, and vans in attendance to carry the baskets to the rail. In the centre of the quay stood a pillar commemorative of the landing of the Prince of Orange on the 5th of Nov. 1688. It is now removed to the pier, and is said to enclose a part of the stone upon which the prince placed his foot as he stepped from the boat.

Brixham was long celebrated for the ebbing and flowing of the spring *Laywell* (Philos. Trans., vol. vii.), which is situated on the outskirts of the Higher town. This spring is, however, no longer intermittent. The erection of some neighbouring houses is supposed to have effected the alteration.

The pier was built in 1808. At the end of it is inserted in the wall a tablet commemorating the visit of the Duke of Clarence to Brixham in 1823. Upon that occasion the royal duke was presented with a chip from the stone upon which the Prince of Orange is said to have landed, enclosed in a box of heart of oak. The town has a large trade independent of its fishery, and the tidal harbour, although tolerably capacious, is found insufficient to accommodate the shipping. A breakwater, however, is now in course of construction, the completion of which is expected to render the roadstead a secure anchorage.

At *Upton*, adjoining the town, an iron mine is worked with considerable profit.

Berry Head, 1 m. E. of the harbour, should be visited. It is a *shaped headland of hard lime-*

stone, of a flesh-coloured tint, and with a surface glossy like satin. The face of the cliff inside the point is largely quarried, and falls so abruptly to deep water that vessels lie moored alongside, as at a quay. On the summit are the ruins of two large military stations, which were used during the French war.

Should the traveller visit Brixham on his route through the country, and be bent upon thoroughly exploring the southern coast, he will, perhaps, proceed by the cliffs from Berry Head to Dartmouth. This route, however, is very circuitous (about 7 m.) and laborious. In the space of a mile the path rises many times to an elevation of 300 or 400 ft., and falls as often to the level of the sea, while a series of jutting headlands render it zigzag in a horizontal as well as a vertical plane. There are parts of the shore, however, well worth seeing. About 3 m. W. of Berry Head, the quick interchange of hill and valley is remarkable, and gives the advantage of picturesque form to cliffs which are unrivalled for beautiful colouring. They are partly composed of slate, partly of limestone, and include patches of red sandstone; while their colours are crimson, purple, brown, but, beyond all in effect, a delicate blue with a silvery lustre. In this walk from Berry Head to Dartmouth, the tourist will pass over fields which are dyed with the red soil of the sandstone formation, while the slate and limestone which lie below it are exhibited in the cliffs. For more than a mile W. of Berry Head, the country is divided by formidable stone hedges, rendered quite impassable by ivy. It is therefore advisable to follow a lane to the vicinity of *Upton*, and there take to the cliffs near *Sharkham Point*.

The high road from Brixham to Dartmouth, 4 m., consists of one long ascent and descent; the view towards Brixham on the ascent meriting notice. The blue waters of the Channel

and Torbay occupy the sides of the picture, while the land towards Berry Head rises in the centre in enormous hilly masses; but woods and rocks are wanting in the prospect. On the descent to the Dart, this river opens in a new light to a person who has viewed it only from a boat. The foldings of the hills are beautifully displayed in perspective, and the granite tors of Dartmoor form the background. The river is crossed by a floating-bridge, worked by a horse, and occupying 20 min. in the passage.

In the neighbourhood of Brixham are *Lupton House*, Sir J. B. Y. Buller, Bt.; *Upton Lodge*, C. H. Cutler, Esq.; *Nethway House*, J. F. Luttrell, Esq., of Dunster Castle, Somerset; *Laywell House*, H. B. Pierrepont, Esq.; *Churston Court*, J. Y. Buller, Esq.; *Galampton*, J. F. Luttrell, Esq.; and *Greenway*, Col. Carlyon.

The road from Torquay to Totness passes along the base of the Warren. At a curve of the shore it opens, to the rt., the park and mansion of *Tor Abbey* (p. 31.), and in 3 m. reaches

Paignton. (*Inn*: Crown and Anchor.) This town is at present a little distance from the sea, but it has approached it in villas, and, like Torquay, is rapidly extending in every direction. It is, however, an old place, having formerly, with the manor, belonged to the see of Exeter; and some trifling remains of the *Bishop's Palace* may be observed at this day adjoining the churchyard. The *Church* is ancient, and contains a curious stone pulpit, elaborately carved and gaily painted, like a well-known example at Dartmouth. Observe also an old monument on the S. side of the nave, exhibiting some highly finished stone work. On the wall in its vicinity is an escutcheon with a striking inscription:—"Here lyeth the heart and bowels of the most honourable and most worthy and highly esteemed John Snellin, Rear-

Admiral of Holland and West Friesland," &c. On the exterior of the tower is an arch with a zigzag moulding, like one at Axminster; and, in the churchyard, the steps and shaft of an ancient cross. Paignton is noted for an early *cabbage*, which is sent to all parts of the country.

On the roadside between Paignton and Totness the botanist may find *Linum angustifolium*, or narrow-leaved flax.

ROUTE 8.

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH, BY NEWTON AND TOTNESS (DARTMOUTH, SALCOMBE, KINGSBRIDGE, AND MODBURY).

Exeter to Newton, the same as Rte. 7.

8 *Totness*. (*Inns*: Seven Stars; Seymour Hotel.) This old town "from the margin of the river Dart climbs the steep acclivity of a hill, and stretches itself along its brow, commanding a view of the winding stream, and of the country in its vicinity, but sheltered at the same time by higher hills on every side." It was anciently called *Dodouesse*, i. e., rocky town, its present name being probably derived from the Saxon *tot*, *toten*, to project, as in Tothill, Tottenham. In early times it was situated upon a Roman road which ran from Exeter to the Tamar by Ugbrooke, Newton Abbot, Totness, and Boringdon Park; and its antiquity is shown by the old historic tradition, which here places the landing of Brutus of Troy. It is one of the oldest boroughs in the county, and there are fragments remaining of the *walls* with which it was formerly surrounded. Other proofs of its antiquity are the ruins of the castle, the venerable church, and some houses in High Street with a casing of slate, with piazzas, and projecting fronts. The country in the neighbourhood is remarkable for its fertility, and for this

reason will be interesting to many travellers. Dartington parish has a fine growth of timber, and also a store of wealth below the surface of the ground, yielding chocolate and madreporé marbles, of which beautiful specimens have appeared in the Great Exhibition of 1851. Totness is connected with its suburb, Bridgetown, by a bridge built in 1828, at a cost of 12,000*l.* Steps descend from it to a small island, planted by the Duke of Somerset for public use.

The *Castle of Totness* stands on the summit of the hill, and is said to have been built by Judhael de Totnais, a Norman baron, on whom the manor was bestowed at the Conquest. The keep is the only part now remaining. It is circular in form, and a mere ruin of crumbling red stones, profusely mantled with ivy; but it commands a very interesting view. The grounds around it are planted, and have been opened to the public by the Duke of Somerset.

The *Church* is also constructed of red sandstone, which, like that of Chester Cathedral, is much abraded by the weather. By an old record, very curiously brought to light by a thunderstorm, this edifice appears to have been rebuilt about the year 1430. It contains a rich and elaborate stone rood-screen and sculptured stone pulpit, and some monuments.

The stranger should also be directed to the *Public Walk* below the bridge, and a path along the banks of the mill-lead from the Seven Stars. The finest view of Totness is to be obtained from *Sharpham Lodge* on the Dart.

With respect to excursions, the principal of these are to Berry Pomeroy Castle — Dartmouth by the

y Pomeroy Castle
n. from Totness,
d to reach them
ue the Torquay

road as far as the turnpike, and then turn to the l. towards the village of Berry Pomeroy. Here he will notice the fine church built by one of the Pomeroyes, containing a screen, and monuments of the Seymour family; and in the churchyard a rude tomb of rough slate stones. Beyond the village there are signs of the old ruin in the neighbourhood. A wall mantled with ivy stretches in fragments across the fields, and an aged tree here and there remains as a memorial of the park in which the barons chased the deer. In $\frac{1}{4}$ m. the visitor reaches the entrance of a wood, where the key of the castle must be obtained at the lodge. He is immediately received by noisy acclamations from an ancient rookery, and having descended a winding road, comes suddenly upon the remains of the once stately mansion of the Seymours. This interesting ruin is more extensive and imposing than any other in the county, and derives a peculiar charm from its retirement, and from the lofty trees which encompass and have penetrated its deserted halls and courts. But an imperfect idea is obtained of its size and romantic position on the approach, as the whole is so embedded in ivy, and screened by wood, that little more of it can be seen than the great gateway. The stranger should gain an opposite eminence by following the path to the rt. of the gateway, and ascending the hill above the quarry, which he will observe on the opposite side of the valley. From that point he will command a small solitary glen, watered by a little rivulet, and thickly wooded, and an excellent view of the ruins rising among the trees. The interior of the castle displays the usual grass-grown courts, mossy walls, old chimnies, broken arches, and crumbling steps descending into dungeons and underground passages. Trees are rooted in every nook and cranny, and ivy hangs the whole with verdurous festoons. The oldest part of the ruin

is the great gateway sculptured with the arms of Pomeroy (but these are now concealed behind the ivy), and a circular tower called St. Margaret's, connected with this gateway by a curtain wall. The interior is evidently of more modern date, the windows being square or oblong, in the Tudor style of architecture; and the eastern front is the ruin of a sumptuous mansion, begun by the Protector Somerset. The original castle is said to have been erected by Ralph de la Pomeroy, to whom the manor was given by the Conqueror. His descendants resided in it until the reign of Edw. VI., when Sir Thomas Pomeroy having engaged deeply in the Devonshire rebellion, his estates were confiscated, and granted to "my Lord Protector's Grace." "This family of Seymour," says Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," "built at the N. and E. end of the quadrangle, a magnificent structure, at the charges, as fame relates, of upwards of 20,000*l.*, but never brought it to perfection, as the W. side of the quadrangle was never begun. The apartments," he continues, "were very splendid, especially the dining-room, which was adorned, besides paint, with statues and figures cut in alabaster with elaborate art and labour; but the chimney-piece, of polished marble curiously engraven, was of great cost and value. The number of apartments of the whole may be collected hence, if report be true, that it was a good day's work for a servant but to open and shut the casements belonging to them. Notwithstanding which, 'tis now demolished, and all this glory lieth in the dust." According to a tradition, Berry Pomeroy was destroyed by lightning. In the reign of James II. Sir Edward Seymour, the famous leader of the country party, lived here in great splendour, and the ruins still belong, with the manor, to his descendants, and are in the possession of the present Duke of Somerset.

Dartington, seat of the Cham-

pernownes, 1½ m. from Totness, and rt. of the Ashburton road, is also an estate of great antiquity, the gift of the Conqueror to the Norman baron, William de Falaise. From that distant period it has successively belonged to the families of Martyn, Audley, Vere, Holland, and, for a short time, Courtenay. Dartington House is very interesting as comprising a part of the feudal mansion of the Dukes of Exeter, and in particular the Great Hall and kitchen, the latter ruinous, the former, though unroofed, a most interesting relic of feudal times. It is 70 ft. in length by 40 in breadth, and has a huge old fire-place 16 ft. broad, and a porch with groined ceiling bearing the escutcheon of Holland. The range of ancient buildings is extensive, and a part—perhaps formerly tenanted by the numerous retainers of the lords of Dartington, is now inhabited as a farmhouse. At the end of the pile are some of the original windows, and on the W. side, which was rebuilt in the reign of Elizabeth, a terraced garden. *Dartington Church* stands close to the house and contains some richly coloured glass, the remains of a screen, a fine pulpit of Henry VII's time, and, near the altar, a curious monument (dated 1578) in memory of Sir Arthur Champernowne, the first of this family who possessed Dartington. The surrounding scenery is varied and pleasing. The river sweeps through a wooded vale, and the old town of Totness terminates the view. Other seats near Totness are *Sharpham Lodge*, R. Durant, Esq., *Follaton House*, G. S. Cary, Esq., *Broomborough*, J. F. P. Phillips, Esq., and *Tristford*, E. W. W. Pendarves, Esq.

In addition to the localities already mentioned, the stranger should visit, either from this town or Ashburton, *Holne Chase* and *Buckland*, described in Route 9. (See Ashburton.) On the road from Totness up the valley of the Dart he should notice the view from

Staverton Bridge, just beyond Dartington, and the pretty picture formed by *Austin's Bridge* in connection with the church of Buckfastleigh. He should also turn off from the road at *Cadover Lane*, before reaching *Austin's Bridge*. The summit of *Cadover Hill* is near the spot chosen by *Turner* for his view of *Buckfast Abbey*, now in the possession of *Mr. Windus of Tottenham*. "The pastoral valley of the *Dart*, scattered over with fine trees, lies before the spectator:

' Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.'

Nor is any other feature of the great poet's description wanting. Steep hills close in the valley on either side, and on their slopes lie orchard, and farm, and tower, 'bosomed high in tufted trees.' Towards the centre of the picture rises *Buckfast Abbey*, round which the river winds; and, beyond that, the woods of *Holne Chase* and *Buckland*, all closed in by the long range of the *Dartmoor hills*, lifting up their granite crests against the sky."—*R. J. King*. *Buckfastleigh* and its neighbourhood are well known for *quarries of black marble*. About 4 m. S. of *Totness*, on the farm of *Court Prior*, the old gateway and remains of the chapel of *Cornworthy Priory*, an *Augustine nunnery* founded in ancient times by one of the barons of *Totness*; and about 3 m. on the road to *Kingsbridge Harberton Church*, one of the most interesting in the county, a fine specimen of *Dec. date*, containing a stone pulpit sculptured, gilt, and coloured. Near it at *Harbertonford* is a *shovel and reaping-hook manufactory*. Lastly, *Little Hempstone* or *Hempstone Arundel*, 2 m. N.E. of *Totness*, where there is an ancient church, with coloured windows and screen, and the old vicarage (still inhabited as a farmhouse) built by the *Arundels*, with open-roofed dining-hall, and exactly the priest's house of *Chaucer's time*. Fine views over the *Dart* may be obtained from this parish.

Another excursion from *Totness*, on a different element, is a *trip down the river to Dartmouth*. Passage-boats, fare 1s., leave *Totness* every tide at high water, and *Dartmouth* at low water; but, if possible, the tourist should make the voyage towards the close of day, when lights and shadows are boldly grouped by a declining sun. The river pursues its way among shelving hills and woods, but the great charm of the scenery lies in the vagaries of the stream, which is whimsically deflected, and twists and doubles in its course as if determined to push a passage where nature had denied one. Hence, the river has the appearance of a string of lakes, an illusory effect well seen from a hill at *Sharpham*, whence no less than 10 distinct sheets of water are in view, each apparently isolated and land-locked. The voyager having started from *Totness* glides swiftly with the stream, soon sweeping to the l. in full view of *Sharpham* (*R. Durant, Esq.*), where the hills lie intermingled, as if to oppose a farther progress, and the river begins its beautiful convolutions. The traveller has barely time for an admiring glance backward at the church tower of *Totness*, before a sudden turn to the rt. displays one of the most striking reaches of the river, apparently closed at the further end by dense masses of wood (*Sharpham*). The hills, however, soon open on the l., and the boat enters another glistening sheet of water, bounded on the rt. by a crescent of trees (*Sharpham*) so grand in its proportions as to claim an interesting place in the traveller's reminiscences. It is farther remarkable as containing one of the largest rookeries in the county, and as haunted by an echo, which the stranger must not fail to salute. From this reach, the voyager again turns to the rt., and then to the l., opening a long vista of the river, which expands at the end to a spacious basin, presenting at high water the appearance of a bay. In this reach will be observed on the l.

the village of *Stoke Gabriel*, the woods of *Maisonette* (— Hume, Esq.), *Sundridge* (Lord Cranstoun), and *Watton Court* (H. Studdy, Esq.). At the edge of the rt. bank, nearly opposite Sandridge, the liveliest echo on the river will be found among some trees. In the next reach, which bends to the rt., the stream contracts, and lofty ridges bound it on each side, the village of *Dittisham* (rt.), famous for plums, and the woods of *Greenway* (l. Lieut.-Col. Carlyon) adorning the shores. At the narrowest part, in the middle of the stream, a rock called the *Anchor Stone* is visible at low water, and rises abruptly from a depth of more than 10 fathoms. A railway company have contemplated throwing a bridge across the river by the aid of this rock. The voyager having passed the Anchor Stone feels the breeze of the sea, and skirting the slopes of *Mount Boone* (rt., Sir H. P. Seale, Bart.), in a few minutes reaches the haven for which he is bound—

Dartmouth, 14 m. by road (*Inns* : Castle; London Inn.). This town, like Totness, is extremely old, and as interesting for that reason as for the beauty of its position. It is built in terraces upon the shore of a romantic harbour, a lake-like expanse completely land-locked, opening to the sea by a narrow channel, and encompassed by steeply shelving hills of from 300 to 400 ft. in elevation.

The traveller having disembarked upon the island called *New Ground*, which was reclaimed from the river about a century ago, will observe in the street leading from the quay, some of the grotesque old houses for which the town is remarkable. They bear upon their fronts the dates 1625 and 1640, and are truly picturesque, with their wooden framework, rich carving, piazzas, and gables. But the strangest part of Dartmouth lies S. of the *New Ground*, and consists of two narrow streets, or rather lanes, running parallel with the shore, and along so steep an accli-

vity, that the pavement of the one is nearly on a level with the roof of the other, while the communication between them is by flights of steps. These streets contain a number of old houses, elaborately carved, and built with overhanging stories, and gables projecting still farther in advance, so that two persons might possibly greet each other by a shake of the hand from opposite windows. The stranger will remark that many of the projecting fronts are supported by brackets, carved in the likeness of a lion, a unicorn, and a griffin.

The earliest mention of Dartmouth by its present name occurs in a charter granted by Hen. III. to Edward de Gloucester in 1226. The town was first incorporated under the title of Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardness in the reign of Edw. III., 1342, at which time it was evidently a port of great consequence, as it furnished no less than 31 ships to the fleet intended for the siege of Calais, a larger quota than was supplied by any other town in the kingdom, excepting Fowey and Yarmouth. We have also incidental proof of its ancient maritime importance. Chaucer has taken his "shipman" from Dartmouth, and we learn that, cotemporary with the poet, there were merchants at this place so wealthy, and possessed of so many ships, that it was said of one Hawley—

"Blow the wind high, or blow it low,
It bloweth fair to Hawley's hoe."

At a more recent period Dartmouth sent some of the first adventurers to the Banks of Newfoundland, and largely profited by the fishery. Sir Humphry Gilbert, who took possession of that island for Queen Elizabeth, was born near this town, at Greenway, on the shores of the Dart; and at Sandridge, Davis, the bold navigator, who here fitted out the ships with which he penetrated the northern seas to the straits which now bear his name. The town is further distinguished as the

birth-place of Newcomen, whose name occupies so prominent a place in the history of the steam-engine. He carried on business as an iron-monger in the lower street S. of the New Ground; but was a person of some reading, and particularly acquainted with the projects and writings of his countryman, Dr. Hooke. A genius for mechanics, however, directed Newcomen to the path in which he so highly distinguished himself. He was the first to apply the power of steam to the important purpose of draining the Cornish mines, and, in connection with Captain Savery, obtained a patent for his engines in 1705. In the earlier of these machines, the steam was condensed by a current of cold water admitted on the outside of the cylinder, the piston being driven down by the weight of the atmosphere. The operation of the engine was therefore slow and attended with a great consumption of fuel, and a boy was required to turn the cocks for the alternate admission of steam and water. Accident, however, suggested two important improvements before Watt took these engines in hand, viz., the condensation of the steam by the injection of water *into* the cylinder, by which means a far more rapid action was obtained, and the connection of the stop-cocks with the beam, by which the engine was made to work itself. The grand improvement of substituting steam for the atmosphere, as the power to drive down the piston, was effected, as is well known, by the genius of Watt.

Dartmouth has many historic associations. It is said that a fleet of crusaders, under Cœur de Lion, assembled in its harbour in 1190. In 1347, as above stated, the town contributed a large quota to the armament of King Edward. In 1377 it was destroyed by the French, who in that year swept our shores from the *Isle of Wight to Plymouth*. In

1403 it returned the visit of the Frenchmen, when, Du Chastel having a second time destroyed Plymouth, Dartmouth combined with that town in ravaging the coast of France, burning and sinking forty of the enemy's ships. In 1404, the French in their turn sought revenge. Du Chastel again descended upon Dartmouth, but the expedition was this time so roughly received as to be compelled to draw off with the loss of 400 killed and 200 prisoners, including Du Chastel himself. In the wars of the Roses the Lancastrian party used Dartmouth as their port. In the Great Rebellion the town declared for the Parliament; and in 1643 was taken by Prince Maurice, after a siege of a month. The Royalists, however, after an interval of 3 years, were attacked by Fairfax, who carried the place by storm in Jan. 1646. Upon this occasion upwards of 100 pieces of ordnance were captured; and the many old towers and forts, now in ruins, on the shore or the heights of Dartmouth, show the formidable number of the works with which the general had to contend.

The objects of interest in the town are: the *old houses*, particularly Newcomen's, and, on the terrace to the N., a modern house erected by Mr. Holdsworth, the Governor of Dartmouth Castle, in imitation of the old buildings. It is richly ornamented with carving by Dartmouth workmen, after models in the town, and cased curiously with slates, so disposed as to resemble the scales of an armadillo. — The *Church of St. Saviour's*, date 1372, in which the stranger should particularly remark the door at the S. entrance, with its curious iron ornaments, representing grotesque lions impaled on a tree, which is fashioned with its full complement of roots, branches, and leaves. The figure of the lion will be observed in various parts of the town, and, from a remote period, has occupied a conspicuous place in the arms of Dartmouth,

which may be seen in basso-relievo upon a house opposite the principal entrance of the church. A king in a boat, supported on each side by this monarch of beasts, is rudely represented in them by sculpture. The stone pulpit of St. Saviour's will astonish the beholder, so fantastically is it carved and gilded, and painted every colour under the sun. The same may be said of the screen, which is exceedingly handsome, and rivals even the pulpit in the variety of its tints and the intricacy of its workmanship. In the centre of the chancel is the tombstone of Mr. Hawley, one of the wealthiest of the merchants who formerly dwelt in Dartmouth. It bears the date 1408, and is inlaid with the brazen effigies of the merchant and his two wives. Hawley built the chancel. The visitor will also direct his attention to the fine altar-piece, of Christ raising the widow's son at Nain, by Brockedon, the eminent artist and Alpine traveller, a native of Dartmouth. The wainscoting and panels of this curious church are in keeping with the pulpit and screen, richly painted, gilded, and emblazoned with coats of arms.

After a visit to the church, and a survey of the old houses, the stranger can search for other interesting objects on each side of the harbour, first proceeding S. by the neglected ruin of the *Old Castle*, and the cove and hamlet of *Warfleet*, where stand another crumbling tower called *Paradise Fort*, and a mill with a water-wheel 50 ft. in diam., to *Dartmouth Castle*. This picturesque building is situated at the extreme point of the wooded promontory which bounds the entrance of the harbour, mounting guard at the very edge of a shelving rock of glossy slate, and washed by the sea at high water. It consists of a square and a round tower, the latter of which is the elder, and supposed to date from the reign of Hen VII. Adjoining this building are 3 platforms for guns, the little church of St.

Petrox (containing an armorial gallery and a brass), and the ruins of a more ancient castle, the whole being enclosed by a wall and ditch. The hill, which rises behind to the height of 300 ft., is crowned by the remains of another fort, which is mentioned by Fairfax in his despatch to the Parliament under the name of *Gallant's Bower*. The round tower of the castle is now a magazine, but formerly no doubt received the iron chain which was stretched as a defence across the mouth of the harbour, and was here drawn tight by a capstan. That this was its use, has been made apparent by the discovery of Mr. Holdsworth, in the wall of the ground floor, of a large wooden bolster or roller, which was evidently intended to ease the chain as it passed through the wall. Should the stranger be incredulous and require farther proof, he can examine, on a visit to the opposite shore, a groove in the rock, also discovered by Mr. Holdsworth, which as clearly was scooped out for the reception of the chain. The best view of the Castle is, in the general opinion, obtained from the sea, but weather permitting, all strangers should take boat, and decide this question for themselves.

From Dartmouth Castle the visitor should return to the *Old Castle*, and cross by ferry to the little town of Kingswear, which bears every mark of antiquity, and is supposed to be older even than Dartmouth. The church stands some height from the shore, and yet higher is a fort of 6 bastions, called by Fairfax "*Kingsworth Fort*," but now known as *Mount Ridley*, commanding a fine view. A pleasant path leads from the church to Brookhill, at the mouth of the harbour. To the rt. of it, on the outskirts of the town, the stranger will notice the old fig trees in the hedges, affording evidence of a superior cultivation in times long past, and very probably the relics of gardens once belonging to the merchant-lords of

Kingswear. At a short distance from Kingswear the path reaches the *Beacons* (A. H. Holdsworth, Esq.), a mansion lately erected by its proprietor, and remarkable for its commanding and beautiful position. In a field about 100 yards above this house is a terrace, which from time immemorial has been known as the *Butts*, and was, doubtless, the place where the archers formerly practised with the bow; $\frac{1}{4}$ m. beyond the Beacon is

Brookhill (J. Davenport, Esq.), distinguished for the romantic beauty of the grounds, and the interesting embellishment (by Mr. Holdsworth, its former proprietor) of the house, and deservedly considered one of the greatest ornaments of Dartmouth Harbour. It lies in a wooded cove, so sheltered by hills as to be one of the warmest spots in the county, where oaks and evergreens of remarkable size descend the shelving shore to the very brink of the sea, flourishing strangely on storm-beaten crags amid showers of spray, which are plentifully thrown upon them when the wind is to the south. On the seaward point of this cove are the foundations of a castle which was evidently of importance, and probably corresponded with the ruin on the opposite shore; and below them, at the base of the cliff, among the weed-grown rocks, the traces of a landing-place, and a groove and holes cut in the slate for securing the chain which was formerly stretched across the mouth of the harbour. Close at hand was the guard-room where the men kept watch over the chain, for the cliff has been evidently cut away to form a level space, and on the face of the rock are the holes in which the beams and rafters were inserted. On ascending from the examination of these interesting old marks, the stranger should diverge to the rt., and peep into a romantic recess where large oak trees grow from the crevices of the cliff, and have been whimsically twisted by their efforts to keep erect. *He will then, with Mr. Davenport's*

permission, pay a visit to the house. In the dining-room, the panels of the wainscoting are emblazoned with the arms of the most distinguished families of the county, in illustration of the histories of Devonshire and Dartmouth, which are ingeniously set forth on the ceiling by the following method. A number of shields, each stamped with the name and the date of a Devon "worthy," are sculptured in a circular order round a single one in the centre, which records one of the principal events in the history of the county and the parish—the landing of the Prince of Orange in Torbay. Other shields, disposed in straight lines on opposite sides of this circle, commemorate the many eminent divines who were natives of Devonshire. On the border of the ceiling the history of Dartmouth is told similarly by shields, inscribed in order, with the leading events as they occurred; the whole presenting at one view a tablet of history, which is certainly most novel, ingenious, and comprehensive. The visitor having taken in this knowledge at a glance, will next turn to the chimney-piece, over which he will observe the carving which was taken from Newcomen's sitting-room, representing Shadrach, Meshach, and Abde-nego before Nebuchadnezzar; parts of the chimney-piece being of black oak, to which an interesting legend attaches. These were brought from Greenway, on the Dart, where they formed a portion of the chimney-nook in which, it is said, Sir Walter Raleigh indulged himself with the first cigar which was smoked in England. On the opposite wall of the room is an old print of the "Britannia" after Vandervelde, and, around it, the names of four Devonshire "worthies" who figured in the defeat of the Armada. Close upon the shore, beyond the grounds of Brookhill, is the ruinous tower of *Kingswear Castle*, so shattered by time as to afford, with its background of sea, an excellent subject for the pencil.

The geologist may remark on the cliffs of the neighbourhood that the dip of the strata tends to their preservation.

The road from Dartmouth to Plymouth passes near some fine old camps at the following points:

2½ *Woodbury Castle* on the l.

6¼ *Morleigh. Stanborough Camp*, 1 m. on the l.

3 *Blackdown Camp*, about 1 m. on the l.

5 *Modbury.*

Excursions may be taken from Dartmouth to *Brixham*, the *Slapton Sands*, and *Start Point*, and to *Totness* by boat up the river. The grand and romantic coast of the *Prawle, Bolt Head, &c.*, is most agreeably reached by the following delightful walk to *Salcombe* (which is 18 m. by road through *Halwell* and *Kingsbridge*, passing *Woodbury Castle* on the l.) For the continuation of this Rte from *Totness*, see p. 54.

2 *Stoke Fleming*, a retired village, with a church so conspicuously placed as to form a useful landmark for Dartmouth harbour. The manor has belonged to the families of *Fleming*, *Mohun*, *Carew*, and *Southcote*, and in a garden adjoining the church are some crumbling masses of red sandstone which formed part of the ancient manor-house. In the church are two fine brasses.

1 *Blackpool*, another small village on a secluded little bay of the same name, and, perhaps, so called as having been fatally mistaken by vessels running for Dartmouth. The beach is composed of an extremely fine shingle. From this place there is a road through the village of *Street*, and a path along the edge of the cliffs, which are of various colours and very lustrous, to

Slapton Sands, now traversed by a carriage road. Here commences a vast bank of minute stones, rather than sand, which is piled along the coast, almost uninterruptedly, to

Dev. & Cornw.

in a short distance of the *Start*. The accumulation is due to the exposure of the shore to a long range of breakers, and to the circumstance of the shingle being unable to travel so as to escape out of the bay. From the northern end of the bank to *Torcross*, a distance of 2½ m., it is separated from the land by a fresh-water lake, or marsh in the summer, called *Slapton Lea*, which is formed by the water of three small streams, descending from as many valleys, and dammed in by the shingle. The *Lea* contains some fine pike, perch, and roach, but no trout. In the winter it abounds with wild-fowl. The church of *Slapton* (6 m. from Dartmouth) contains a beautiful screen. In the neighbourhood are some remains (an old tower) of *Poole Priory*, *W. Paige, Esq.*, once a seat of the *Hawkins* family.

4½ *Torcross* (near the *Sands Hotel*, on the beach), a secluded little hamlet at the southern end of the *Slapton Sands*, which are here bounded by argillaceous slate cliffs, of a light greenish hue. It is much frequented by the neighbouring gentry as a watering-place, and is the most easterly station of the pilchard fishery; but the shoals rarely pass the point of the *Start*, and the *Torcross* fishermen have to proceed as far as the *Bolt* for a chance of success. About 1½ m. inland is the church-town of *Stokenham*; and *Widdcombe* (*A. H. Holdsworth, Esq.*), a fine estate, embracing the *Start Point*, and that lonely romantic coast between the *Start Point* and *Lannacomb Mill*. *Stokenham House*, *Sir R. L. Newman, Bt.* and *Coleridge, T. Allen, Esq.*, are other seats in this neighbourhood.

From *Torcross* a path leads westward along the edge of grey slate cliffs, descending again to the sands at a slate quarry, which opens to the beach by an archway. The traveller is now approaching the termination of *Start Bay*, and the grand coast of the chlorite and mica-slate formation.

which, including the promontory of the Start, extends westward as far as the Bolt Tail. Two secluded little fishing hamlets, *Beason Cellar* and *Hall Cellar*, are passed on the shore, which then sweeps round to the picturesque promontory of

3½ *The Start*. This headland at once shows the stranger that he has entered upon a geological formation, differing from the grauwacke slates which he has been traversing from Dartmouth. The ridge stretches boldly to sea, sloped on each side like the roof of a house, and crowned along its entire length by fanciful crags, strangely weathered by Atlantic storms, and shaggy with moss. Its different sides strikingly illustrate the influence of a stormy sea on the picturesqueness of a coast. On the W., the dark cliff, incessantly assaulted, presents a ruinous appearance; on the E., although moulded from the same material, it descends to the waves in a smooth precipice. The lighthouse is situated at the extreme point, about 100 ft. above the water, and exhibits two lights, a revolving light for the Channel, and a fixed light to direct vessels in shore clear of a shoal called the *Sherries*. Here the tourist has reached a point beyond which the sea is occasionally agitated by a roll from the Atlantic, the *ground swell* of the ocean rarely extending farther eastward than the Start. The name is said by Mr. Talbot to be the Anglo-Saxon *Steort*, a promontory; but it is commonly explained as the *starting-point* of ships outward bound from the Channel.

From this promontory those who are fond of cliff-scenery should proceed along the coast to the Prawl and Salcombe, a dist. of about 9 m.; and, bending their steps to the next headland of the *Peartree*, look back at the western face of the Start. The actual cliff is not high, but, like that of the Land's End of Cornwall, as dark as Erebus, and an impressive ruin. It is further remarkable for

bands of variously coloured quartz veins, which, descending vertically to the sea, give the rocks a ribboned appearance. Similar quartz veins produce a happy effect in a little bay just W. of the *Peartree*, where they cover the slate, as it were, with a network, the beach being almost wholly composed of rolled fragments of white quartz. From the *Peartree* the stone-crested hills recede from the shore, and, curving as they run westward, enclose a terrace of fields, which is bounded towards the sea by a low cliff of earth resting upon a talus of slate. The traveller may marvel how this apparently feeble barrier can resist the waves; but, on a closer examination, he will perceive that the dip of the strata is directed towards the W., and at such an angle with the plane of the horizon, that the sea rolls harmlessly up the slope. This terrace is terminated on the W. by *Lannacoomb Mill*, where the craggy belt again sweeps to the coast in a soaring eminence, notched like the edge of a saw. Beyond this point the hills a second time recede, and form a semi-circle; but in places they break irregularly, and are disposed as a background to two terraces, one high above the other. The effect of this grouping is extremely beautiful. To this bay succeeds a smaller indentation, near the centre of which the stranger will remark the whimsical station of some fishermen. The sea has formed in the slate a little channel just wide enough to allow the passage of boats to a few square yards of beach, upon which the craft are laid; while the chasms of a conical rock, a short distance from the shore, have been converted to the purposes of a sail-room and fish-cellar. This bay is terminated to the W. by perhaps the finest headland on the S. coast of Devon, the

5 *Prawle Point*, bounding on the E. the entrance to the Salcombe Estuary, which is sheltered on the W. by the more elevated and massive

headland of the *Bolt*. These two promontories are the most southerly points of the county; and, when viewed from the sea, in connection with the inlet, and the town of *Salcombe* just peeping through the opening, form by far the most romantic scene on the coast. The *Prawle* is principally composed of gneiss rock, which, on the western side, is weathered like a surface of snow, which has been exposed to the sun's rays. It is every where broken into crags, and terminated at the point by a singular archway, through which a boat might sail in calm weather. Many years ago the *Crocodile* frigate was wrecked upon this headland with a great loss of life. The pedestrian can now continue his way along the ivy-hung cliffs, or strike inland to a lane which will lead him to *Portsmouth*, whence he will cross by ferry to

4 *Salcombe*. (*Inns*: *Victoria Inn*; *King's Arms*; but both of a very humble description.) This picturesque town, lying far south of the principal roads, and separated from them by a broad tract of country comparatively uninteresting, is rarely visited by travellers; but the coast in the neighbourhood, comprising the headlands of the *Start*, the *Prawle*, and the *Bolt*, is the grandest on the S. of *Devon*, and the shores of *Bigbury Bay* exceedingly romantic, although almost as unknown as those of *Kamtschatka*. The district round *Salcombe*, bounded on the E. and W. by the *Start* and *Bolt Tail*, is composed of the hard rocks of the chlorite and mica slate formation, and for this reason has withstood the assaults of the sea, while the grau-wacke country has receded on each side of it in the bays of *Start* and *Bigbury*. Thus it projects into the Channel like a wedge, which is pierced about the centre by the estuary which flows past *Salcombe* to *Kingsbridge*. *Salcombe* lies just within the mouth of this inlet, and is a small retired

town, pleasantly situated, and so sheltered by high land, as to be one of the warmest in the kingdom. The myrtle and other tender plants clothe the shores: the lemon, orange tree, and aloe flower in the gardens; but beyond the protecting influence of the ridge on the coast, the country consists of bare bleak hills, where but few trees can grow above the valleys.

To descend from the scenery to the produce of *Salcombe*, the stranger should know that the town is noted for *white ale*, a beverage peculiar to a district bounded by *Plymouth*, *Totness*, and the intermediate coast, and first made by some genius of *Kingsbridge*. It differs essentially, both in composition and colour, from common ale. It is made with a smaller quantity of hops, and contains flour and spices; but some skill is required in its preparation, and many fail in the attempt. When poured into a glass, it has the appearance of tea. It is intended to be drank quite new, according to the saying, that it is made on the Saturday to be tapped on the Sunday. *White ale* has, however, much deteriorated of late years, in consequence of the neglect of adding eggs to its ingredients.

The harbour of *Salcombe*, like that of *Dartmouth*, is sheltered by high land, but it has a bar at low water, and sunken rocks at the mouth, which render its entrance by night hazardous. The rugged foundation of the neighbouring coast is the haunt of crabs and lobsters, which are captured in numbers, and sent to different parts of the country. *Ringrone* is a villa of *Lord Kinsale's*, and the *Molt* of *Lord Courtenay's*.

From this town the tourist should visit the *Prawle Point*, about 4 m.; and, weather permitting, make an excursion by boat from the *Bolt Head* to the *Bolt Tail*, a distance of about 5 m., coasting the intermediate range of black cliffs, so remarkable for their massive proportions, altitude, and the dark caverns

with which they are pierced. He should also devote a day to the several interesting spots on the summit of the ridge, which he may visit by the following walk.

He will take a road from the town towards the mouth of the harbour, passing *Woodville* (— *Yates, Esq.*) and the ruin of *Salcombe Castle*, whose battered old stones tell a tale of the civil war. The castle had been repaired at the commencement of the Rebellion, and placed under the command of Sir Edmund Fortescue, when in 1645 it was invested by Col. Weldon, the Parl. Governor of Plymouth. After Weldon's arrival the retired inlet of Salcombe was a scene of incessant uproar and destruction. For a period of four months the batteries thundered from each bank of the river, but at the end of that time the garrison capitulated. For this spirited resistance Sir Edmund Fortescue was allowed to march with the honours of war to his mansion of *Fallapit House* (4 m. N. E. by E. of Kingsbridge), where the key of the castle is preserved to this day. The field above this tower is called *Gore*, or *Gutter*, and tradition points it out as the scene of a bloody affray. The summit of the hill is known as *the Bury*, and marked with an old circular entrenchment. The road now descends to a patch of beach (the N. Sands), below which are found the fossil remains of a nut-wood, and then skirts the grounds of the *Molt* (Lord Courtenay) to another strip of sand (the S. Sands), which likewise entombs the trees of other days. These relics may also be found in *Mill Bay*, on the opposite shore, where they are exposed when the tide has receded a few feet from high-water mark. The tourist is now at the foot of the promontory of the *Bolt Head*, composed of mica slate, and rising 430 ft. from its base. He may observe, in the low cliff to the *l.*, the entrance of a cavern called *the Bull's Hole*, which, the country-

people aver, passes obliquely through this high ridge of land, and opens again to the shore in Saw Mill Bay, which we shall presently visit. They tell also an absurd story of a bull which once entered it, and came out at the opposite end with its coat changed from black to white, and it is curious enough to find the same legend current on the coast of Galicia, near Coruña. The mysterious cavern may be visited at low water.

The traveller having ascended to the top of the headland, will see below him, and just within the point, the little cove of *Stair Hole*, a favourite retreat of grey mullet, and perhaps deriving its name from a steep road-way, by which sea-weed is carried from the beach to a neighbouring farm. The *Salcombe Mew Stone* bounds it on the S. Proceeding along the ridge, he will pass in succession the *Little Goat*, half-way down to the sea; the *Great Goat*, a rock on the summit — their resemblance, if they have any, to the animal in question, being distinguishable only from the water; *Steeple Cove*, below a pinnacle of slate; and the *Old Man and his Children*, a whimsical crag, and a number of smaller rocks, which, grouped on the summit in a cluster, very probably bear a likeness to a family party when viewed from the sea. A sharp descent now conducts the traveller into *Saw Mill Cove* (3 m. from Salcombe), terminating a valley, which is the only break in the range from the Bolt Head to the Tail. Here the hills are bold and rocky, and the cliffs, where beaten by the waves, so dark in hue as to give a solemn grandeur to the scene. On the shore is the entrance of *Bull's Hole* cavern, previously noticed, and outside the cove the *Ham Stone*, to which a saying of the Salcombe people attaches. When a young married couple have no child born at the end of 12 months, the gossips assert that the husband should be sent to dig up the Ham Stone with

a wooden pickaxe. The cove has probably derived its name from a saw-mill once worked by the stream which here flows to the sea. Further W. the tourist reaches *Bolbury Down*, the loftiest land between the cove and the Tail, where, just over the edge of the cliff, at the summit of the hill, is a chasm in the rock called *Ralph's Hole*, which was long the retreat of a noted smuggler. It is easy of access, but difficult to find without a guide. The botanist will observe that the furze bushes in its vicinity are thickly mantled with the red filaments of the parasite *Cuscuta Epithimum*, or Lesser Dodder. A short way beyond the head of Bolbury Down, a very interesting scene is displayed. The cliff, which is here about 400 ft. in height, has been undermined by the waves, and has fallen headlong in a ruin, the fragments of which appear as if they had been suddenly arrested when bounding towards the sea. They are lodged most curiously one upon another, and the clefts among them are so deep and numerous as to have given the name of *Rotten Pits* to the locality. A little further W. another landslip has occurred, but with such a different result, that the stranger must take especial care to look where he goes. The ground has been rent inland some distance in fissures, parallel with the shore, and concealed by furze bushes; many are little more than a yard in width, but of unknown depth, at first descending vertically, and then slanting at an angle which prevents their being sounded. Others, again, are scarcely larger than chimnies, but just of a size to admit the body of a man. These chasms are called the *Vincent Pits*, and were once railed in for the protection of sheep and, perhaps, strangers. At present, however, there is nothing to warn the traveller of the danger in his path. From the Vincent pits the land shelves towards the *Bolt Tail*, and is indented at the shore by *Ramillies Cove*, so named as

the scene of the disastrous wreck of the *Ramillies frigate*. Just inside the Tail, in *Bigbury Bay*, is the wild cove and hamlet of *Hope* (2 m. from Saw-mill Bay), inhabited by a few poor fishermen, who now subsist upon the produce of their nets, but were formerly notorious as some of the most successful smugglers on the coast. Their glory, however, has long departed, and they have experienced great difficulty in keeping body and soul together since the establishment of the coast-guard and the changes in the tariff. From Hope the tourist will observe, at the distance of 1 m., the *Thurlestone*, a perforated rock standing islanded in the sea, and geologically remarkable as an outlying patch of red sandstone. Yet farther in the bay, at the mouth of the Avon (4 m.), is *Burr Island*, once crowned with a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, and more recently used as a station for the pilchard fishery. It consists of about 10 acres, and is connected with the mainland at low water. The tourist can now return to Salcombe by a direct road through Marlborough (4½ m.), or retrace his steps, which is the better plan, as the coast in this part of Devon has a monopoly of the picturesque.

From Salcombe the traveller can regain the Plymouth road at *Modbury*; selecting either the high road, which makes a circuit to Kingsbridge by *Marlborough*, or a cross road, which takes a more direct course near the river (4 m.). On foot, the distance to Kingsbridge may be still more curtailed, by a field path by *Shabicombe* and *Blank's Mill*.

6 *Kingsbridge* (12 m. from Totness, 14 m. from Dartmouth). (*Inns*: King's Arms; Golden Lion). This town is built upon a steep hill at the head of the estuary, and has a modern appearance, although it was a town of some consequence in the year 1460. *Dodbrooke*, with which it is now connected, is more marked by age, and is said to have been the place.

where *white ale* was first brewed, for which a tithe was anciently paid (see p. 51.). The only curiosities in the town are the museum of a *Literary and Scientific Institution*; *Pindar Lodge*, at the Quay, as the birth-place of Dr. Wolcott, better known under his assumed name of Peter Pindar; and a house in Fore Street, the office of Mr. Weymouth the solicitor, which contains some finely carved wainscotting, and is supposed to have belonged to the monks of Buckfastleigh, whose abbot always spent the season of Lent at Kingsbridge. The land in this neighbourhood is based upon the red and variegated grauwacke slates of De la Beche, and remarkably productive.

2 *Churchstow*. This village commands an extensive prospect over a broad tract of country patched with fields, but bare of timber. The distant spire of *Marlborough Church* is conspicuous in the direction of the Bolt, and, adjoining Kingsbridge, the church tower of *West Abington*, with its four lofty pinnacles.

2 *Aveton Giffurd*, a village prettily situated on the Avon, 2 m. N. E. of *Bigbury*, which now gives its name to the wild bay on the coast, and formerly imparted it to an ancient family who lived in this neighbourhood from the Conquest to the reign of Edw. III. The church of Aveton is a curious specimen of E. Engl., and said to date in part from the reign of Hen. III. Beyond this village the hills grow bolder, and the country becomes more picturesque as we approach Dartmoor, which forms the background to the different views on the road. The land is exceedingly fertile, and orchards numerous and flourishing.

3½ *Modbury*. (*Inn*: White Hart.) This is a curious antiquated town, built in four streets, which, descending hills from the four cardinal points, meet at the bottom of a valley. Many of the houses are blue and ghastly from their fronts of slate, and, on the E., are perched on so steep an ac-

clivity, that they look as if they would tumble below and overwhelm the White Hart and neighbouring buildings. Here the family of Champenowne lived in great splendour from the reign of Edw. II. to the beginning of the 18th century. Modbury Court was their mansion, and formerly stood on the hill W. of the town, at the extremity of the present street. The site is now occupied by the house of one Harris, a maltster; but some trifling remains of an old fireplace below the manger of the stable, and some carving in the loft, may be seen. The Church is ancient, and remarkable for a true spire, that is, a spire tapering from the ground. It is 134 ft. in height, and was rebuilt about the year 1621. The interior of the church has been lately repaired, and the old monuments destroyed, excepting an alabaster effigy of a Champenowne in armour, most miserably mutilated. Observe the granite pillars in the interior, and on the N. wall, on the outside, a curiously sculptured doorway. Two old conduits should be noticed in the streets leading to the E. and N. In Feb. 1643 Sir Nicholas Slanning having entrenched himself near this town, was defeated by the Devonshire club-men.

Ermington (Fawn Hotel), with its leaning spire, is 2 m. from Modbury, and on the road from this place to Ivy Bridge (Rte. 9.), from which it is distant 3 m.

From Modbury the pedestrian can make a pleasant circuit to Plymouth by the shores of Bigbury Bay. The route is given below.

Proceeding again from Totness by high road—

9 *Ugborough*, 1½ m. from Kingsbridge Road Station. *Ugborough Castle* on the l., and the eminence of *Ugborough Beacon* on the rt. The church commands a fine view. About 1 m. from the village is *Fowellscombe*, a Tudor mansion dating from 1537, the seat of S. Savery, Esq.

3 *Ermington* (Fawn Hotel), well-known for the leaning spire of its church. A delightful lane runs from this village to *Joy Bridge* (Rte. 9.).

3½ *Yealm Bridge*. Here, some height above the level of the river, is the celebrated *Yealm-bridge Cavern*, stored with the fossil remains of animals. These consist of the bones and teeth of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, ox, sheep, hyæna, dog, wolf, fox, bear, hare, water-rat, and a bird of considerable size, and are all contained in a layer of loam, forming the upper bed of a series of sedimentary deposits of from 18 to upwards of 30 ft. in thickness. Many are gnawed, and associated with the fæcal remains of the hyæna, while the limestone roof is beautifully polished, as if by the passing to and fro of animals which inhabited the cave. Farther down the river, at *Kitley*, is another cavern of larger dimensions, but containing no bones; while the floor is little raised above the level of high water. It is therefore supposed that the *Kitley cavern* remained below the surface of the river when that of *Yealm-bridge* was raised high and dry by an elevatory movement of the land, and so became fitted for the reception of hyænas.

½ *Yealmpton*. The church is worth a visit. It has been partly rebuilt and otherwise restored at great cost by Mr. Bastard. The walls are now inlaid with marble. Beyond this town the traveller will observe to the l. *Kitley* (E. R. P. Bastard, Esq.) and, on the opposite side of the river, *Fuslinch* (Rev. John Yonge).

7 *Plymouth* (Rte. 10.).

Proceeding from *Modbury* on foot by the shore of *Bigbury Bay*—

2 l. *Fleet House* (Lady Eliz. Bul-
teel). Here the pedestrian will leave the road, and walk through the park, and along the shore of the *Erme* to the sea, about 3 m. If, however, there should be a chance of his meeting the flood tide, he must take the road to the rt., near the head of the estu-

ary, through the woods of *Fleet House* to *Holbeton*. *Fleet House* was for many years the seat of the family of *Hele*. It contains a picture gallery, and dates from the reign of *Eliz.*, but the principal fronts are modern. At the head of the *Erme* estuary, on the l. bank, on a farm called *Oldaport*, are the remains of a large walled camp or fortification, enclosing nearly 30 acres. They consist of the foundations of two round towers, and of walls 5 ft. thick, with two entrances, 9 ft. wide. The farm-house was formerly the residence of the family of *De la Port*.

2 *Holbeton*, deserving notice only for its retirement in an uninteresting but highly productive district.

1½ *Mothecomb*, a little hamlet at the mouth of the *Erme*. The pedestrian will now pursue his way along the solitary cliffs towards the western horn of *Bigbury Bay*, among rocks of the *grauwacke* formation, beautifully coloured, hung with ivy and samphire, and everywhere broken into the most wild and romantic recesses, in which clusters of fragments are buffeted by the sea. Near the end of the bay, where the shore makes a decided turn to the southward, stands the

4 *Church of Revelstoke*, a lonely old building, rough with lichens, weathered by storms, and perched on the verge of a low craggy cliff, up which comes the salt foam to the churchyard. Not a house is in sight, the solitary hills and waves encompass the building, which with its mouldering tombstones would furnish matter for the "meditations" of a *Hervey*. Near at hand the visitor should notice a cliff of beautiful outline and varied colouring, rising abruptly from the waves, and diversified at the top by verdant hollows, in which wild fennel grows luxuriantly. Close to it there is a path down to the sea.

From *Revelstoke Church* the pedestrian can cross the hills direct to *Newton Ferrers*, about 2 m., or add

$\frac{1}{2}$ m. to his walk by proceeding round *Stoke Point*, where the slabs of slate by the sea are on a grand scale; but their size can be appreciated only when a fisherman is seen upon them angling for rock-fish. Having crossed the hill from the point, the pedestrian will find that the land breaks suddenly into a dell, through which runs a lane to the village of *Noos*, delightfully situated on an inlet from the *Yealm Estuary*, and opposite the old town of *Newton Ferrers*. The scene is novel and striking, and the little road winding along the wooded hills of the shore may remind the traveller of those skirting the Swiss lakes. In 1 m. it will lead him to a ferry near the mouth of the estuary.

The *Yealm Estuary*, although seldom visited, is rich in the picturesque. The water is blue and transparent, the course of the inlet tortuous, and the hills which enclose it heathery on the one side and wooded on the other, and fringed at their bases by a margin of rocks. There is a wildness in this remote inlet which is very pleasing. Having crossed the ferry, the pedestrian will proceed along by-roads and paths, either by *Plymstock* (a fine screen) and the *Laira Bridge*, about 7 m., or by *Hooe Lake*, and ferry over the *Catwater*, about 5 m., to *Plymouth* (Rte. 10.).

ROUTE 9.

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH, BY CHUDLEIGH, ASHBURTON, IVY BRIDGE, AND FLYMPTON.

From Exeter to Chudleigh the same as Route 7.

2 *Knighton*. Beyond this village the traveller enters the *Bovey Heathfield*, and obtains an uninterrupted view of the barren slopes of Dartmoor. A road on the rt. leads, in 2 m., to

Bovey Tracey (*Inn*: the *Union*, where a man may "rough it"), a village conveniently situated for a visit to the *Heathfield* and an excursion

to the *Heytor Rocks*, *Houndtor Coomb*, *Becky Fall*, and *Lustleigh Cleave* (Rte. 10.). In early times it belonged to the Traceys, barons of Barnstaple, and has a place in history as the scene of Lord Wentworth's discomfiture by Cromwell, who dashed upon the Royalist camp at night, and captured 400 troopers and seven standards. So complete, it is said, was the surprise, that Wentworth's officers were engaged at cards, and escaped only by throwing their stakes of money out of window among the Roundheads. Upon an open space in the village are the shaft and steps of an ancient cross, and in the street above it one of the wayside monuments of the same description, now built into a house, called *Cross Cottage*, from the circumstance. It bears the stamp of a cross, which is a modern addition. The church contains a coloured stone pulpit, and some curious inscriptions to the memory of Archbishop Laud and others, placed there by Forbes, the expelled vicar, after his restoration, temp. Charles II.

The *Bovey Heathfield*, as the neighbouring valley is called, is the lowest land in the county, and remarkable for containing deposits of sands and clays, which are used in the manufacture of china. It is supposed to have been originally a lake, in which the decomposed granite brought by the rains from Dartmoor was gradually deposited; nature having thus formed the china-clay in the same manner as it is now artificially prepared near *St. Austell*, in Cornwall. The *Pottery*, estab. 1772, is close to the village, and worth a visit, as the manufacture has greatly improved during the last few years. Adjoining it are the pits of *Bovey Coal*, or lignite, a bituminous fuel, used only at the pottery, in the lime-kilns, and by the poor of the neighbourhood, as it emits a disagreeable odour in burning. It is the Norwegian 'surturbrand.' Large pieces of fir trees are sometimes found entire in it.

Bovey is situated at the foot of a great ridge of hills, which is crowned (at the village of *Hennock*, 2 m. E.) with the *Bottor Rock*, an interesting tor of *trap* (its fissures lined with *byssus aurea*), now islanded in cultivation, but overlooking the moor and neighbouring country for miles. The road to *Hennock* is an excellent specimen of the *Devonshire lane*, frightfully steep in places, and so narrow, particularly where intruded on by the boles of huge trees, as barely to afford room for the *wains* of the country. It will give the tourist rare peeps into valleys; and *Hennock* itself is exceedingly picturesque, and contains the fragment of an old cross like that at *Bovey*. A *lead mine* is worked 2 m. N.E. of *Hennock*. The *Whitestone* and *Skat Tor*, in the same direction, are other rocks often visited from *Bovey*.

Proceeding again on our route, — The road crosses the *Heytor railroad*, and then passes on the l. the entrance of *Stover Lodge* (Duke of Somerset); and then, on the l., *Ingsdon* (C. H. Monro, Esq.). *Bagtor*, some distance to the rt., is a seat of Lord Cranstoun's, and was the birthplace of *Ford* the dramatist. In its neighbourhood is the village of *Ilington*, and (near the church) ruins of the old *Manor-house of Ilington*, formerly a seat of the *Dinham*s and *Arundel*s.

$7\frac{1}{2}$ *Ashburton*. (*Inns*: Golden Lion; London Inn.) One of the old Stannary towns, situated in a valley on the skirts of *Dartmoor*, which are here characterised by a grandeur and variety of scenery not surpassed in the county. The places to be visited in this neighbourhood are pre-eminently *Buckland* (E. R. P. Bastard, Esq.), and *Holne Chace* (Sir B. P. Wrey, Bart.), grand wilds of rock and wood on the banks of the *Dart*. *John Dunning*, solicitor-general in 1767, and *William Gifford*, apprenticed in his early years to a shoemaker, but afterwards known as a translator of *Juvenal* and the editor of the

"*Quarterly*," (1756) were natives of this town. In 1782, *Dunning* was raised to the peerage, as Baron *Ashburton*, a title which became extinct in 1823, but in 1835 was revived in the person of *Alexander Baring*.

In 1646 *Ashburton* was taken by *Fairfax*, who lodged after the exploit at the *Mermaid Inn*. This is now a shop, but of very venerable appearance. Another old house in *West Street*, the property of *B. Parham, Esq.*, containing an ancient *oratory*, richly decorated with carved oak, is supposed to have been an occasional residence of the *Abbots of Buckfastleigh*; though without the slightest foundation, as the *Abbey of Buckfastleigh* never had any property in *Ashburton*. See *Oliver's Monasticon*.

The *church* (St. Andrew) is a fine cruciform structure of *Perp. date*, but has suffered much by modern "improvements." The curious old screen and pulpit have been removed, and the roof and many of the windows rebuilt. The S. aisle contains a tablet with inscription by *Dr. Johnson* to the memory of the first Lord *Ashburton*.

The excursion through *Buckland* and back to *Ashburton* is about 10 m. The tourist can take the road to the village of *Buckland on the Moor* (3 m.), a continual ascent until close upon the summit of *Buckland Beacon* (rt.), a rocky tor, which should be ascended for a panorama of singular interest. The following objects will present themselves at different points in the picture: — *Rippon Tor*, alt. 1549 ft., close at hand, N. N. E.; *Cut Hill*, that lonely hill of bog, on which the *Dartmoor* rivers have their source (see page 72.), very distant, but marked by a pile of turf, N. of N. W.; *Crockern*, and his brother tors, fringing the horizon in the N. W.; *N. Hessay Tor*, alt. 1730 ft., and *Prince's Town*, N. of W.; *Buckland House* and village church, W.; the huge dreary ridge of *Holne Moor*, alt. 1785 ft., on which the winter's snows make

their first appearance, W.S.W. ; the *windings of the Dart*, and woods of Buckland, S.W. ; the distant but striking eminence of *South Brent Tor* (which serves the purpose of a barometer to persons in this neighbourhood), S.S.W. ; *Answell*, or *Hazel Tor*, rising from a wood of firs on the other side of the road, and often ascended for the sake of the view, S. ; and the little town of *Ashburton*, nestled among its hills, S. of S.S.E. The Beacon consists of a white and close-grained granite. Three low distorted oaks, on its western slope, will remind the traveller of Wistman's Wood (Rte. 10.). Having descended from this hill, the traveller enters the little hamlet of Buckland, which is shut out from sunshine by lofty trees ; and, after passing the church, turns into Mr. Bastard's grounds by the first gate on the l., and proceeds along a drive, which will eventually lead him to Holne Bridge. The road makes at first for the *Webburn*, a stream flowing from the moor by Widdecombe, and then turns and winds through the valley so as to accompany the torrent in its course. Soon an old bridge is passed, leading into *Spitchwick*, seat of the late Lord Ashburton, on the opposite bank. A stream, which has had the run of mines, then enters the valley, tinging the *Webburn* with its ferruginous hues. At length, after glancing up a steep-sided vista at one spot, and following the narrow roadway along all its ups and downs and convolutions, the traveller will reach the turbulent Dart, and enter a deep and tortuous ravine, where the woods are pierced by rocks, and naked crags crown the hills. And here a turn of the road will open to his view the gem of the Dart scenery, — the *Lover's Leap*, a rough mass of slate rising vertically from the river. Beyond it the heights have quite a mountainous appearance, and soar so boldly that their sombre woods of *fir* are often capped by the clouds. *Having passed the Lover's Leap*, the

traveller, in another mile, will reach the Ashburton road at *Holne Bridge*, and from this spot those who are curious in such deposits may trace up the l. bank a bed of gravel, at an elevation of about 80 ft. above the present course of the river, apparently affording evidence of the stream having once flowed at a higher level than it does at present.

Holne Chace extends about 2 m. into the forest of Dartmoor, and skirts the Dart and *Webburn*, opposite to Buckland. The carriage drive here winds along the valley at a lower level, and the trees are finer than those of Buckland. It is to be regretted, however, that the bank of the *Webburn* has been lately bared by the axe, which the tourist will probably acknowledge might, with advantage, have been used in Buckland, as for great distances the valley is entirely hid from view by the coppice-wood.

Newbridge, on the Dart, beyond the mansion of *Holne Chace*, is another spot which should be visited, as the scene is little inferior to that at the *Lover's Leap*. The bridge is a lonely, picturesque structure, green with ivy, and the river on each side is hedged in with schistose crags and woods. It is crossed by the road to *Two Bridges*, which immediately climbs the moor by a most formidable hill, and again passes the E. Dart at a pretty spot near *Dart-meet*, (the confluence of the E. and W. Dart). Those who travel this road will find on *Yartor*, just above the descent to *Dartmeet Bridge*, a great number of ancient *hut circles* and lines of stones, and from the same spot will enjoy a very delightful prospect in a southerly direction, *Sharpitor*, a tor of remarkable beauty, rising l. of the road. Among the remains on *Yartor* (rt. of the road) is a rectangular enclosure, 42 ft. by 11 ft. ; nearer the river, a hut circle, 38 ft. in diam., with walls 6 ft. thick, and door-jambs 6 ft. high ; and a very perfect kistvaen surrounded by upright stones. The vil-

lage was, evidently, of considerable size, and a road appears to have led from it across the river by a Cyclopean bridge, which was standing some years ago. The scene at Newbridge is calculated to give most pleasure to those who come suddenly upon it on descending from the moor, as the confined valley and green woods are a most agreeable change of the long-continued view of naked hills; and the craggy and richly coloured schistose rocks, a striking contrast to the grey massive tors of granite.

The admirer of wild scenery will do well to find his way along the banks of the Dart from Newbridge to Dart-meet. This will be a laborious pilgrimage, but one that will introduce him to, perhaps, the very finest points on the river. *Benjie Tor*, at all events, must not be left without a visit. It may be reached most conveniently from the village of *Holne*, where a guide should be procured, as there is no road across the moor. The visitor will find himself unexpectedly on the summit of a lofty pile of rocks, which descend in rugged steps to the river. Beyond rise wild 'braes' with equal steepness—their sides strewn with moor-stone, and mantled with furze and heather—and the grey cone of *Sharpitor* soaring through the air. To the rt. the eye freely ranges over Dartmoor, and to the l. across a vast extent of cultivated land to a blue fringe of sea, the Isle of Portland being visible in clear weather. Far below, in the river, are two still and dark 'wells' known as *Hell Pool* and *Bell Pool*. The scene is strikingly Highland.

Holne church contains a carved screen, with painted figures of saints, which are curious and worth examination, and were probably the work of the monks of Buckfastleigh to whom the building belonged. *Holne* is so named from the holly trees (*holline, holne*) which abound in the chace, and are of very great size.

The traveller may visit *Dart-meet*

by way of *Newbridge*, passing over *Yartor*, and return by a road, which skirting *Cumston Tor* (a fine mass of rock on the l.), will bring him to the village of *Holne*, whence the road is clear to *Ashburton*. By this route he will enjoy some fine moorland scenery, especially near a curious old structure called *Packsaddle Bridge*, over a feeder of the *Dart*.

Close to *Ashburton* (in the first lane to the l. on the *Totness* road) is a gate called *Sounding Gate*, as the spot at which an echo, remarkably clear and loud, may be drawn from a quarry opposite. From this lane another branches off to the *Penn Slate Quarry*, an excavation about 100 ft. deep; and in this neighbourhood also (1¼ from *Ashburton*, l. of the *Totness* road) is a limestone cavern called *Pridhamsleigh*, running an unknown distance underground, as dark as night, and containing pools of deep water. It is on a farm of the same name.

Widdecombe in the Moor, the *Heytor Rocks*, *Houndtor Coomb*, and the curiosities in their vicinity (see *Route 10.*) can be conveniently visited from *Ashburton*.—*Berry Pomeroy Castle* is, perhaps, too distant for an excursion, being more within reach from *Totness* (*Route 8.*)

Proceeding on our route:—

3 *Buckfastleigh* (*Inn*: *King's Arms*), a large village encompassed, like *Ashburton*, with short steep hills which characterise this part of the county. It has 4 blanket and serge mills, 2 of which are occupied, and employ about 400 hands. The objects worth notice are, the *Church*, on a commanding eminence, bounded on each side by black marble quarries. It is rendered difficult of access by 140 steps, and capped with a spire, which is uncommon in Devonshire churches. The architecture is E. Engl. You will remark the rude blocks of granite which form the steps of the tower. The tradition common to churches on high ground belongs to this of *Buckfastleigh*. 11

is said that the Devil obstructed the builders by removing the stones, and a large block bearing the mark of the 'enemy's' finger and thumb is pointed out on a farm about a mile distant. The churchyard is darkened by black marble tombstones, and contains the ivied fragment of an old building, within which two grassy mounds mark the burial-place of Admiral Thomas White, R.N., and of his wife, late of Buckfast Abbey. "This building is worthy the attention of an Oldbuck. It could never have been very large; but whether baptistry or chantry must be left to the decision of the lord of Monkbarrens. Apparently it is of E. English date. The indications, however, by which any conclusion must be formed, are very few and slight, so that it may possibly be much older. It stands due E. of the church, with which, however, it was never united. There are remains of a piscina at the S. E. angle," *R.J.K.*—The black marble quarries, now worked principally to supply the kilns.—And the ruins of the Cistercian *Abbey of Buckfastleigh*, supposed to have been founded in the reign of Hen. II. by one of the Pomeroyes (but on the site of a Benedictine house of Saxon antiquity) and situated 1 m. N. of the village, on the rt. bank of the Dart. The ruins of this abbey are, however, inconsiderable, consisting of little more than an ivied tower close to the present mansion of *Buckfast Abbey*, and the tithe barn, a building about 100 feet long, at the Grange. A part of the abbey site is occupied by a large woollen factory. The woollen trade at this place is probably of great antiquity. The Cistercians were all wooltraders; and a green path over the moors towards Plymouth, known to this day as *the Abbot's Way*, is said to have been a 'post road' for the conveyance of the wool of the community. On the other side of *Buckfastleigh* is a wooded hill

called the *Lover's Coomb*, commanding the Totness road; and about 2 m. N.W. of the town, *Hembury Castle*, an oblong encampment of about 7 acres attributed to the Danes. In the neighbourhood is *Bigadon* (R. J. King, Esq.), containing a collection of pictures, and *Brook House*, near Holne, (Mrs. Coates), a mansion which formerly belonged to the Earl of Macclesfield.

You can excuse either from Buckfastleigh, or Ashburton to the *Vale of Dean-Burn*, and to the village and *Beacon of South Brent*. You should also see the pretty view of *Austin's Bridge* below Buckfastleigh, on the road to Totness, and that of the Dart valley from the summit of *Cadover Hill* (turn up Cadover lane, just beyond Austin's Bridge), a point of view selected by Turner for his picture of Buckfast Abbey, now in the gallery of Mr. Windus of Tottenham.

From Buckfastleigh our route enters a picturesque country, abutting on the southern slopes of Dartmoor.

1 rt. the *Vale of Dean-Burn*, of which Polwhele remarks, "it unites the terrible and graceful in so striking a manner, that to enter this recess hath the effect of enchantment." Halfway up the glen are some picturesque waterfalls. *Dean Prior*, once belonging to the Priory of Plympton, was the native parish of Herrick the poet, who wrote most of his *Hesperides* there, and was buried in the churchyard. To the l. is *Bigadon* (R. J. King, Esq.).

2½ l. *Marley House* (Dowager Lady Carew).

1½ *South Brent*, a small town on the Avon, and below that striking eminence *South Brent Tor* (or *Beacon*). Here you should notice the wild river-bed at the bridge, and the old church, with its Norman machicolated tower; and stretch your sinews by a walk to the top of the beacon. Micaceous iron ore, called *Devonshire Sand*, and used for sanding writings, is procured in this neighbourhood.

Running near its rival, the railway, the road pursues its westerly course along the skirts of the moor. To the rt. will be observed, in succession, *Ugborough Beacon*, *Butterton Hill*, alt. 1203 ft., and, above Ivy Bridge, the *Western Beacon*, the most southerly point of Dartmoor.

6 *Ivy Bridge* (*Inn*: River's Hotel; *Boarding-house*, Rogers' Arms). This village, though not very picturesque in itself, is justly a favourite, being situated at the mouth of a romantic valley, in close proximity to Dartmoor. It derives its name from the old *Ivy bridge*, once embowered, as its name imports, and traversed by the high-road, but now somewhat denuded by a winter's flood, and deserted in its old age among a barren company of rocks. This venerable structure is but a few yards in length, yet it stands in four parishes—Ugborough, Ermington, Harford, and Cornwood—each of which claims a fourth part of it. The objects of interest here are the *Ivy-bridge*, the *river Erme* and its glen, *British antiquities on Dartmoor*, the *viaduct of the S. Devon railway*, *paper-mills*, an *embryo lead-mine*, and the *leaning spire of Ermington*.

The *river Erme*, rising on the hills near Fox Tor, flows through Ivy Bridge, and falls into the sea at Bigbury Bay; and is at times a wild impetuous stream, which leaves its bed of granite, and carries the wreck of the moor over the neighbouring fields. For about 2 m. above Ivy Bridge (as far as *Harford Bridge*), those who enjoy fine scenery should explore this river, which for that distance flows through a romantic solitary glen, filled with old woods and rocks, and just above Ivy Bridge spanned by a *viaduct* of the South Devon railway, a spider-like fabric of such slender proportions, that one wonders it has not long since been blown away into the moor. It resembles at a distance a line of tall chimnies, and consists of a black wooden roadway, which is carried in

a curve over ten pair of white granite pillars, each pair being 60 ft. apart, and, the most elevated, 115 ft. above the valley. Having reached *Harford Bridge*, the stranger should ascend to the village and peep into the churchyard, noting the ages marked on the tombstones, and an old granite monument, which will remind him of the cromlech. On the hill above the village, he may, however, find a sepulchre to which these old tombs are but memorials of our own generation,—a *kistvaen*, enclosed within a circle of 9 upright stones, still erect.

From Harford, if he finds a pleasure in rambling through rude and pathless wilds, he should trace the stream towards its source, passing the remains of some ancient rings of stone (refer to Introd.) to the huge flank of *Sharpitor* (rt. 1½ m. from Harford), where he will find, growing on the rocky slope, some dwarf oak trees and hawthorns, not so aged as those of Wistman's Wood (Route 10.), but, like them, remarkable for their small size, contortion by the wind, and golden coats of moss. The scene is wild and solitary, and on the opposite side of the stream there is an abrupt and dreary hill, the haunt of a lazy echo, who, taking time to frame her answers, renders them by that means the more impressive. Having paused to listen to this 'spirit of a sound,' he should next visit a *cairn*, some 60 yards in circumf. on the top of Sharpitor; and then proceed to *Three Barrow Tor* (the next hill to the N., and 1519 ft. high), which is both crowned with a *cairn* and traversed by an ancient road, or *track-way*, in places 16 ft. wide, which runs down the N. slope, towards the N.W. Farther up the river (3 m. from Sharpitor) is *Erme Pound*, another work of the old inhabitants. *Erme Head* is nearly 2 m. N., and *Yealm Head* 1½ m. S.W. of this pound. *Plym Head* is about 2 m. N.W. of Erme Head. The wanderer, as he returns, can ascend the *Western Beacon* (alt. 1180

ft.), a lofty hill at the entrance of the valley, remarking by the way the havoc which the railway works are making with the granite. The beacon commands a fine view, and is crested by barrows; and others may be observed disposed along the moor in a line to the N.E.

$\frac{2}{4}$ m. N.E. of Ivy Bridge is *Cornwood*, commonly called *Cross*, a village on the Yealm, about 4 m. from its fountain-head. There are lofty tors and antiquities in the moorland valley of this river. *Pen Beacon*, 2 m. N. of *Cornwood*, is 1570 ft. high; *Shell Top*, or *Pensheil*, 1 m. N. of *Pen Beacon*, 1600 ft. On the S.W. slope of the latter are numerous *hut circles*, and in the neighbourhood of these hills, on the bank of the river, about 1 m. from *Yealm Head*, the foundations of an ob-long building (21 ft. by 16 ft.), which the late Mr. Woolcombe, President of the Plymouth Instit., conjectured was a hermitage. Near *Torch Gate*, on *Cholwich-town Moor*, are remains of a *stone avenue* (partly destroyed by the railway contractors), and a *sacred circle* (some 15 ft. in diam.) of which 6 stones stand erect. Close to *Cornwood* are *Goodamoor* (Paul Treby Esq.), *Delamere* (W. M. Praed, Esq.), and *Beechwood*, the seat of Col. Mudge, author of the Ordnance Map of Devonshire; 1 m. S.W., the eminence of *Hemerdon Ball*, on which a large camp was formed when Napoleon was threatening this country with an invasion. In this neighbourhood, too, are the *China-clay Works of Heddon*, *Small Hanger* and *Morley*.

Two *paper mills* are situated on the Erme at Ivy Bridge; and below them, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. from the hotel, is the entrance of a field-path, which accompanies the river to the pretty hamlet of *Caton*, passing the works of a *lead mine*, the shaft of which is sunk to a depth of 25 fathoms on the opposite side of the stream. From *Caton* a lane leads to *Ermington* (Fawn Hotel), the church of which is known for its *leaning spire*; and its name, which is

commonly pronounced *Armeton*, for its citation by Polwhele, as an etymological vestige of the first settlers of this part of Britain, who he contends came from Armenia in Asia. From *Ermington* the pedestrian, if bound for the romantic shores of *Digbury Bay* (Rte. 8.), can follow the stream through the park of *Fleet House* (Lady Elizabeth Bulteel), and pass thence at low-water along the shore of the estuary to *Mothecomb*; or, if likely to be met by the tide, turn to the rt., after passing the mansion of *Fleet House*, and proceed to *Mothecomb* by *Holbeton* (see p. 55.).

On the skirts of the moor near Ivy Bridge are *Blachford* (Sir F. L. Rogers, Bart.), containing pictures; *Slade* (W. Pode, Esq.), and the old farmhouses of *Fardell* and *Cholwich Town*, the former anciently a seat of the family of Sir Walter Raleigh, the latter of *Cholwich*.

$\frac{5}{4}$ *Plympton St. Mary*. (*Inn*: the *George*.) The only building deserving notice is the *Church*, a remarkably handsome structure, in good preservation, and standing in a lawn-like churchyard. It is beautifully tinted with lichens, and decorated in the Gothic taste, with the heads of hideous demons, and a profusion of fanciful ornament. The architecture is a mixture of Dec. and Perp. Observe the E. window, the double row of nave aisles with granite pillars, and the Strode monuments, dated respectively 1460 and 1637. This church was formerly attached to a priory of black canons founded by the Norman bishop, Warelwast, and adjoining it are some trifling remains of the ancient priory. 2 m. to the rt. of this town are *Plym Bridge* and *Bickleigh Vale* (Rte. 10.); and 1 m. to the l.—

Plympton Earl (commemorative of its Norman lords, the *Earls* of Devon), an old Stannary town, but more famous as the birthplace of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*. It contains the ruin of a *Castle*, founded by Richard de Redvers in the reign of Hen. I., and supposed

to have been dismantled when the second Earl of Devon was defending Exeter against Stephen. It was, however, soon afterwards restored. There was some skirmishing around it in the time of King John; and during the siege of Plymouth in 1643 it was the head-quarters of Prince Maurice. In the following year it was taken by the Earl of Essex. The extensive site of the ancient building is encompassed by a moat, and now forms an agreeable promenade; a fragment of the keep crowning a mound which commands a view of the town and of the neighbouring hills. The antiquary may speculate on a singular hollow, which runs through the circular wall of the keep, and may remind him of those in the Scottish 'duns,' or Pictish towers. Many of the houses in Plympton bear the stamp of age, and some project on arches like those of Totness. The venerable *Guildhall* is marked on the front with the date 1617, and was formerly enriched with a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself. The *Grammar School*, of which his father was master, was erected about the year 1664. It is a quaint old building with high roof, portico, and piazza, and well accords with the time-worn granite church and castle adjoining it.

In the neighbourhood of these two towns of Plympton are the seats of *Chaddlewood* (Mrs. Symons), *Beechwood House*, date 1797 (Col. R. Z. Mudge, author of the Ordnance Map of Devonshire), *Hemerdon House* (G. Woolcombe, Esq.), *Newnham Park* (G. Strobe, Esq., and *Elfordleigh* (W. Fox, Esq.). The memory of a *Roman Road* is preserved in the names of Dark - street lane and Ridgeway.

From Plympton our road proceeds to the head of the *Laira Estuary*, and, after traversing its shore in view of the fine woods of *Saltram* (Earl of Morley), the *Laira Bridge*, and *Oreston Quarries*, enters our destination—

4½ *Plymouth* (Rte. 10.).

ROUTE 10.

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH, BY MORETON
HAMPSTEAD AND TAVISTOCK. —
RIVER TEIGN.

2¼ l. *Fordlands* (T. Abbot, Esq.).

1¼ l. *Perridge*, or *Colley Camp*, commanding a fine view of Exeter on the one side, and of the Vale of the Teign on the other.

3 *Dunsford Bridge* (a public-house called the Half Moon). *Cannonteign House*, an Elizabethan structure, now used as a farm-house, together with a new and elegant mansion, erected by the late Viscount Exmouth, are situated about 5 m. S. on the road to Chudleigh. In the troubled reign of Charles I. the old house was garrisoned for the king and taken by Fairfax, Dec. 1645. *Dunsford Bridge*, encompassed by lofty hills, is the point from which travellers generally ascend the banks of the Teign, a crystal stream, abounding with trout, and celebrated for its romantic valley. For a distance of 8 m. the river pursues a swift and tortuous course through a profound dell; its bed strewn with large stones, and canopied by trees; its banks rising in abrupt masses, thickly covered with copse, and occasionally diversified by a projecting cliff. Scenery of this beautiful character is shifted at every bend of the stream. A good path leads from *Dunsford Bridge* along the l. bank as far as *Clifford Bridge*, on the old road from Exeter to Moreton, where, midway on a hill, which descends in a precipice to the river, is *Wootton Castle*, one of the most interesting camps in the neighbourhood, and pronounced to be British. It is an irregular oval, formed by a single ditch and rampart, but connected with other works higher on the hill. On the E. side is a covered way, which leads, in one direction, to the river, and in the other, to an elevated mound, which was, probably, a fire-beacon, used in communicating with the other camps on the Teign.

From Clifford Bridge a road proceeds to Fingle Bridge and Drewsteignton (about 3 m.); but the pedestrian should pursue his way by the side of the water (although a difficult course), as the road is uninteresting, and affords no view of the river until it turns abruptly to the l. at the foot of the ascent to Drewsteignton, and passes down a romantic hollow to

Fingle Bridge (from *fyn*, boundary, *gelli*, hazel; or *gill*, waterfall). This is generally considered the most beautiful spot on the Teign. The scenery, however, for 2 m. above it is worthy of equal praise. The bridge is itself a very picturesque old structure, narrow and buttressed, based on rocks, and mantled with ivy. The locality is secluded, and the river shut in by towering hills rising to an immense height. The l. bank soars upward so abruptly as to form precipices and a slide for the débris of the rocks. At its summit is the old camp of *Preston Berry Castle*, supposed to be British, and enclosing 6 or 7 acres, which are protected by a double rampart on the N. E., or most assailable side, and further strengthened in the same quarter by an outlying mound near the remains of a roadway. This camp is, however, commanded by another, called *Cranbrook Castle*, on the opposite side of the river. This, in shape and size, corresponds with *Preston Berry*; but on its S. side it has a higher rampart, and a deep ditch. On its northern side the steepness of the hill formed the only defence. In both, the mound is composed of fragments of stone mingled with earth; but the antiquary will observe with regret that from this old rampart the material is taken for the repair of the neighbouring roads. The ascent from the bridge towards *Cranbrook Castle* is by zig-zags through a dense coppice, and at one of the angles the wood opens and displays a very beautiful *vista* of "*many-folded hills*," the eye

glancing up the course of the river through a group of wooded promontories, which alternately project from the opposite sides, and appear as if they had been cut from recesses which front them. A mill is prettily situated a short distance below the bridge, and the miller, who gravely offends by diverting the water from the bed of the stream, provides, in deprecation of the traveller's resentment, a parlour and kitchen, with which parties bringing their own provisions are accommodated.

The village of *Drewsteignton* stands on high ground, about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the bridge. This place is supposed to have been the principal seat of the Druids in Devonshire. In the reign of Hen. II. the manor was held by *Drogo* or *Drewe* de Teignton, but the name of the village is supposed to have had an earlier origin; it has been interpreted as the *Druids' Town on the Teign*. The British camps on the river and some other antiquities in the neighbourhood would certainly appear to countenance the idea that this part of the country was thickly populated in the time of the Britons. *Drewsteignton* is provided with some village ale-houses, of which the *Victory* is the best.

From *Fingle Bridge* those who can buffet with briars should walk up the side of the stream for 2 m. The brake is in places almost impenetrable, but the scenery is of a character to repay any amount of exertion. The l. bank is roughened by some beautiful crags. The first which meets the view is known by the common name of *Sharptor*, or *Sharpitor*. Having passed safely beneath this frowning ruin, the tourist will reach a bend in the river, and beyond this, in the channel of the stream, but close to the bank, lies the reputed *Lojan Stone*. This great fragment, about 12 ft. in length by 6 in height and width, has evidently fallen from the hill above it, and once, by all accounts, oscillated freely on its point of sup-

port. Polwhele informs us that he moved it with one hand in 1797. At present, however, it stands as firmly rooted as the hills around it, and is probably fixed by sand washed under it by the floods. At this spot the wanderer will open to view the mouth of the ravine, formed on the one side by a ruinous crag called *Hunstor*, and on the other by *Whyddon Park* (E. S. Bayley, Esq., but long the seat of the Whyddons), one of the most romantic scenes imaginable, a wild hill-side covered with aged oaks and mossy rocks. The tourist should ascend to the top of *Hunstor* for the best view of this charming scene. From this eminence the river has the appearance of flowing up hill from a swampy valley into a rugged defile and the heart of a mountainous country. To the W. the sombre masses of Dartmoor give a magnificent finish to the landscape. About $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond the portal of the ravine, the Teign is crossed at Dogmarsh Bridge by the road from Moreton to Oakhampton. About 1 m. from this bridge, in the direction of the latter town (or $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Drewsteignton) a fine cromlech, called the

Spinsters' Rock, stands on an eminence of Shilston farm $\frac{1}{4}$ m. rt. of the road (turn to the rt. through a lodge-gate). This interesting old monument derives its name from a whimsical tradition that three spinsters (who were *spinners*) erected it one morning before breakfast; but "may we not," says Mr. Rowe (Peramb. of Dartmoor), "detect in this legend of the three fabulous spinners the terrible Valkyriur of the dark mythology of our Northern ancestors—the *Fatal Sisters*, the choosers of the slain, whose dread office was to 'weave the warp and weave the woof of destiny.'" Polwhele informs us that the legend varies, and that for the three spinsters some have substituted three young men and their father, who brought the stones from the highest part of Dartmoor; and in this phase of the

legend has been traced an obscured tradition of Noah and his three sons. The *Spinsters' Rock* consists of a table-stone about 15 ft. in length by 10 in breadth, supported by 3 pillars 7 ft. high, so that most people can walk under it erect. The hill on which it stands commands an excellent view of *Cawsand Beacon*. About 100 yds. beyond the cromlech on the other (N.) side of the lane, is a pond of water, of about 3 acres, called *Bradmere Pool*, prettily situated in a wood. It is said to be unfathomable, and to remain full to the brim during the driest seasons, and some regard it as artificially formed and of high antiquity—in short, a Druidical pool of lustration connected with the adjacent cromlech. On the S. bank, the ground rises steep from the water, and forms an elliptical mound, and this Col. Hamilton Smith supposes to have been the mimic *Ararat* to which the novice was conducted in his mystic regeneration. The country-people have a legend of a passage formed of large stones leading underground from *Bradmere* to the *Teign*, near the logan stone. The skirts of Dartmoor in this neighbourhood abound in rugged, romantic scenes, particularly about *Gidleigh* and *Chagford*.

Resuming our route from *Dunsford Bridge* to *Moreton Hampstead*, we proceed by a picturesque road among woods and hills.

3 A dark rock to the l. forms part of a tor called the *Black Stone*. The hills now increase in boldness, and the stones which strew their flanks remind the traveller of his approach to the granitic region of Dartmoor, which opens magnificently to view on the descent to *Moreton*.

2 *Moreton Hampstead*, commonly called *Morton*, *i. e.* *Moor-town*. (*Inns*: *White Hart*; *White Horse*.) This small place, situated in a wild and beautiful country on the border of Dartmoor, and swept by the purest and most invigorating breezes, is remarkable for its salubrity.

which the stranger may infer from the healthful looks of the inhabitants, particularly of the women, who are quite Amazons in appearance. The houses are mean and thatched, and, with the exception of the *poor house*, which has an arched arcade of the 17th cent., there is nothing worth notice in the town save an old cross and elm tree at the entrance of the churchyard. It is said that the elm tree had its branches trained to support a stage for dancing, and that the boughs above afforded a pleasant perch for the fiddler. The scenery in the neighbourhood is of an exquisite cast; the hills wild and rocky, and covered with furze "so thick and splendid, that it may be compared to an embroidery of gold on velvet of the richest green." The following are the most interesting scenes and objects:—The valleys of *Lustleigh Cleave* and *Houndtor Coomb*, *Becky Fall*, the *Heytor Rocks*, *Fingle Bridge*, the *Spinsters' Rock*, the town of *Chagford* and *Gidleigh Park*, the British camps of *Preston Berry*, *Cranbrook* and *Wootton Castle*, on the Teign, *Druidical circles*, near Fenworthy and on Sittaford Tor, and an old British village called *Grimspound*, in the parish of Manaton. Those who make any stay at this town should also visit the *Black Stone* (about 2 m. E.), a very interesting tor; the *White Stone* (1 m. N. E. of Black Stone, and the same N. of Bridford), towering like an old castle above the valley of the Teign; *Shat Tor* (between Bridford and Christow), another feature of the Teign scenery, chiselled by nature in the form of steps, as if for the purpose of an Ascension; the beautiful valley of *Lustleigh*, with its picturesque village (4 m. S.); and the *Nottor Rock*, a tor of trap (at Hennock, some 6 m. S. E.), curiously fissured, and commanding a magnificent view. Near Moreton is *Wray Barton*, a Tudor mansion, belonging to J. Courtier, Esq. *Bridford* church, 4 m. E., has a fine screen.

Lustleigh Cleave (about 3½ m. from

Moreton and ¼ m. below the village of Manaton) is one of those rough romantic valleys in which granite acts as a scare-crow to improvement, and nature is free to follow the bent of her own sweet fancies. The word *cleave* signifies common or uncultivated land, and this of *Lustleigh* has apparently come down to us "rude and untouched from the beginning of time;" withal it is so secluded, that were it not for the rocks, which serve the traveller as a landmark, there would be difficulty in finding it. These conspicuous objects roughen the hill-side which bounds it, and at the summit of the ridge hang in crags so fancifully shaped as to have acquired names from the peasantry. One, ivy-hung, and massive as a ruin of old, is called the *Raven's Tower*, being a haunt of these birds. Another, a favourite retreat of Reynard, is distinguished by the name of the *Fox's Yard*. At the entrance of the valley the stream is checked by a singular impediment. The channel is deep, but filled to the brim with masses of granite, so that the water flows as it were underground, but its murmurs are heard as it forces its way through the pores of this natural filter. The stones are called the *Horsham Steps*, after the name of the estate, and from the circumstance of their being crossed by a footpath. The stream flows along the skirts of an old wood which climbs the acclivity of a hill among weed-grown rocks, and altogether the scene is as beautiful as it is curious. At certain seasons of the year these "steps" are passed by salmon; and in the winter frequently buried under a flood, when a woody recess below them, called *Horsham Bay*, is filled with water. The angler should be informed that the *Bovey Brook*, as this limpid rivulet is called, is a notable trout-stream. A little beyond the Horsham Steps the traveller will obtain the best view of the Cleave, and remark the charming irregularity of the hill-side on the rt., which presents a sweet interchange of

wooded swells and hollows. On the granite ridge to the l. lies a logan stone, called the *Nutcrackers*, difficult to find, but situated near the S. end of the ridge, and on the Cleave side of the summit. The mark for it is a spherical mass of granite perched aloft on the top of a conspicuous carn. The Nutcracking Rock lies just below, and S. of this object. It is a small rock, about 5 ft. in length and breadth, resting, as it were, upon a keel, so that a push rolls it from side to side; its progress, at each vibration, being arrested by a stone against which it knocks. Hence it derives its name; for a nut, being inserted at the point of contact, is very thoroughly broken by a stroke of the logan. The block next to it oscillates in a similar manner, and is a larger piece of granite; but the former stone is so perfectly balanced, that it can be moved with the little finger. From this elevated position the traveller may gain a geographical idea of the Cleave and surrounding country; and such knowledge may be useful, as heights and hollows in this beautiful neighbourhood are so irregularly grouped that it is difficult for a stranger to direct his course with certainty. He will observe that 3 valleys meet at the end of the Cleave; viz. the valley of Lustleigh, in which the village of that name is situated; the Cleave; and *Houndtor Coomb*, which winding from the moor near Heytor, is joined near Manaton by another valley, which passes that village in its course from Hamilton Down. The view is truly delightful; the Bovey Heathfield is seen to the S., the fantastic rocks and brown moors of Heytor and Houndtor to the W., and the church of Manaton just peeping over the boundary of the Cleave. The traveller should next pass from this secluded vale by the Horsham Steps, and ascend the pathway through the wood to the village of

Manaton, which is about 4 m. from Moreton through N. Bovey (a poor

public-house is the only accommodation for those who hunger and thirst). The situation of this village is wild and beautiful; woods, rocks, and singularly shaped hills are seen from it in every direction, and a rugged carn rises behind the clergyman's house; but few will admire the taste which has crowned it with turrets and a flag-staff! The church is particularly well placed, and worth a visit. At the threshold of the S. porch is a curious inscribed stone of the Brito-Roman æra; and in the interior of the building old monuments of the Dinham's, of the age of Edw. II. or Edw. III. In a field just E. of the church, and near the road, you may find a small elliptical *pound*. Opposite to Manaton the granite tors are remarkably imposing. One rock, formed of five layers of stone, and rising to a height of more than 30 ft., resembles a gigantic human figure, and is known by the name of *Bowerman's Nose*; "of which name," says Mr. Burt in his notes to Carrington's "*Dartmoor*," "there was a person in the Conqueror's time, who lived at Hountor or Houndtor in Manaton." This curious object rises from a *clatter* about 1 m. S.W. of Manaton, and is viewed to most advantage from the N. When seen from the higher ground on the S. it bears some likeness to a Hindoo idol in a sitting posture — a form which may often be traced in granite piles; for instance, in the Armed Knight, seated among the waves below the cliffs of the Land's End. Snakes, called in Devonshire *long cripples*, are said to be numerous in this parish, and Polwhele tells us of one which so greatly alarmed the neighbourhood, that "fancy, worked upon by fear, had swelled it beyond the size of the human body, had given it legs and wings, and had heard it hiss for miles around."

Becky Fall is in the valley of Houndtor Coomb, about 1 m. from Manaton, from which it is approached over a

Lustleigh Carn

rustic bridge by a field-path from the lane. The small stream of the Becky, after flowing some distance from its source, meets with a sudden fall, tumbling some 80 ft. down an escarpment of granite. The channel is, however, so broad and deep, and heaped with so many rocks, that in summer the water is only heard in its stony bed; yet the spot is at all times romantic and delightful, the ground being wooded, and falling abruptly to a dell. In the winter the cascade very frequently presents an imposing spectacle, thundering in volume over the fall, while icicles hang from the trees and wave to and fro in the wind which is raised by the rushing water. Here the botanist may find some curious mosses, and *Lichen articulatus*, a rare plant. *Beck* is a common term in the N. of England for a hill stream.

Houndtor (or Hounter) *Coomb* is a good specimen of those wild valleys on the border of Dartmoor, where the farmer has penetrated a short distance, and rocks and bogs are intermingled with oak woods and fields. Its prominent feature is the summit of *Houndtor*, capped by some remarkable rocks, resembling the pillars of a ruinous old temple, but changing their forms as often as the spectator shifts his position. The stranger will be astonished on beholding from one point a stony mushroom of extraordinary size (like the *Cheesewring* in Cornwall); and at another, a fantastic group bearing some resemblance to a conclave of monsters. Such a wonder will probably tempt him to dispel the illusion by a scramble up the hill, and he may be assured that a nearer view of this strange assembly will repay the exertion. The remains of a *kiatvaen* in a circle of stones, may be found about a furlong S. of the tor. At the head of the valley the moor is seen in all its grandeur and desolation, and the slopes are covered with granite, which is extensively quarried on the heights. About 2 m.

in a southerly direction, or 3 m. from *Becky Fall*, soar aloft those conspicuous rocks which form the cleft summit of

Heytor or *Hightor*, an eminence, however, some distance from *Moreton*, and more generally ascended from *Chudleigh* or *Ashburton*. The traveller, no doubt, will already be distantly acquainted with its remarkable crown of granite, as its bold and singular shape renders it a striking feature of many views from the eastern parts of the county. Arrived at the dizzy pinnacle, he will find it to consist of two tors, which are of little interest in comparison with the superb landscape which opens to the sight, and for the enjoyment of which he should climb the westernmost rock. From that summit he will behold in one view the area of the *South Hams*, a splendid prospect of woods, rivers, and "the infinite of smiling fields," bounded by the sea. Towards the E. the hills are also cultivated, though crowned with the *Bottor Rock*; but on the N. and W. the face of nature wears a frown, and gloomy moors stretch away into the farthest distance. The grandeur of this lonely region is, however, most impressive, and must forcibly arrest the traveller's attention. There is a solemnity in the deep-toned colouring of the moor, in the stillness which reigns around, and the vastness of the desolate view; while variety and animation are imparted to such scenes by the glancing lights and moving shadows, the purple bloom of the heather, and the changeful tints of the innumerable hills. On *Heytor* are remains which possess a human interest, and carry the mind back to the most distant times; for on the slope of the tor may be observed a group of *hut circles*, and the ruins of a Celtic road, or *trackway*, which traverses the hill from N.W. to S.E. Immediately below the summit, on the eastern side, is the celebrated quarry, well adapted as a foreground for a sketch, and dis-

playing magnificent walls of granite. The stone is carried down the declivity of the moor on a granite tram-road. It is then shipped on the *Stover Canal*, by which it is conveyed to Teignmouth. About a mile distant on the same side of the hill, is the hamlet of *Heytor Town* with a small inn. If determined to see all the curiosities of the neighbourhood, the tourist should now walk to *Rippon Tor* (alt. 1549 ft.), situated next to Heytor, in a W. direction, and commanding a view of the romantic vale and hamlet of Widdecombe in the Moor. Upon this rugged eminence are the remains of a *trackway*, and $\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. of the summit, on the crest of the ridge, the *Nutcrackers*, once a logan-stone, but now immovably fixed. It is, however, an interesting object—a stone about 16 ft. in length, poised horizontally upon an upright rock, which rises from a wild *clatter* of granite fragments.

Widdecombe in the Moor marks the frontier of cultivation, but is a very ancient place, as may be seen by the weather-stained walls of the cottages. An old manor-house called *North Hall*, of which no remains are now visible, formerly stood near the churchyard. The church tower is much admired, and is said to have been voluntarily built by a company of tinnors who had worked the neighbouring mines with great profit, and the edifice is further interesting as having been the scene of a frightful disaster. In Oct. 1638, during divine service, a terrible storm burst over the village, and, after some flashes of uncommon brilliancy, a ball of fire dashed through a window of the church into the midst of the congregation. At once the pews were overturned, four persons were killed, and sixty-two wounded, many by a pinnacle of the tower which tumbled through the roof, while "the stones," says Prince, "were thrown down from the steeple as fast as if it had been by 100 men." The country-people

accounted for this awful destruction by a wild tale that "the devil, dressed in black, and mounted on a black horse, inquired his way to the church of a woman who kept a little public house on the moor. He offered her money to become his guide, but she distrusted him on remarking that the liquor went hissing down his throat, and finally had her suspicions confirmed by discovering he had a cloven foot which he could not conceal by his boot." On the same day Plymouth was pelted by enormous hail-stones. The visitor to Widdecombe church should read some edifying verses on a tablet in the N. aisle commemorating the calamity.

Just S. of Widdecombe, on the side of Torrhill (W. of the Ashburton road), are the remains of a *British village*, very curiously partitioned by *track-lines*; and within $\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. of the church tower 2 *logan stones*, still moveable; one called the *Rug-glestone* about 5 ft. thick, 22 ft. long, 19 ft. broad, and computed to weigh 110 tons; the other a flatter stone, about 10 ft. in length, and 9 ft. in breadth. The vale of Widdecombe shut in by lofty and granite-strewn hills, with the fine perpendicular tower rising in the centre, is of extreme beauty. Ancient sycamores are scattered up and down the slopes, so stately and wide-spreading, as to recal the noble lines of Waller:—

"In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shade, and angels entertain'd:
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And, by frequenting sacred shades, grow
wise."

The old monument called *Grims-pound* is situated on *Hamilton Down*, alt. (1738 ft.) about 7 m. W. of Moreton, and 3 m. W.N.W. of Manaton. From the former town it may be reached on foot or horseback, by pursuing the Tavistock road 5 m., and then turning to the l., and crossing the moor for about 2 m. in a southerly direction. In a carriage it will be necessary to proceed along the

high road 6 m., to a small public-house near *Vitifer Mine* (observe the old stone *cross* where you turn from the high road). *Vitifer Mine* lies in a valley to the l., and *Grimspound* is situated high above it, 2 m. E. From *Manaton* a person on foot should direct his course up the valley to the first farm-house under *Hamilton Down*, (on which *Down* may be seen remains of the central *trackway*, vide *Introd.*, and *Berry Pound* on the N.E. declivity), and then turn to the l., and follow a stream to its source on the summit of the hill. There he will find himself on the open moor, and, by walking a little distance down the declivity, will open to view the grey stones of *Grimspound*. Disposed as a circular rampart round a space of nearly four acres, they are rough granite blocks, apparently thrown loosely together, but in all probability the wreck of a more perfect work. One large block on the N. side appears indeed to have been placed in its position with care; and close to this rises a spring, which doubtless supplied the ancient inhabitants with water. The enclosed area is dotted with a number of those small *hut circles* which are so numerous on *Dartmoor*; and on the E. and W. sides are openings in which some flat stones were lately to be seen. This circle, or *pound*, as it is usually called, differs from the common kind only in point of size, and is generally supposed to be the remains of a walled town of the ancient Britons. *Polwhele*, however, considers that it was a court of judicature for the *Cantred of Durius*, or the *Dart*, while *Crockern Tor* was that of the *Cantred of the Tamar*. The locality is wild and desolate, and well calculated to encourage the train of thought which such venerable relics may suggest. The declivity slopes to a barren valley (the site of *Vitifer mine*); rock-strewn eminences rise on either side, and lonely hills close the view. On *Challacombe Down*, a

stone avenue may be traced N. and S. about 80 yards; and on *Hooknor Tor*, just N. of *Grimspound*, are a number of *hut circles*. The traveller should ascend this tor so as to look down upon *Grimspound*. He can then, if bound to *Moreton Hampstead*, strike over the moor towards the N., when he will shortly reach the high road at about the 5th milestone from his destination. If viewed by sunset this interesting old monument will long linger in the memory.

Chagford (Inn: Three Crowns, Mrs. Brock, a good tempered and original hostess) is a picturesque old *Stannary town* about 4 m. from *Moreton*. It is situated on elevated ground in the midst of deep dells and half-reclaimed hills of a very beautiful character, and commands a view of *Cawsand Beacon*, with other mountainous tors, and of the entrance to the gorge of the *Teign*, near *Drewsteigton*. It is recommended by physicians for its pure and bracing air, and the scenery in the neighbourhood is also calculated to restore the invalid. During the *Rebellion*, the royalists made an attack on this village, when, says *Clarendon*, "they lost *Sidney Godolphin*, a young gentleman of incomparable parts. He received a mortal shot by a musket, a little above the knee, of which he died on the instant, leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwise have had a mention in the world." *Clarendon*, however, it must be remembered, wrote before handbooks were in request, for it is impossible to enumerate all the romantic scenes round *Chagford*. At all events the stranger will do well to wander about the course of the *Teign*, and down by the village of *Gidleigh* along the skirt of the moor. *Chagford* is justly a favourite retreat of artists, and the amateur will find the little inn, with its thatched roof and ivied porch, an irresistible bait. It was formerly the dower house attached to *Whyd-don Park*, and was built by judge

Whyddon in the reign of James I. Godolphin—so runs the local tradition—was killed in the porch. An old water-mill at Holy-street, about 1 m. W., is another excellent subject for the pencil.

The neighbourhood is rich in antiquities. Within the compass of a walk or ride are the *British camps* above Fingle Bridge; the *cromlech* called the Spinsters' Rock; *Druidical circles* on Scorhill Down, on Sittaford Tor, and near Fenworthy; a *British bridge* on the N. Teign; a *rock pillar* and *hut circles* on Castor; and the remains of a *Norman castle* at Gidleigh. Chagford is also a convenient starting-place for a hunt after *Cranmere*, "the mother of the Dartmoor rivers," a pool which has been invested with a certain mystery by the extreme wildness of its situation, and the difficulty of traversing the morasses which surround it. Indeed, it is so seldom found by those who go in search of it, that many have ranked this "mother of rivers" with that creation of the fancy the Brown Man of the moors.

The antiquities can be easily seen in 2 days. On the first you may visit Fingle Bridge, Spinsters' Rock, and return to Chagford by Gidleigh. On the second you can proceed by Holy-street and Gidleigh Park to Scorhill Circle; ascend Kistor; follow the stream to Sittaford Tor; inspect the bridge on the Teign, and the circles called the Grey Wethers; and return by the Fenworthy circle to Chagford. You will find these curiosities fully described below.

Holy-street is a romantic hamlet, about 1 m. W., close to the confluence of the N. and S. Teign. The name has given rise to a conjecture that a sacred Druidical road once passed this way from the cromlech at Shilston to the circle on Scorhill Down. Here there is a mill most wonderfully picturesque; and $\frac{1}{2}$ m. further W., on the river's S. bank, the *Puckie* or *Puggie Stone*, which

commands an excellent view of the wild glen of Gidleigh Park.

Gidleigh Park (Rev. A. Whipham) is well known as a magnificent scene of wood and rock, where the Teign hurries down a declivity, and, in the course of ages, has wormed a deep channel in the granite, which it traverses with a roar which may be heard at a great distance. The slopes are forest wilds, in which birches are interspersed among rocks of granite. A reputed *tolmén*, or holed stone, may be found in the river, close to the N. bank, a little below the confluence of the Wallbrook with the N. Teign, and opposite the end of a stone hedge. A little above the meeting of the same streams is *Scorhill Circle*, considered the finest example of a Druidical temple in the county. Many of the stones have fallen, but 20 are still erect, enclosing an area about 100 ft. in diameter. The stones are of various sizes, but there is one nearly 8 ft. and another 6 ft. in height. Adjoining this circle, on the Wallbrook, is an ancient bridge, or *clam*, of a single stone, 15 ft. in length. About 1 m. N. of Gidleigh Park is the village of *Gidleigh*, containing a picturesque fragment of an old Norman castle, which belonged to the family of Prous from the reign of the Conqueror to that of Ed. II.

An excursion is often made from Chagford to the *Castor* or *Kistor Rock*, a tor in sight from the village, and about 3 m. W. The road to it is a lane (so designated by courtesy) as far as a most primitive hamlet, called *Teigncoomb* (2 m.), which is the limit of cultivation. Above this place, on the moor, are a number of *hut circles*, and lines of stones (refer to *Introd.*) scattered over a large area. One of the former is uncommonly perfect. The earth has been evidently lowered in the interior, and the stones are on their edges in contact, and form, on one side, a small recess. The slope towards the

Teign is also covered with these interesting remains, among which there is one which differs from the rest, being a circle about 50 ft. in diam. enclosing a smaller one of the usual size. This is known by the name of *Roundy Pound*. Further traces of the old Britons may be seen on the next hill to the W., which is scored by a *stone avenue*, or double row of detached upright stones, which are disposed along it like tombstones for nearly the length of a mile. S.W. of Kistor, at a distance of 1 m., is the *Longstone*, doubtless, says Mr. Rowe (*Peramb. of Dartmoor*), a genuine rock pillar, although used as a boundary stone in modern times. A *stone avenue* runs from it in the direction of Scorhill Circle. From the Kistor Rock the stranger will gain an insight into the character of Dartmoor, and, if charmed with its naked hills, and bound in a westerly direction, he may trace the N. Teign to its source, which lies between Cut Hill and Sittaford Tor, at a distance of about 4 m.; and from that lonely spot among the bogs he may reach the head of the W. Dart by crossing its E. branch and the opposite hill, and may descend through Wistman's Wood to Two Bridges (an additional 6 m., or thereabouts). *Cut Hill* is a great eminence (crowned with a pile of turf) in the central morass of Dartmoor; its sides rent open by the rain, and quite inaccessible in a wet season. Its summit commands a grand desolation,—extensive bogs, which contain the fountains of the Dart, Tavy, Teign, Taw, and Okement. These rivers may be said to drain all from one source, but they flow in different directions, and are soon a great distance apart. In the view from Kistor the traveller will remark in the W.N.W., on the distant profile of the moor, a barren eminence fringed with rocks which, in outline, bear a whimsical resemblance to trees; and W. by N., at a distance of some 2 m., *Wutern Tor*, a very interesting pile of

granite divided by a cleft, through which, it is said, a horseman may ride.

No stranger to this neighbourhood should neglect to visit *Whyddon Park*, a romantic hill-side at the entrance to the gorge of the Teign, and a short 2 m. walk from Chagford by a path along the river-bank. You will enter the park at the mansion of Whyddon, anciently the seat of the Whyddon family, and now of the Bayleys. Here are huge old Scotch and Silver firs to delight you at the threshold; but higher on the hill are scenes and objects magnificently wild,—vistas of beech and aged oaks, chaotic *clatters* and piles of granite, herds of deer among the fern and mossy stones, and, at a distance, the towering tors of Dartmoor.

Sittaford Tor, the site of the Druidical circles called the Grey Wethers, is about 6 m. from Chagford and 3 m. from Kistor, and may be found by pursuing the N. Teign nearly to its source. The tor is situated S. of the river, on the rt. bank. In its vicinity the traveller (if he keeps near the stream) will find one of the most interesting relics on Dartmoor, a *British bridge* of 3 openings, spanning the N. Teign. This rude old structure, which is in fine preservation, is about 7 feet in width and 27 in length, and formed entirely of granite blocks. On the S.E. slope of Sittaford Tor are the *Grey Wethers*, 2 circles of which the circumferences nearly touch, like those of the Hurlers on the Bodmin Moors. Each circle is 120 ft. in diam., and appears to have once consisted of 27 stones; but 9 only are now erect in the one, and 7 in the other. About 2 m. E. is the *sacred circle*, near Fenworthy, which is 60 ft. in diam., and formed of 27 stones, which are all erect. They stand about 3 ft. apart, and the highest is 4 ft. above the ground.

Cranmere Pool is very difficult to find, and very difficult of approach, but is, perhaps, more easily reached from Chagford than from any other

border town, as it is situated about 2 m. due W. of a conspicuous mark in this neighbourhood, *Watern Tor*. It is merely a pool of water in the midst of deep morasses, which are every where rent open by the rain; but as there is some chance of being bewildered among the bogs in a search for it, and as it has been considered the fountain-head of more than one well-known river, the stranger may like to go in quest of it; and if provided with these directions, with a pocket compass, stout legs, and fine weather, his adventure will probably be crowned with success, and he will reach the shore of this dreary *Lake of Cranes*. From Chagford and Watern Tor he may ride as far as *White Horse Hill* (just N. of Sittaford Tor); but there he will enter the *ture-ties* (where they cut peat), and soon the lonely region of the great central wilderness, which is impassable by a pony. Here he may consider the scenery rather dreary; but there are many who will find an indescribable charm in it. Far to the N. and W. stretches an immense morass, coating both hill and valley, and seamed on the slopes by furrows of black earth 8 or 10 ft. deep. But there are voices and visions in this wilderness to cheer the wanderer. The murmurs of the rivulets and the cries of strange birds fall pleasantly on the ear; while the hills are varied by the most beautiful tints, which alternately shine and wane as the lights and shadows play over them. Cranmere Pool is the largest piece of water on Dartmoor, though not above 220 yards in circumf. It has been called "the mother of the Dartmoor rivers," but is, in fact, only the source of the W. Okement, which receives many other little streamlets as it trickles towards Yes Tor. Four other rivers, however, rise at short distances from Cranmere,—the Taw, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. E.; the Tavy, below Great Kneeset Tor, 1 m. S.W.; the Dart, 1 m. S.; and the Teign, near Sittaford Tor, about 2 m. S.E.

Dev. & Cornwall.

The ascent of *Cawsand Beacon* (alt. 1792 ft.) is another excursion often made from Chagford; the traveller can visit *Gidleigh Castle* and *Shelstone Pound*, on the way. From the summit of the Beacon the two channels—the Bristol and the English—are visible at once.

Proceeding again on our route from Moreton Hampstead:

3 *Bector Cross*, at the intersection of the Moreton and Tavistock, and Ashburton and Chagford roads. The old cross may be found in an adjoining field.

1 The traveller bids adieu to cultivation, and rises into the elevated wilds of Dartmoor, of which it is now necessary to give some description.

Dartmoor occupies an area of about 130,000 acres, the greater part of which was afforested by King John, under the name of *Dartmoor Forest*, which was granted by Hen. III. to his brother Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and in the reign of Edw. III. united to the Duchy. The length of the moor from N. to S. is 22 m., the breadth about 20 m., and the mean elevation about 1700 ft. This vast expanse has, in every part, that billowy aspect which Humboldt describes as the characteristic of primitive chains. It is entirely of granite, and has been aptly compared to a mountain squeezed down, and in the process split asunder, "till the whole was one hilly wilderness, showing ever and anon strange half-buried shapes striving to uplift themselves towards the sky." With the exception of some small farms, on the high road and far from each other, Dartmoor is entirely uncultivated, its gloomy hills and glens being seldom disturbed by other sounds than those of the rushing torrent or howling wind. A coarse grass, heather, reeds, the whortleberry, and moss, are the principal produce of the granitic soil; trees vanish from the view upon entering the moor, and even fern and furze are confined to the deepest val-

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leys; but there is a tradition that Dartmoor was once clothed with a forest, in which deer and wild cattle found a secure asylum, and the trunks of trees often found in the bogs would seem to warrant the legend. In the heart of the wilderness both hill and valley are desolated by an immense morass, deeply furrowed by the rains, inaccessible except after a long continuance of dry weather, and in some places incapable of supporting the lightest animal; and here rise the most celebrated of those numberless streams which give life to the dreary waste, and descend through ravines on the border of the district. The Dart, Teign, Tavy, and Taw all drain from this huge plastic store of peat; the rivers Erme and Yealm, and about 50 smaller streams from less extensive swamps in other quarters of the moor; all being alike characterised by a beautiful transparency and azure colour during fine weather, but subject to sudden inundations, when, in the language of Ossian, "red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill." "The roaring of these torrents after heavy rains, and when the wind favours its transmission, is sublime to a degree inconceivable by those who have never heard their impressive music in a wild and solitary district." There are two streams on the moor, which indicate by their names the peculiarities of these mountain rivers: *Cherrybrook*, denoting their colour when flooded; and *Blackbrook*, or *Blackabrook*, having reference to the dark coating of moss on their granite stones.

The most striking features of Dartmoor are the *Tors*, enormous rocks of granite crowning the hills, and remarkable for their whimsical resemblance to ruinous castles, the figures of uncouth animals, and even to "human forms, gigantic in their dimensions, which sometimes seem to start wildly up as the lords and natural denizens of this rugged wilderness." These tors are all distin-

guished by names, which attach to the hills as well as to their granite crowns, and may afford entertainment to those who are versed in the Welsh or Cornish languages. Some are apparently derived from the gods of the Druidical worship, as *Hessary Tor*, *Mis Tor*, *Bel Tor*, and *Ham Tor*; respectively from *Hesus*, the God of battles, *Misor*, the moon, *Bel* or *Belus*, the sun, and *Ham* or *Ammon*, another of the British deities. Others, again, it would seem, have been taken from various animals, as *Lynx* or *Links Tor*, *Hare Tor*, *Fox Tor*, *Hound Tor*, *Sheep's Tor*, and *Dunnagoat Tor*; yet it is not unlikely that they are corruptions, and have had a very different origin. Thus *Lynx Tor* is probably the Cornish *lynnick*, marshy; *Dunnagoat*, *dun-a-coet*, answering to the Saxon 'underwood;' and many others—such as *High Willies* and *Wallabrook*—are perhaps memorials of ancient tin mines, the Cornish *huels*, which are pronounced *wheels*. *Ephraim's Pinch*, a high tract N. of *Bel Tor*, would seem to be indebted for its name to the Jews, who so long farmed the tin-works. The loftiest of these rock-capped hills is *Yes Tor*, near *Oakhampton*, 2050 ft. above the sea, and 682 ft. higher than *Brown Willy*, the summit of *Cornwall*; but no less than 19 of the *Dartmoor tors* attain a greater elevation than *Brown Willy*. Of their numbers an idea may be conveyed by the statement that 150 are enumerated by name in a note to *Carrington's* poem of "*Dartmoor*"; but some which are therein mentioned are now separated from the moor by cultivation. The principal summits are *Yes Tor*, *Cawsand Beacon*, *Fur Tor*, *Lynx Tor*, and *Rough Tor*, in the N. quarter; *S. Brent Tor*, *West Beacon*, and *Holne Ridge*, in the S. quarter; *Hey Tor*, *Rippon Tor*, *Hound Tor*, and *Hamilton Down*, in the E. quarter; and *Sheep's Tor*, *Lethe Tor*, *N. Hessary Tor*, *Crockern Tor*, *Whiten Tor*, *Great Bairdown*, *Great Mis Tor*, *N. Brent Tor*, and *Hare*

Tor, in the W. quarter. These are the most conspicuous eminences, and, with the exception of the two Brent Tors, as wild and rude as mountains, and well calculated to delight all those who can appreciate the grandeur of their desolate scenery. Their hues are ever changing, and indescribably beautiful, depending in a measure upon the altitude of the sun, and the spectator's position with regard to it. On a bright clear day the hills have a spectral appearance for want of colour, and their cloud-like shading adds not a little to their sublimity. At all times, however, they exhibit that harmonious combination of tints peculiar to wild districts where nature has been left to herself. She paints the land which is patched with fields and scored with hedge-rows; but there her colouring is dependent on the farmer. The artist will find that the tints of the moor, although infinitely varied by distance and the state of the atmosphere, are derivable from a few humble plants, viz. heather, a grass with white seeds, a pale green grass, a bright green moss, and a red grass and rushes in the swamps. These are beautifully contrasted by the grey of rocks and the blue of streams, and modified by the shadows which fleet over the expanse. By sunset, however, it is a far more difficult task to analyse the colours which shine on these solitary hills. The rocks of the tors are everywhere much *weathered*, and principally, no doubt, by the abrasion of the rain which is dashed against them, for the fury with which the winds assail these granite heights can be understood only by those who have been exposed to it. The nakedness of the moor much increases the effect of these *aërial shoals*, which cause the wind to rush over their crests with an accelerated velocity, as banks in the bed of the sea quicken the currents which flow over them. The Germans wish a troublesome neighbour on the top of the *Brocken*. *Dartmoor* is the Devon-

shire *Brocken*, the local rhyme running thus:—

“ He that will not merry be,
With a pretty girl by the fire,
I wish he was a-top of Dartmoor
A-stugged in the mire.”

Those who have a taste for the wild and the wonderful may glean a rich harvest in the cottages of the peasantry, where a view of the desolate moor will impart a lively interest to such traditions. Before the construction of the present excellent roads, it was not very unusual for travellers to be lost, or *pixy-led*, in the mist, when they often perished either with cold or hunger. At one period robbers defied the law among the inaccessible morasses, and levied toll upon the wayfarer. But, according to the country people, the mishaps on the moor have more generally arisen from wild and evil spirits, whom to this day they believe to haunt the hills, where they also affirm, “ under the cold and chaste light of the moon, or amidst the silent shadows of the dark rocks, the elfin king of the pixy race holds his high court of sovereignty and council.”

With respect to the *climate*, the altitude of the moor and the vicinity of the sea necessarily render it both cold and moist. The hills are often enveloped in mist for a week at a time, and the clouds assemble with so little warning, that no stranger should wander far from the beaten track without a compass. The streams, however, will generally afford clues of safety. The danger arises from the bogs, which are significantly called the *Dartmoor Stables*; and in winter from snow, which is indeed often fatal to those who have the greatest experience; but at all times “ a storm on Dartmoor bears little resemblance to storms in general. It is awful, perilous, astounding, and pitiless; and woe to the stranger who, in a dark night and without a guide, is forced to encounter it!” The soil consists in general of a fine granitic

sand, or *growan*, upon which is superimposed a layer of peat of uncertain depth, but occasionally as thick as 25 ft. or 30 ft. The prevailing gloom of the moor is the principal obstacle to its successful cultivation. The vapours swept from the Atlantic by the westerly winds are uniformly condensed by these chilly heights; and so frequent is the rain that it might be imagined, in accordance with a popular rhythm, that clouds hover in the neighbourhood ready to relieve each other as the wind may shift, for thus a poet has sung of the climate of Dartmoor:—

“ The west wind always brings wet weather,
The east wind wet and cold together;
The south wind surely brings us rain,
The north wind blows it back again.”

However, says an old writer, “ The ayre is very sweete, wholesome, and temperate, savinge that in the winter seasons the great blustering winds, rowling upon the high craggy hills and open wastes and moores, do make the ayre very cold and sharpe.” Those who find pleasure in wild scenery and invigorating exercise may pass a week or more pleasantly at Two Bridges or Prince’s Town. The streams abound with trout, the morasses with snipes, and one fond of natural history may observe many a rare bird (as the rock or ring-ouzel) and many an interesting moss and lichen (as the Iceland moss, which is made into cakes by the Icelanders) in his rambles. In the summer, if benighted far from the inn, it is no hazardous adventure to pass a night in the open air. A couch of heather may be had for the trouble of gathering it, peat that will burn well may generally be found stacked and sufficiently dried; and, indeed, a warm plaid, a knife, a tinder-box, a well stored wallet, and, perhaps, a pouch of tobacco, are the only essentials for a very pleasant bivouac. The antiquary may derive further amusement from the names of the tors, and the many old British remains which are

scattered over the hills. (See *Introd.*)

With respect to the wild animals, which at one time were the denizens of Dartmoor, though uncommon in other parts of England, there now remain only the badger, polecat or fitchet, pine-weasel, and otter, which frequents all the moorland rivers to the sea, and also the caverns at their mouths. Of rare birds there is a greater variety, but some are migratory, and others only casual visitors. Among those which breed upon the moor may be enumerated the marsh harrier or moor buzzard, hen harrier, raven, hooded crow, ring ouzel, water ouzel, missel thrush, song thrush, whinchat, stonechat or stone-smith, black grouse, land rail, golden plover, lapwing, sanderling, curlew, dunlin, moor hen, and coot. Among the visitors the osprey or bald buzzard, peregrine falcon, common buzzard, kite (but becoming rarer every year), hobby falcon, snow bunting, mountain sparrow, mountain finch, grey wagtail, yellow wagtail, great plover, water rail, night heron, little bittern, jack snipe, herring gull, whistling swan, wild goose, white-fronted goose, and bean goose. The honey buzzard or goshawk, kestrel, and great snipe, are very rare, but have been seen.

Many of the surrounding manors have a right of common on Dartmoor, for which they pay a small sum to the Duchy called *venville* or *fen field* money. The Duchy, however, has the right of stocking the forest, and for this purpose much of the moor is let on lease. The antiquities and natural history of the district have been fully and very pleasantly described by the Rev. S. Rowe, of Crediton, in his *Perambulation of Dartmoor*, published in 1848. The visitor will also find some valuable information in the notes to Carlington’s *Dartmoor*, and in the poem itself, which may be read to advantage on the misty heights of the tors. It has been compared to certain wines, which can be drunk to

perfection only on the spots on which they are grown.

Returning from this digression to our route :—

1. (5 m. from Moreton) rt. of the road are the remains of *trackways* connected with a *pound* 80 yards in diameter, enclosing 2 *hut circles*.

1. l. An ancient stone *cross*, and a road to *Vitifer Mine*. About 2 m. E. of this mine is *Grimspound*, described in p. 69.

2 *Post Bridge*. The E. Dart here crosses the road, and the valley is partly cultivated. *Archerton* (J. N. Bennett, Esq.), a *new-take*, a name given to portions of land recently enclosed, will be observed on the rt. On the barren hill-side l. of the road is *Lakehead Circle*, or *pound*, a ring of stones enclosing about 2 acres, and of a similar character to the British village of *Grimspound* (see p. 69.), but not so large or perfect. The area is studded with a number of *hut circles*, many of which, with 2 *kistvaens* may be seen on the open moor in its vicinity. Immediately W. the traveller will observe the bold rocks of *Bel* or *Bellever Tor*, an excellent point for a panoramic view.

Just below *Post Bridge* is one of the most interesting of all the Celtic remains on Dartmoor—an ancient *bridge* of Cyclopean architecture. It is formed of rough granite blocks and slabs, and consists of 3 piers and a roadway of table stones, each about 15 ft. in length, and 6 ft. in width. One of the latter has fallen into the river, but with this exception the bridge is perfect. About 1½ m. lower down the stream is a smaller, but similar structure, of which the central impost is the only part displaced. N. of the high road are some other relics. At *Archerton*, in a field fronting the house, remains of *kistvaens* and an elliptical *pound*; 1 m. N., opposite *Hartland Tor*, a mutilated but interesting enclosure, smaller, but resembling that of *Grimspound*; and on *Chittaford Tor* (just W. of Hart-

land Tor), a *trackway* or road, running a westerly course from the river.

2 rt. By the side of the rivulet are numerous traces of the “old men” who here streamed for tin. Leland mentions the Dartmoor mines, and says, “they were wrought by violens of water.” The ridge on the rt. at this part of the road is crested by 4 tors, which rise one beyond and above the other nearly in a line. The lowest is *Crockern Tor*, celebrated—the reader will doubtless marvel at the information—as the ancient Stannary House of Parliament. By charter of Edw. I., the tinners of Devonshire were obliged to assemble on this wild and lonely hill, where, seated on their benches of granite, and generally immersed in a cloud-drift, they swore in jurors, and transacted other preliminary matters, when the judge very naturally proposed that the court should be removed to one of the Stannary towns. A meeting of this description was held on the hill as late as 1749. At an earlier period the Earl of Bath Lord Warden of the Stannaries (son of the well-known Sir Belville Grenville) attended the meeting with a retinue of several hundred persons—his own retainers and gentlemen of the county. At such times the scene about the rude old tor must have resembled some Norwegian or Icelandic Al-thing. Mr. Polwhele remarks, “I have scarce a doubt that the Stannary Parliaments at this place were a continuation, even to our own times, of the old British courts before the age of Julius Cæsar.” The three tors which stand above *Crockern Tor* are called *Little Longaford*, *Great Longaford*, and *White* or *Whiten Tor*, the last crowning the summit of the ridge. They all finely illustrate the structure of granite, and command imposing views of the moor.

2 *Two Bridges*, an inn and a few cottages on the banks of the W. Dart, and convenient head-quarters for the angler or sportsman.

About 1 m. up the stream lies the

lonely old *Wood of Wistman*, supposed to be a remnant, and the only remains, of the forest which traditionally once covered Dartmoor, but of so weird an appearance, so stunted and misshapen in its growth, so impenetrable from the nature of the ground, and exhibiting such singular marks of age, that it cannot fail to excite the most lively wonder and astonishment. It is situated in a desolate valley, bounded on the one side by Crockern Tor and its associate hills, on the other by Little and Great Bairdown, the slopes being strewn with blocks of granite, and the vista closed by a barren ridge, upon which will be remarked the isolated rock of Rowtor, which bears no fanciful resemblance to some huge animal reclining on the moor. Pursuing his toilsome way through this rugged hollow, the traveller will soon discover the wood, which, from the opposite height of Bairdown, has the appearance of three patches of a scrubby brake. Arrived at the spot, however, he will find "growing in the midst of gigantic blocks, or starting, as it were, from their interstices, a grove of dwarf oaks," interspersed with mountain ashes, which, with the oaks, are every where hung with fern and parasitical plants, and bent to the ground by the winds which sweep up the valley. Many of these trees are wonderfully diminutive, scarcely exceeding the stature of a man, and the average height of the wood is only 10 or 12 feet; but the oaks, at the top, "spread far and wide, and branch and twist in so fantastic and tortuous a manner as to remind one of those strange things called mandrakes." How they are rooted it is impossible to tell; they grow in a dangerous wilderness, "a whist old place," where rocky clefts, swarming with adders, are so concealed by a thorny undergrowth that the person who should rashly
*the wood will be probably he can
 escape to the chin before he can*

escape from it. Another curious circumstance is the apparent barren condition of this antiquated family. No young scions are to be found springing up to supply the places of the elders; and not a few of these veterans are already dead, and the greater number withered at the extremities. It would seem, indeed, that this race of vegetable pigmies, although by an ancient record proved to have presented a similar appearance in the reign of the Conqueror, was doomed to a speedy extinction, and that the spot on which it has flourished, where it has so long afforded shelter to the fox and the serpent, must, after a few more winters, be as desolate as the savage hills which surround it. The numerous parasitical plants have probably hastened the decay of these melancholy old trees. "Their branches are literally festooned with ivy and creeping plants; and their trunks are so thickly embedded in a covering of moss, that at first sight you would imagine them to be of enormous thickness in proportion to their height. But it is only their velvet coats which make them look so bulky, for on examination they are found not to be of any remarkable size. Their whole appearance conveys to you the idea of hoary age in the vegetable world of creation; and on visiting Wistman's Wood, it is impossible to do other than think of those 'groves in stony places,' so often mentioned in Scripture as being dedicated to Baal and Astoroth. This ancient seat of idolatry (for such it is considered by antiquaries) seems to have undergone, also, a great part of the curse that was pronounced on the idolatrous cities and groves of old; for here, indeed, do 'serpents hiss,' and it shall never be inhabited, 'neither doth the shepherd make his fold there;' 'but the wild beasts of the desert and the owl dwell there,' and the bitter still screams amidst its desolation."—*Mrs. Bray*. It is popularly said that Wistman's Wood

consists of 500 trees 500 ft. high, or that each tree averages one foot in height. The names of the old wood and the neighbouring tors impart an additional interest to the locality, as they prove, almost to a certainty, that it was once the scene of the mysterious rites and wild justice of the Druids. The Rev. Mr. Bray (see Mrs. Bray's "Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy") has shown that Wistman's Wood is no other than the *Wood of Wisemen*, and the Druids and Bards "were unquestionably the philosophers or wisemen of the Britons." Again, *Bairdown* is very probably Baird-down, or the *Hill of Bards*; and this eminence, and that of Crockern Tor, the ancient seat of judicature, rise immediately over the wood on opposite sides of the valley. After the Saxon Conquest the Britons were driven into Wales and Cornwall, and indiscriminately called Weales, or Welshmen; and doubtless, at that time, a number of the original inhabitants sought an asylum on Dartmoor. Hence the names of the tors, and the numerous time-worn remains of British villages and Druidic monuments, of which some imperfect specimens may be found in this valley. The traveller will learn with pleasure that the old wood is protected by the Duchy authorities.

Two Bridges is in the neighbourhood of the great central morass, and a company has lately erected works near the inn for the purpose of preparing a patent fuel from the peat.

Just E. and W. of the hamlet roads branch to Moreton, Ashburton, Plymouth, and Tavistock. $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. on the Ashburton road (1 of it) is *Dennabridge Pound*, formed by a rude stone wall, and now used for the forest 'drifts' of cattle. There are some interesting antiquities in the immediate neighbourhood. The *Cowsic* joins the W. Dart at Two Bridges, and on the former, just below Bairdown Farm, is a *British bridge* of 5 openings, 37 ft. long, about 4 ft.

broad, but only $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. above the surface of the water; on the adjoining common, *Bairdown Man* (probably *maen*, a stone), a *rock pillar* 11 ft. high; and on the Blackabrook, just below the Plymouth road, near Prince's Town, a *British bridge* of 2 openings.

Panoramic views of the moor are obtained from the summits of Crockern Tor and Bairdown; and the highest tor on the latter is in itself very interesting. This is called *Bairdown Tor*, those to the north of it being distinguished as *Lidford Tor* and *Devil Tor*.

Prince's Town (a poor inn called the Duchy Hotel) lies on the Plymouth road, about 2 m. from Two Bridges, and is one of the most gaunt and dreary places imaginable. It is situated at least 1400 ft. above the level of the sea, at the foot of *N. Hessary Tor* (alt. 1730 ft.), and is surrounded on all sides by the moor, which comes in unbroken wildness to the very door of the inn. With such dismal scenery the hotel is in keeping; its granite walls are grim and cheerless, but the windows command an imposing sweep of the waste, and this will be an attraction to many travellers. It is truly impressive to gaze upon this desolate region when the wind is howling through the lonely village and the moon fitfully shining.

A short distance from the inn is the celebrated *Dartmoor Prison*, erected in 1809 at a cost of 127,000*l.* for the accommodation of French prisoners of war. It occupies no less than 30 acres, and is encircled by a double line of lofty walls, which enclose a military road, nearly a mile in length, and are furnished with sentry-boxes and large bells, which, during the war, were rung when the moor was darkened by mists. The Prison consists of a governor's house and residences for officers, built on each side of a Cyclopean gateway, over which is the motto "*Parcere subjectis,*" a hospital, sheds for exercise in wet weather, and five buildings for prisoners,

300 ft. long and 50 ft. wide, which at one time held as many as 10,000 prisoners. All the arrangements are contrived with every regard to the comfort and health of the inmates for whom the building was intended; but for many years after the war the prison served no other purpose than a landmark for persons wandering in its lonely neighbourhood. At length it was leased to a company engaged in extracting naphtha from peat; but in 1850 it underwent a rapid change into a prison for the reception of convicts, the motto '*parcere subjectis*,' remaining over the gateway. French writers give a curious account of Dartmoor. "For seven months in the year," says a M. Catel, "it is a vraie Sibérie, covered with unmelting snow. When the snows go away, the mists appear. Imagine the tyranny of perfide Albion in sending human beings to such a place!"

Here the stranger should visit the *granite works and quarries*, on the W. side of N. Hessay Tor, and about 2 in. from the inn, where he will observe with no little astonishment that the ground upon which he is treading is the most solid compact stone, concealed at the surface by only a thin covering of turf and heather. The quarries are on a large scale, and have lately derived an impulse from the demand for granite for the completion of the steam basin at Devonport. They swarm with men busily employed in breaking up the ponderous material with their iron instruments, while others are scattered far and wide over the huge side of N. Hessay, protected by reed-covered frames, and preparing the surface blocks for removal. It is impossible, however, to view this wholesale destruction of the picturesque rocks without a feeling of regret, and it is much to be wished that those who have the power would save the tors, at least, *from the general havoc*. The finest *stone can be procured in any quantity*

below the surface; and all allow that these venerable tors, which are the distinctive features of one of the most beautiful counties in England, are of little value in an economical point of view. But, although comparatively worthless, they are successively reduced to heaps of rubbish by that spirit of wanton destruction which posterity will fruitlessly deplore. About 200 men are engaged in these works, and the moor resounds with the din of iron clashing against granite. From the quarry, runs the *Plymouth and Dartmouth Railroad*, winding round *Crip Tor* and *King Tor*, and commanding a succession of magnificent landscapes, and, where it crosses the coach-road, a finely grouped company of tors to the N.E.

Great Mis Tor (alt. 1760 ft.) is distant about a mile to the N. This is one of the grandest hills in the county (particularly as seen from the N.), and is supposed to have derived its name from the British deity Misor, or the moon, which, under the name of Bali Sama, or Queen of Heaven, was the favourite goddess of the Phœnicians. The tors on the summit are superb, resembling structures of Cyclopean masonry, and illustrate in a very striking manner the apparent stratification of granite, the horizontal layers being best seen on their western sides. On the summit of the highest rock is a celebrated *rock-basin* called *Mis Tor Pan*, perfectly smooth and circular, about 8 inches in depth, and 3 feet in diam.; and just S. W. of the principal tor, in the vicinity of an ancient tin *stream-work*, a protuberance of granite called *Little Mis Tor*. Several of the rocks on *Great Mis Tor* are so whimsically arranged, that the antiquary will very probably attribute their position to the handiwork of the Druids. An egg-shaped mass is poised almost on a point at the eastern summit; and a group on the N. flank of the hill forms a rude archway, through which a person might crawl. This side of

Mis Tor is perfectly white with surface granite, which will doubtless soon attract the destructive host of quarrymen. The river *Walkham* flows at its base, and the slope which rises from the opposite bank is studded with a number of ancient *hut circles*, and scored by lines of stones. Two of the former are of considerable size, and one consists of a double circle, one within the other. High above this river tower castellated rocks, which, beginning with the northernmost, are called *Rolls Tor*, *Great Stapletor*, *Middle Stapletor*, and *Little Stapletor*. The view from Great Mis Tor will alone repay a scramble up the hill. On the one side the eye ranges over sterile bogs, which by sunset afford a grand and solemn prospect; and on the other, by a downward glance, to the vale of the Tavy, and beyond, to the heights of the Bodmin Moors.

It is a wild day's walk from Prince's Town, by Great Mis Tor and Yes Tor, to Oakhampton, Yes Tor being the land-mark by which the pedestrian can direct his course. The summit of Great Mis Tor will be the first stage of his journey; and from this eminence Yes Tor is in sight, but so distant, that it may not be at once identified. The stranger had better, therefore, direct his attention to *Fur Tor* (2000 ft. high), which occupies a position intermediate between Mis Tor and Yes Tor, and will be easily distinguished as covered with surface granite and pale green grass, and crowned with a rock like a tower, while it stands out in advance of dark-coloured ridges which are covered with morasses. From Mis Tor he will follow the *Walkham* to its source; and near its head-waters, in a lonely region, will find 11 upright blocks of granite, which he may spend an hour in sketching, as a Druidical monument; but they are probably the pillars which once supported a shed at an old tin stream-work. *Opposite Fur Tor* he will cross

the Tavy, and have a good view of Yes Tor, for which he can steer direct. (See OAKHAMPTON.)

1½ m. N. of the prison is *Fice's* or *Fitz's Well*, protected by rude slabs of granite, bearing the initials I. F. and date 1568. It is said to possess many healing virtues, and to have been first brought into notice by John Fitz of Fitzford, near Tavistock, who accidentally discovered it, when, riding with his lady, he had lost his way on the moor. "After wandering," runs the legend, "in the vain effort to find the right path, they felt so fatigued and thirsty, that it was with extreme delight they discovered a spring of water, whose powers seemed to be miraculous; for no sooner had they satisfied their thirst, than they were enabled to find their way through the moor towards home without the least difficulty. In gratitude for this deliverance, and the benefit they had received from the water, John Fitz caused a stone memorial to be placed over the spring, for the advantage of all *pixy-led* travellers." The well is about 3 ft. deep, and lies in a swamp at a short distance from an ancient bridge, or *clam*, of a single stone on the Blackbrook.

If the traveller should be desirous of taking a very delightful, though circuitous, walk from Prince's Town to Plymouth, he can strike across the moor S. by *Classenwell Pool*, long believed to be unfathomable, to *Sheepstoe*, the haunt of the pixies, and descend *Bickleigh Vale* to his destination. This route will lead him through one of the most beautiful districts in the county, and is described below as an excursion from Plymouth (p. 102.). The main road to Plymouth descends from the moor 4 m. from Prince's Town. In its course over the high ground it passes a group of *hut circles*, and (1½ m. from Prince's Town) *Black Tor*, a rocky hill, very interesting in itself, and towering above a British settlement.

In the glen below it, on the bank of the stream, are 2 *stone avenues*, running E. and W., and terminating in circles 15 feet in diam.; and on the opposite slope numerous *hut circles*, 9 of which are enclosed in a *pound* 360 yds. in circumf. On the W. side of the same hill are remains of habitations and a smaller *pound*.

About 3 m. S. E. of Prince's Town, in a desolate region, is a hill called *Fox Tor*, connected with the following legend. In the reign of Edw. III., John Childe of Plymstock, a gentleman of large fortune, and very fond of hunting, was enjoying his favourite diversion during an inclement season, when he happened to be benighted, and, having lost his way, he perished with the cold, although he had taken the precaution to kill his horse and creep into its bowels for the warmth. The monks of Tavistock, hearing of the mysterious disappearance of Childe and of his intention to leave his lands to the church in which he should be buried, immediately started for the moor, where they found the lifeless bodies of the hunter and his steed in a morass under Fox Tor; and also the will of the deceased, written with the blood of the horse:

"The fyrste that fyndes and brings me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstoke they shall have."

Upon this they eagerly seized the corpse, but, approaching the edge of the moor, were somewhat disconcerted to learn that the people of Plymstock were waiting at a ford to intercept them. The monks, however, were not to be easily outwitted. They hastily changed their course, and throwing a bridge, known to this day as *Guile Bridge* (but more commonly called the *Abbey Bridge*), across the river near the abbey, reached Tavistock in safety, and thus gained possession of the lands. In memory of Childe, a cross was erected on the spot where he died, and was standing 20 years ago, when, a Mr. Windeat having taken a lease of some land in its vi-

city, it was accidentally destroyed by workmen during his absence. The foundations still remain.

Syward's Cross, 3 m. S. of Prince's Town, is an ancient monument, formerly, it is said, stamped with the words 'Syward' on one side, and 'Bonde' on the other. Like Childe's Cross, it has been overturned and broken, but Sir Ralph Lopez had the public spirit to repair and replace it. The letters may be of the 12th or 13th century. Beyond Syward's Cross the view from *Cramer Tor*, looking across Lethitor to Sheepstor, is strikingly wild and grand.

Proceeding again from Two Bridges, the road passes between N. Hessary Tor and Great Mis Tor to *Merrivale Bridge*, another moorland hamlet on the river Walkham. Here, (½ m. E.) rt. and l. of the road, is an important group of Celtic remains, consisting of *Druidical circles*, *processional roads*, *cromlechs*, a *rock pillar*, and *foundations of a village* extending a mile along the hill-side; the whole overlooked by the huge pile of Mis Tor. "Avenues," says Mr. Rowe, "are the characteristic features." Two run E. and W. distances of 800 and 1143 ft.; their courses parallel, and about 100 yards apart. The longest (on the N.) is connected with 3 sacred circles, one at each end, and one in the centre. The shortest (on the S.) passes a sacred circle midway, and is 100 yds. N. of another circle of 10 stones, 67 ft. in diam., and a *rock pillar*, 12 ft. high. Near the avenues stand the supporting stones of a cromlech, the quoit of which is dislodged, and measures about 10 ft. by 5 ft. N. E. by N. of the avenues is a *pound*, 175 ft. in diam., the wall formed chiefly of upright stones; and 30 ft. from this pound the reputed remains of another cromlech. The hut circles are numerous, and in good preservation, and, according to a tradition, were used as a market when the plague raged at Tavistock in the year 1625, the country-people and the inhabitants of

the town in turn depositing in them provisions and money; and to this day they are known by the name of the *Potato Market*. And here, before leaving Dartmoor, it may be proper to add a few words to what has been already written respecting the date of these ruinous habitations, which are scattered over the district. That many are of British origin cannot be doubted—immediately connected, as they are, with sepulchral and other remains. But Dartmoor has been thickly peopled with a mining population at a comparatively recent period. Some thousands were housed on it in Elizabeth's time; and we would venture to hint—in spite of the wrathful eyes of Celtic antiquaries—that *some* of the rude foundations of buildings may be of later date than has been suspected. In two or three cases (on Holne Moor, for example) remains of square walls are intermixed with those of circular huts; and, universally, the largest villages are found near the abandoned stream-works. We must, however, leave this matter to be decided by the tourist himself; only cautioning him to use his own judgment, and not to be led away by mere assertion, however pleasing to the imagination.

S. of Merrivale Bridge, at the distance of 1 m., is a remarkable rock called *Vixen Tor*, after the female fox. It is well worth a visit, as it commands in perspective the *valley of the Walkham*, whose irregular slopes present a charming landscape of mingled wildness and cultivation, of rock and of wood in loving companionship, of furze-brake and corn-field, side by side, as if inseparable friends. The tor consists of 3 distinct piles, which rise from an extensive declivity to a height of 100 ft., and when viewed from different sides present some curious chance resemblances. From Merrivale Bridge the outline forms a likeness to the head of the Egyptian Sphynx; whilst from a point to the S.E. the granite courses of

the tor resemble the walls of a ruinous castle beetling over the river. Should you have time to make a circuit (on foot) to Tavistock, leave the high road at Merrivale Bridge, and take the Walkham as guide to the vale of the Tavy. The stream will prove a lively companion, and will lead you among beautiful scenes, particularly at Ward and Huckworthy bridges.

From Merrivale Bridge the road passes along the flank of *Cock's Tor* (a tor of trap, alt. 1472 ft.) and soon reaches the edge of the moor, 5 m. from Two Bridges, when the far-celebrated *Vale of the Tavy* opens suddenly to view, and the traveller descends rapidly to

8 TAVISTOCK. (*Inns*: Bedford Hotel;—Queen's Head.) This town will appear most delightfully situated to the stranger who has just descended from the naked moor. It lies in a trough of the hills, on the banks of the Tavy, which is here expanded to a considerable width, but retains its moorland transparency and rocky channel, whilst the neighbouring woods and fields agreeably contrast with the heights of Dartmoor rising to the clouds at a little distance. It is a place of considerable antiquity, but has experienced many ups and downs on the wheel of Fortune. At one time, its vicar had to petition the parish for a pair of shoes; at another, its clothiers were wealthy and celebrated, and *Tavistock Kersey* was sought throughout the kingdom as the best fabric of its kind. The importance of the town was, however, mainly derived from a magnificent *Abbey*, which, dedicated to Ss. Mary and Rumon, was founded in the year 961 by Orgar, Earl of Devonshire, the father of the infamous Elfrida, and completed and endowed by his son Ordulph. Ethelred granted this abbey many privileges, but in 997, 36 years after its foundation, it was burnt to the ground by the Danes, who had sailed up the Tamar under their renowned leader Sweyn. It was rebuilt, how-

ever, with increased splendour, and had attained a grey old age in the keeping of its ghostly proprietors, when it was confiscated at the Dissolution, and bestowed by Hen. VIII. upon John Lord Russell, whose descendant, the Duke of Bedford, is now the owner of its site and ruins. At that time its yearly revenue amounted to upwards of 900*l.*, which was a large sum in those days. The abbot ruled the borough with ample authority, being possessed of the entire jurisdiction of the hundred, and in the early part of the reign of Hen. VIII. was honoured with a mitre and a peerage, and made independent both of the bishop and archbishop by a bull of Pope Leo X. A part of the abbey was destroyed by Cromwel, Earl of Essex, at the period of the Dissolution; and a portion of the site is now occupied by the Bedford Hotel, which was erected as a residence by one Saunders "of barbarous memory," as he destroyed the fine old Chapter-house for the purpose. The remains of the abbey are, however, considerable, and show the extent and splendour of the ancient pile. They consist of the N. or principal gateway, with a room now used as a public library; a small but picturesque tower adjoining this archway; the refectory, now converted into a Unitarian Chapel; a porch adorned by four lofty pinnacles at the back of the hotel; the still-house of the monks, and Betsy Grimbal's Tower, both in the grounds of the vicarage (the tower deriving its name from a legend that a young woman was murdered in it); and many ruinous ivied walls and arches, incorporated with the out-buildings of the Bedford and vicarage. But Gilpin remarks, "it may give the antiquary pleasure to reverse all this metamorphosis; to trace back the stable to the abbot's lodge, the mill to the refectory, and the malt-house to the chapel; but the picture *as eye passes them by with dis-*

dain." Tavistock Abbey had a school for the study of Saxon, and a printing-press, which is said to have been the second set up in England.

At the breaking out of the great Rebellion, the inhabitants of Tavistock, influenced by the Duke of Bedford and their representative Pym, declared for the Parliament; but the neighbouring gentry remained true to the throne, and, consequently, many of their houses were besieged and pillaged by the rebels. On the outskirts of the town, by the side of the new Plymouth road, is the interesting old gateway of *Fitzford*, a mansion which was regularly garrisoned for the king, but taken by Lord Essex in 1644. A barn and this gateway are the only remains, and the oak-branch and label ornaments of the latter refer it to the reign of Henry VII. *Fitzford* was anciently a seat of the family of *Fitz*, but belonged, in 1644, to Sir Richard Grenville, one of Charles's generals in the West, who possessed it in right of his wife, the lady Howard, of whom a curious legend is told in the town. She was the daughter and heiress of Sir John *Fitz*, and, according to the tradition, a mysterious person, who, by some unknown means, had disposed of three husbands in succession before she was wooed and won by Sir Richard Grenville. Whatever were her crimes, she is now believed to run nightly as a hound from the old gateway of *Fitzford* House to the park of Oakhampton, between the hours of midnight and cockcrow, and to return to the place whence she started with a single blade of grass in her mouth, and this, it is said, she is to repeat until every blade is picked. In 1645, when Plymouth was invested by the royalists, Prince Charles paid a visit to Tavistock, where he is said to have been so annoyed by the incessant wet weather, that, ever afterwards, if any body remarked that it was a fine day, he would reply, that, however

fair it might be elsewhere, he felt confident it was raining at Tavistock.

The Church (St. Eustace) is a handsome building with a tower and triple chancel, all of Perp. date, the window cases and tracery being worked in granite. It contains a fine Elizabethan monument, with effigies, to Sir John Glanville, a Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Elizabeth, and his wife; a beautifully carved altar-table, an E. window by Williment, and paintings of Moses and Aaron, of the age of Geo. I. Here also are some bones of gigantic size, found in a stone coffin among the ruins of the abbey. They are commonly believed to be those of Ordulph, of whose amazing stature and prowess we have such stories as the following:—“Ordulph travelling towards Exeter with King Edward the Confessor, to whom he was related, when they came to the gates of the city they found them locked and barred; and the porter, knowing nothing of their coming, was absent. Upon which Ordulph, leaping from his horse, took the bars in his hands, and with great apparent ease broke them in pieces, at the same time pulling out part of the wall. Not content with this, he gave a second proof of his strength, for breaking the hinges with his foot he laid the gates open.” William of Malmesbury speaks of Ordulph’s extraordinary stature, and tells us that the stalwart Saxon would often, for his amusement, bestride a river near his residence, ten feet broad, and chop off with his knife the heads of wild animals which were brought to him.

The rooms of the *Tavistock Institution*, a literary and philosophical society, are over the abbey gateway, and contain a small cabinet of Devonshire minerals. The town has 2 large *iron-foundries*.

Many eminent persons have been born in Tavistock and its neighbourhood. At Crowndale (1 m. S.W.) *Sir Francis Drake*; at Kilworthy

(N. of the town), the ancient seat of the Glanville family, *Sir John Glanville*; and in Tavistock *Browne*, a poet contemporary with Spenser and Shakspeare, and author of “*Britannia’s Pastorals*.” The works of this poet have not obtained that celebrity which they merit, for they are replete with the most beautiful imagery, and deserve to be placed on a shelf below the *Faerie Queene*. An episode of the “*Loves of the Walla and the Tavy*,” in the *Pastorals*, is the most admired of his productions. To this list of “*worthies*” who have shed lustre on Tavistock may now be added the name of *Mrs. Bray*, the lady of the present incumbent, and so well known to every English reader. She has laid the scene of some of her fictions at Tavistock, and presented us with a clever and entertaining description of “*The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*.” In her tales of *Fitz of Fitzford*, *Courtenay of Walreddon*, *Warleigh*, *Henry de Pomeroy*, and *Trelawny of Trelawne*, the reader is introduced to many remarkable and romantic places, both in Devonshire and Cornwall. They are sketched from nature, and with the feeling of no ordinary artist.

The traveller should make Tavistock head-quarters for some days, as there is much deserving notice in the neighbourhood, and some celebrated “*lions*” are within an easy distance. To begin with a favourite spot on the outskirts of the town:—

The Walk, behind the Bedford. The old abbey wall bounds it on one side, the Tavy flows merrily along a rocky bed on the other, and the wooded *hill of St. John* (which commands a fine view of the town) rises to some height from the opposite margin of the river. A path leads from the Walk to the *Canal*, which was completed in 1817, at a cost of 68,000*l.*, and connects Tavistock with the Tamar at Morwellham Quay. The towing-path leads through some very pleasant scenery, and those fond of

sketching will find the drawbridges on the banks, in connection with the distant heights of Dartmoor, well adapted to their purpose. The canal passes *Crowndale*, celebrated as the birthplace of Drake, "the old warrior," as he is called by the country people; and more recently known for a smelting establishment, now abandoned. Beyond *Crowndale* the subjacent valley unfolds a picturesque scene, the Tavy entering a defile of wooded hills, which are rugged with rocks, and have the engine-house of a mine here and there peeping from the foliage. The canal soon sweeps round the shoulder of a hill, and, passing a deep hollow by an embankment, is joined by a branch from the mining district of the Devon Great Consols (formerly Huel Maria), and enters a tunnel which has been excavated for $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. through the heart of a hill, and thus runs underground to its termination on the high land above *Morwellham*. There the little iron barges shift their cargoes of granite or copper-ore to trucks, which are lowered by water-machinery down a steeply inclined railroad to the river-side. The head of the inclined plane is situated on the skirt of a wood, which, traversed by paths, hangs about the beautiful crags known as the *Morwell Rocks*. The paths lead to the most striking points of view, and suddenly open upon dizzy platforms, the pinnacles of the rocks which dive sheer down through the brushwood to the Tamar. From these points the river will be seen glistening far below: the *Weir-head* of the Tamar in the centre of the valley; *Harewood House* (Sir Will. Trelawny, Bart.), the scene of Mason's drama of "Elfrida," to the l.; and to the rt. the mining village of *Gunnislake* climbing the sandy heights of the Cornish shore. A path will conduct you along the entire range of cliffs; at one place it passes the slender water-wheel of a mine called *Chimney Rock*, and will ultimately lead you to the *Callington road*, which is

descending, to cross the Tamar by *Newbridge*.

There are several curious houses near Tavistock. *Kilworthy* ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.), the ancient seat of the *Glanvilles*, modernised in the reign of Geo. III., but containing remains of the hall which indicate its former grandeur. About the house are vestiges of the old style of gardening, and in "sweet Ina's Coomb," the *Walla Brook*, interesting to all who have read in "Britannia's Pastorals" of its love for the Tavy. Near *Kilworthy* is *Mount Tavy* (Mrs. Carpenter), a modern house situated below *Rowdon Wood*, which overhangs the river, and in 1768 was devastated by a remarkable whirlwind. It cut through the wood a passage of about 40 yards in width, tearing up the largest oaks by the roots, and carrying their branches to a considerable distance, and afterwards "rolled up the vale of the Tavy into the forest of Dartmoor, where it had full scope for exhausting itself." *Walreddon House* (W. Courtenay, Esq. $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.) dating from the reign of Edw. VI. Mrs. Bray remarks, "a ride through its woods is worth coming miles to enjoy." *Collacombe Barton*, near *Lamerton*, long the seat of the *Tremayne* family, and rebuilt in the reign of Eliz. In one of the rooms is a window containing 3200 panes of glass. *Sydenham* (J. H. Tremayne, Esq.), about 8 m. N. W., on the banks of the *Lyd*, another venerable house in the shape of an E, and considered a fine example of the domestic architecture of the Elizabethan age. It contains a noble staircase, portraits of the *Wise* and *Tremayne* families, a number of antique cabinets, furniture of the time of Charles I., and a costly suit of harness. One chamber is hung with damask, and the banquetting-hall ornamented with carved oak panels, one of which opens to a secret passage leading to other rooms. This old house was built by Sir Thomas *Wise*, who was knighted at the coro-

nation of James I. It was garrisoned for King Charles, and taken by the Parliamentary troops under Colonel Holbourn, Jan. 1645. *Bradstone Manor-house* (near Sydenham), anciently the possession of the Cloberry family, a Tudor building approached through a large gate-house.

Buckland Abbey, a seat of Sir Trayton T. F. E. Drake, Bart., a distinguished soldier, and descendant of Sir Francis Drake, is situated on the Tavy about 4 m. from Tavistock. It was dedicated to Sts. Mary and Benedict, and founded in the year 1278 by Amicia, Countess of Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, and is interesting as the favourite residence of Sir Francis Drake, to whom it was given by Queen Elizabeth. Little now remains of the ancient abbey, but the house contains a fine portrait and some relics of the great circumnavigator; viz., his sword, his ship-drum, and the Bible which he carried with him round the world. To the N. of Buckland Abbey is the village of *Buckland Monachorum*, with a church, remarkable as a fine specimen of Perp., containing its old seats, which are beautifully carved, a ceiling decorated with the figures of angels, and a monument by Bacon to the memory of Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar; to the S. of it the beautiful domain of *Maristowe* (Sir Ralph Lopez, Bart.), and, near the mouth of the Tavy, baronial *Warleigh* (Rev. W. Radcliffe), described in p. 101. *Old Morwell House*, near the S. end of the Canal Tunnel, although now a farm-house, was once a hunting-seat of the abbots of Tavistock, where the merry monks were wont to regale themselves after chasing the wild deer on Dartmoor. It is a quadrangular stone building in the Pointed style, and, with the abbey lands, passed at the Dissolution to the family of Russell, and has been lately restored by its proprietor, the Duke of Bedford. The far celebrated Co-

thele (Cornwall, Rte. 20.) may be added to this list of curious houses within reach of Tavistock.

Endsleigh, the villa of the Duke of Bedford, deserves a paragraph by itself. It is situated on the Tamar, near *Milton Abbot* (an inn) about 6 m. from Tavistock, and may be viewed by strangers who have obtained permission at the steward's office. The house was designed by Sir G. Wyattville (year 1810), and is remarkable for its picturesque irregularity; but the woods and the grounds are the principal attraction, particularly the *Dairy Dell*, the *Alpine Garden* with its Swiss cottage, and the *Terrace* for the extreme beauty of the prospect. The private roads run for many miles through woods on both sides of the river, which is crossed by a floating bridge. The stranger should obtain permission to ride to Endsleigh by the road through *Blanch-down Wood*, Mrs. Bray tells us of a part of this wood which may truly be called Switzerland in miniature. Above Endsleigh, near Dunterton, are the remains of a *chantry* at a place called Chapel Field, and a *waterfall* flowing to the Tamar, over a rocky steep 100 ft. in height.

No one fond of scenery should leave the neighbourhood of Tavistock before he has explored the *Valley of the Tavy*, and visited, in particular, a wild and romantic spot called *Double Water* (about 4 m. S.), where the Tavy is joined by the Walkham. The hills are there adorned by woods and cliffs, and the Walkham comes impetuously down the valley of Grenofen, enlivening the dark rocks with its spray, and the glen with its music. One of the crags is called the *Raven Rock*, and other wild and picturesque masses overhang the valley where the mine and cave of the *Virtuous Lady* are situated. *Grenofen* (about 1 m. up the Walkham) is the seat of T. Morris, Esq. Above Tavistock the river flows through scenes of a charming character, but its valley

is distinguished near the moor by a mixture of the wild with the beautiful, the former predominating in the *Tavy Cleave* and round the romantic hamlets of *Peter Tavy* and *Mary Tavy* and the great copper mine of *Huel Friendship* (see Index). Mrs. Bray recommends every traveller who comes to Tavistock to see Devonshire scenery "to find his road out to Peter Tavy, crossing *Hertford Bridge* in his way, which is in itself worth seeing; thence to continue on as far as Mr. Bray's mill in Peter Tavy, to ramble to the *Coomb* (a glen by the mill), return back through *Shellands*, and then, if he can get any little boy to become his guide, he may go on to *Mary Tavy Rock* (an insulated mass covered with ivy and lichens), and the *Clam* (a light wooden bridge at a great height above the stream, which, as usual, tumbles over rocks); and if he be a good walker, he may proceed to *Cudlipp Town* and *Hill Bridge* (where the river has a solid floor of granite), and so he will have seen all the sights in that quarter in one round." The Tavy Cleave is closed by the heights of Dartmoor, the ridge of *Stannaton Down* rising immediately to the E., the beautiful hill of *Hare Tor* on the N., and *Lint's Tor*, where the ground is curiously uneven from mole or ant-hills, on the S. Below the castellated piles of Hare Tor comes the Tavy hurrying from the naked moor, and those who are in the humour for a wild supplementary walk may follow the stream some distance towards its source (way to *Fur Tor*, 2000 ft. high, and crowned by a rock tower), or strike boldly over the hills to *Great Mis Tor*, and return to Tavistock by *Merrivale Bridge*. Tavy is supposed to be derived from *Taw vechan*, little Taw, the river being a tributary of the Tamar, or *Taw mawr*, the great Taw. *Brent Tor* (4 m.), *Lidford Cascade*, and *Lidford Bridge*, are objects for another excursion in this direction. (See Rte. 1.)

The *Valley of the Walkham* abounds in the most romantic scenery, and will well repay those who explore it from *Double Water* (confluence of the Walkham and Tavy) to *Merrivale Bridge* on Dartmoor. But at least *Ward Bridge* (4 m. from Tavistock) should be visited. The tourist will proceed by the old Plymouth road over *Whitchurch Down*, which commands one of the finest views of Tavistock, and is bounded on the l. by *Pewtor* (2½ m. from Tavistock), piled with masses of granite, which stand at the 4 cardinal points of the summit, and thus frame as many views of sea and land. *Sampford Spiney* lies S. of this tor, and between *Sampford Spiney* and *Ward Bridge*, the old monument of *Beckamoor Cross*. At *Ward Bridge* the banks are covered with oaks and rocks, and the river struggles bravely with a host of impediments. If inclined for a struggle himself, the pedestrian may track the stream through wild moorland scenery to *Merrivale Bridge*, whence he can return by high road to Tavistock. *Ward Bridge* is situated between *Huckworthy Bridge* and *Merrivale Bridge*.

The village of *Lamerton* (3 m.) is said by Devonians to have been the birthplace of Rowe, the dramatic poet; but Johnson tells another tale. There is, however, no doubt that the father of the poet was the rector of the place. In the parish are *Venn House* (Rev. W. Gill), and *Ottery Park* (H. Terrell, Esq.).

Between Dartmoor and the Tamar, the bowels of the earth are the resort of miners, who extract from them the ores of copper, tin, lead, and manganese. Near *Beer Ferrers*, on the shore of the river, is the *Tamar silver lead mine*, in which a most interesting experiment has been lately made. The riches of this mine are under the bed of the river, 220 fath. below the surface of the water. The levels had been driven to a point where the miners were obliged to de-

sist from their operations for want of air, the engines being too distant to effect a proper ventilation, and the river overhead rendering it impossible to sink a new shaft in the desired direction. To meet these difficulties, an inclined plane was commenced at a point within 50 fath. of the top of the shaft, and driven at an angle of 37° through all the old workings down to the 160 fath. level, and, at the suggestion of Dr. Spurgin, an engine was erected on the 145 fath. level, in the course of the inclined plane, with the several objects of ventilating the workings, of drawing up the stuff, of sinking a partial shaft through a rich course of ore, of opening new levels, and of lessening the cost. This underground engine has fully answered all these purposes, and, what is more, has established the important fact that sources of mineral wealth, which have long been deemed inaccessible from their depth, are now within our reach. *Spurgin's engine* is one of 20 horse power, and works on a consumption of only half-a-crown's worth of coals in the 24 hours. It pumps the water from the new shaft, and raises the ore to the 145 fath. level; the smoke from the furnace being conveyed along a flue which runs through the old workings to the surface a distance of 2 miles. A model section of the mine has appeared in the Great Exhibition.

The richest copper mine in the county, the *Devon Great Consols*, formerly known as *Huel Maria*, is situated in a valley to the rt. of the Callington road, about 4 m. from Tavistock, and, although not so deep as *Huel Friendship* in Tavy Cleave, is a most profitable concern, and on so large a scale, that its works have the appearance of a village. In one month it has shipped 1200 tons of ore at Morwellham Quay, while in the same time *Huel Friendship* has yielded only 200 tons. The wealth of this mine has caused a diligent search to be made in the neigh-

bouring hills, which are clouded with smoke, and bristle with the engine-chimnies of embryo mines. The *Mill-hill slate quarries* are also rt. of the Callington road (1½ m. from Tavistock). About 200 men are employed in these works, which are therefore of such size as to be worth seeing. The high road in their vicinity ascends Morwell Down, where it commands a view of Dartmoor, of a similar character—to compare small things with great things—as that of the Alps from the Jura. In this fine prospect Brent Tor is the most prominent object, standing out in advance of the main body of hills, and soaring aloft bright and distinct in the shape of a flame.

Lastly, in this voluminous catalogue of interesting scenes round Tavistock, the road to *Beer Ferrers* should not be omitted.

Proceeding again on our route:—

9 *Jump*—(*Inn*: Lopez Arms), a mean village on the high land of *Roborough Down*, deriving interest from the view, which is yet more extensive ½ m. nearer Plymouth. To the E. the *western front of Dartmoor* bristles with a hundred tors; to the W. are the *Bodmin Moors* and ridge of *Hingston Down* and *Kit Hill*, forming a link between the high lands of Devon and Cornwall; to the S. the Channel, blending with the sky, and the Plymouth Sound, with its breakwater and romantic shores, displayed as on a map. The Plymouth and Devonport *leets* run past the village on different sides of the road; the former a clear swift stream, abounding with trout; the latter equally swift, but of a red colour, from the character of the soil it has traversed. The *Vale of Bickleigh*, the *Valley of the Cad*, and the *Cann slate quarry*, are all within a walk of this place; the rocky entrance to the glen of the Cad being very conspicuous in the view of Dartmoor (see *Excursions from Plymouth*).

6 PLYMOUTH. (*Inns*: Royal Ho-

tel;—Globe;—Chubb's Commercial Hotel.) Pop. 36,527.

STONEHOUSE. (*Inn*: Brunswick Hotel.) Pop. 9,711.

DEVONPORT. (*Inns*: Royal Hotel;—Weakley's Hotel.) Pop. 33,822.

These three maritime towns of the West, situated on the shore of a noble harbour, at a part of the Channel the most convenient for a war-station and for the purposes of commerce, and in a country rich both in minerals and agricultural produce, have long occupied a high place in public estimation, and are among the most thriving of all the towns in Great Britain. So rapid, indeed, has been their growth of late years, especially during the war, that the three may be now considered as one grand focus of fashion, trade, and naval and military preparation. They have parted with their individuality, and become the sections of a far more important union—Plymouth answering to the *city*, Devonport to the *West-end*, and Stonehouse to those less interesting parts of a metropolis which are filled with hospitals and manufactories. The two extremities are the naval and military stations, and Stonehouse the quarters of the marine corps. For the information of the traveller, we shall describe these three great divisions separately, and then conduct him along the shore of the Sound, excursion with him up the river Tamar, and to places worth viewing in the immediate neighbourhood, and then take him to scenes more distant, but of singular beauty and interest.

Plymouth is the first-born of this sisterhood of towns, and is described by Leland as in being in the reign of Hen. II., but only as "a mene thing, an inhabitation of fishars." At that time it appears to have been called *Sutton* or *South Town*, a name by which it was known down to the 15th cent., when it was rechristened as *Plymouth*. It was then of considerable importance, and had been

repeatedly honoured by the undesirable notice of the French, who first attacked it in 1338, but were repulsed by Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon. In 1377, however, our restless neighbours succeeded in burning a part of the town; in 1400 they plundered the place; and in 1403 favoured it with another incendiary visit. Such repeated acts of aggression at length aroused the inhabitants, and suggested the expediency of fortifying their town, which in 1439 was done with the approval of the king, Hen. VI., who, as a set-off to their misfortunes, dignified the citizens as a corporate body. In 1512 an act passed parliament for the further strengthening of these works, and since that time they have increased by a yearly growth, and now present a formidable barrier, bristling with cannon. Fortifications have also been erected on St. Nicholas' Isle and the shores of the Sound, and it is now very certain that an effectual resistance would be opposed to any attempt at invasion. During the civil contests of Charles I., the inhabitants of Plymouth sided with the parliament, and the town was several times besieged, but unsuccessfully, by the royal forces. The *Citadel* and *Hoe* are here the principal objects of interest; but the following buildings also merit notice.

The *Royal Hotel*, a huge structure erected by the corporation of the town in 1811. It comprises an inn, in which an army might be accommodated, a theatre, and assembly-rooms, and is situated in a good position at the end of George Street and conveniently near the Hoe.

The *Athenæum* (close to the Royal Hotel), built in 1818 by the members of the *Plymouth Institution*. It has a valuable library and a museum worth seeing. The hall of the building is generally used as a lecture-room, but occasionally for the exhibition of paintings and sculpture by native artists. In the museum are

the roots of a tree of considerable size, which were found in a bog on Dartmoor. The *Nat. Hist. Soc.* in Union Street has been lately incorporated with the Athenæum, Col. Hamilton Smith, well known as an antiquary, and better as a nat. historian, being the President of the two Societies.

Plymouth has also a *Botanical and Horticultural Society*, a *Mechanics' Institute* in Princess Square, and a *Public Library* in Cornwall Street. In private collections are many interesting specimens of *rare birds*, which have been procured on Dartmoor, or in its neighbourhood. Mr. Bolitho, of this town, has the merlin, rough-legged buzzard, long-eared owl, grasshopper warbler, Dartford warbler, Bohemian waxwing, lawfinch, siskin, spoonbill, avocet, and Temminck's stint; Mr. J. B. Rowe the grasshopper warbler, Bohemian waxwing, Richard's lark and bee-eater; Mr. Tripe, of Devonport, the bearded titmouse, spoonbill, and avocet; Mr. J. Pincombe, the gyrfalcon, rough-legged buzzard, Montagu's harrier, long-eared owl, firecrest and siskin; and the Rev. W. S. Hore, of Stoke, the snowy owl, pied flycatcher, and Richard's lark.

The *Guildhall*, in Whimble Street, contains some pictures, including a portrait of Geo. IV. when Regent, by Hoppner.

St. Andrew's Church, at the corner of Bedford Street, a Perp. building, the tower dating from 1490. The nave and aisles are lofty, and extend to the E. end, producing the usual west-country triple chancel. The nave-piers are slender, but the capitals rudely executed. The roofs are carved, of wood and plaster. Since 1640 the parish has been divided, and a part of it appended to Charles' Church, erected 1646, and dedicated, in the fervour of the Restoration, to St. Charles the Martyr. It has a light and slender spire.

Sutton Pool, the harbour of Ply-

mouth, is the property of the Duchy of Cornwall, but leased to a company. The entrance is 90 ft. wide, between 2 piers called the *Barbican*, erected in 1791 and '99. There is a lighthouse on the W. pier.

Plymouth Hoe is justly celebrated as one of the most beautiful promenades in the kingdom, and consists of a high ridge of land, stretching from Mill Bay to the entrance of Sutton Pool, and constituting the sea-front of Plymouth. The view from it is unrivalled for variety. Every beauty which the artist could desire is here seen blended in one magnificent picture. The spectator can at will confine himself to the contemplation of the wild or the beautiful, or he can bestow an equal regard upon the tints of wood and ocean, the grey walls of castles, sea-cliffs of rich colouring, quarries with their vast abutments, villages in sequestered nooks, grand city views in the chiaroscuro of smoke, distant moors darkened by clouds, and the picturesque bustle of a roadstead and constellation of sea-ports. By the aid of the map he may hence distinguish by name the many interesting features of the Sound, and on a clear day may look for the Eddystone Lighthouse in the waste of waters to the S.W. Plymouth Hoe was the point of the English coast from which the Armada was first descried; and on the anniversary of the day it was long the custom for the Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth to wear their "scarlet," and to treat their visitors with cake and wine. Mr. Rowe, in his "Perambulation of Dartmoor," has hazarded a conjecture that it was also the Iktis of Diodorus Siculus, from which the tin was anciently shipped.

The *Citadel*, with its formidable works, occupies the eastern end of the Hoe, and commands the entrance of the *Catwater* and *Sutton Pool*. This fortress was erected in the reign of Charles II., on the site of a more ancient building, and consists of five

regular bastions, with two intermediate ones, and the necessary works and ravelines. The entrance is by two sculptured gateways, which admit the stranger to a spacious esplanade, adorned by a bronze statue of Geo. II. in the costume of a Roman. The most interesting part of the citadel is the walk round the ramparts, for hence are obtained the most delightful and varied views, with a foreground of embrasures, massive walls, and cannon.

Mill Bay, on the W. of Plymouth Hoe, is a larger harbour than Sutton Pool, and so deep that vessels of 3000 tons may lie close to the pier at low water. The *Great Western Dock Company* have lately purchased both pier and harbour, and are now constructing at the head of the bay the *Great Western Docks*, the principal of which will occupy 11 acres, and have gates for the admission of the largest ships. When completed these docks will be connected with the S. Devon line by a railway.

Plymouth and Devonport are supplied with excellent water by *leets*, or streams, conveyed by artificial channels from Dartmoor. The Plymouth leet winds along the hills, at a gentle inclination, a course of about 30 m., and flows into a reservoir in the northern suburb, from which it is distributed. The inhabitants owe this important benefit to the munificence of Sir Francis Drake, who, when representative for Plymouth, obtained an act of parl. authorising him to bring the stream through private property. The completion of the work was attended with public rejoicings, and the stream, on its arrival, welcomed by the firing of cannon; the mayor and members of the corporation, attired in full dress, going out to meet it, and accompanying it in procession as it flowed into the town. The country people, however, give another version of its first introduction; for they say that *the inhabitants, or, rather, the laun-*

dresses, being sorely distressed for water, Sir Francis Drake called for his horse, and, riding into Dartmoor, searched about until he had found a very fine spring, when he bewitched it with magical words, and, starting away on the gallop, the stream followed his horse's heels into the town. Plymouth leet drains from a morass about 3 m. N. of Sheepstor, flowing past Classenwell Pool; that of Devonport from a larger swamp N. of Prince's Town. It is to be regretted, however, that more care is not bestowed upon these good gifts. The channels are exposed to many sources of filth; and the difference is very sensible between the stream at Dartmoor, and at the entrance to Plymouth. The reservoirs, also, have not received any modern improvement.

Stonehouse is comparatively of modern date, and derives its name from Joel de Stonehouse, who held the manor in the reign of Hen. III. It contains those important government establishments, the Victualling Yard, the Naval Hospital, and the Marine Barracks.

The *Royal William Victualling Yard*, designed by the late Mr. Rennie, occupies a tongue of land at the mouth of the Tamar, and has been completed within the last ten years at a cost of 1,500,000*l.* It is estimated to extend over 14 acres, 6 of which were recovered from the sea, and consists of a quadrangular pile of buildings, and spacious quays or terraces, fronted by a sea wall 1500 ft. in length. The plan of the structure may be understood at once from the adjoining hill, on the summit of which is a stone reservoir, supplied with water from the Plymouth leet, and calculated to contain 6000 tons. To provide against the failure of the leet, a second reservoir has been excavated at Long Room, in its vicinity; and a third at Bovisand, opposite the eastern end of the Breakwater. The building presents a triple frontage,

of which the most imposing is that facing Mount Wise. This consists of a central pile, surmounted by a clock tower, and two detached wings, each garnished with a lofty chimney; the entire range of buildings being constructed of granite and limestone, and roofed with a framework of iron. The l. wing of this frontage is appropriated to the corn and baking department, the rt. to the cooperage, and the central part to the purposes of a general storehouse. The abundance of the articles here in waiting for consumers, may be imagined when it is stated that the salted beef and pork alone amount to several thousand tierces, each tierce containing 80 pieces of meat of 8 lbs. each. The buildings opposite Mt. Edgcumbe are called the Clarence stores; and on this side, at Devil's Point, are the government stairs. The front facing Stonehouse is adorned by a bold and sculptured archway, surmounted by a colossal statue of William IV.

With respect to the interior, it is impossible to enumerate all its wonderful contents. Steam, that great *owrier* of the present day, is in every department the mainspring of incessant manufacture and conversion. In one, this versatile spirit does the work of a thousand bakers; in another it gives a proof of its capabilities as a brewer; but in all it exhibits such rapid and delicate manipulation as to excite the admiration of the beholder. The following departments may, however, be mentioned as most deserving of notice:—The *Bake-house*, in which 2 engines of 40-horse power grind the corn, knead the dough, and spread it ready to be cut into biscuits, and where a sack of flour is prepared for removal to the oven in 2½ minutes.—The *Cooperage*, in which casks and water tanks are constructed, and kept by thousands in readiness to be shipped.—The *Stores* of provisions, bedding, clothes, books, &c., where the stranger will acquire definite notions with regard to the expense of supporting a

large body of men.—The *Slaughter-house*, so contrived that the *coup-de-grace* may on an emergency be given at once to 70 or 80 head of cattle, but in which 12 bullocks per diem is the average number sacrificed on the 4 days of the week to which the business is limited. Contiguous to the slaughter-house are the *Weighing-house*, the *Beef-house*, and a *Store of Vegetables*.—The *Brewhouse*.—The *Quays*, which are furnished with cranes of enormous power, where vessels load with water, which is discharged into them at the rate of 80 tons weight in 20 minutes, and transferred from these small vessels to ships in the Sound or Hamoaze at the rate of 3 tons in 2 minutes. Near the Victualling Yard is the headland of Western King, on which a fort, called the *Prince of Wales's Redoubt*, was erected in 1849.

The *Royal Naval Hospital* is a large building, conspicuous in the N. of Stonehouse, and occupies an area of 24 acres. It dates from the French war (1762), and can accommodate 1200 patients.

The *Royal Marine Barracks* are situated near the shore of Mill Bay, and built around a spacious parade. They are capable of containing a thousand men.

Devonport is the youngest of the three great towns, and the most popular with travellers, as well as with sea-captains and government officials. The principal part of it is of recent growth, but the heart of the place dates from the reign of Will. III., when the dockyard was first established. To the year 1824 it was called Plymouth Dock, but at that period it repudiated the vassalage implied by that name, and assumed the title which now designates it as the leading maritime town in Devonshire. It is situated on much higher ground than either Stonehouse or Plymouth, and is the head-quarters of the military and naval authorities; for these reasons it is considered an eligible residence for those who are in search

either of health or amusement. To the passing stranger its great attraction (independent of Mt. Edgcombe, the Breakwater, the Tamar, and the many objects of interest in the neighbourhood) is

The *Dockyard*. This vast manufactory of war-ships, and all their complicated gear, dates its origin in the reign of Will. III., from which time it has advanced by slow but certain steps to the rank it now holds as one of the finest arsenals in the world. It affords employment in time of peace to some 1600 persons, and covers an extent of ground along the shore of Hamoaze of about 70 acres, which on the land side is protected by a high wall. All persons, except foreigners (who must obtain an order from the Admiralty), are allowed, under the guidance of a policeman, to make the tour of the establishment, which, in every part, is calculated to excite wonder and admiration. The visitor having entered the gates, has the *Warden's House* on his rt., the *Chapel, Guard-house, and Navy Pay Office* in front, and the *Surgery* on his l. He is immediately conducted down a paved avenue, and turning to the l. passes along the *Row* (the residences of the dockyard authorities) to a flight of steps which lead at once into the busy parts of the yard. His attention will there find ample employment in contemplating on every side the most colossal works and ingenious processes. The principal curiosities may be classed under the following heads:—The *New North Dock*, excavated from the solid rock in 1789, for the reception of vessels with their masts standing, its dimensions being, length 254 ft., breadth 97 ft., depth $27\frac{1}{2}$ ft. Adjoining it are a smithery, and workshops of plumbers, stonemasons, and bricklayers.—The *Engineer, Millwright, and Sawing-mills Department*, in which metal is worked *by steam-power* with almost as much *facility as wood*. Here are lathes for

turning iron, and machines for shaping it into screws and bolts; and for planing, punching, shearing, and drilling it. Among those for cutting wood are circular and segment saws, turning-lathes, and an instrument for cutting trenails. In the same department a machine is employed in plaiting signal balliards, with a continual "wheel about and turn about" motion, from which it has received the name of a "*Jim Crow*."—The *Mast-house and Basins*, where the masts and spars (so astonishing to landsmen) of ships laid up "in ordinary" are stowed or kept afloat. In their vicinity are the North Dock, the Admiral's Stairs, the Double Dock, and the Basin, constructed in the reign of Will. III., the latter being appropriated to the boats belonging to the Arsenal, and communicating at the upper end with a dock for the reception of frigates. Here also are kilns, in which planks to be curved are steam-boiled; and vast stores of rigging and sails; and here also the visitor should give a share of his attention to the sea-wall. Beyond the N. Dock are the Graving Slip, in which they clean the copper of small vessels; and the Camber, a canal 60 ft. wide, running far up the yard, and adjoining the Anchor Wharf.—The *Blacksmith's Shop*, which is one of the most curious sights, especially when some huge anchor is in process of construction. It contains no less than 48 forges, and is constantly filled with smoke, and a terrible din, which, until lately, was occasionally varied by the stroke of the Hercules, an instrument weighing 8 cwt., raised to a great height by pulleys, and then suffered to fall on the red-hot metal; but this machine is now superseded by Nasmyth's patent tilt hammer, which "alternately hovers in the air with the vibratory hum of a small bird's wing, or sweeps up and down in its irresistible course with the shock of a great piece of artillery."—The *Rope-houses*, two buildings, each 1200 ft. long, in which the

largest rope cables are made. The upper room contains some complicated and ingenious machinery for spinning yarn.—The *Mould Loft* (to be seen only by express permission), where plans are prepared of ships intended to be built.—*King's Hill*, an oasis in this hard-featured scene, and preserved from being levelled like the ground around it at the wish of Geo. III., who was pleased with its commanding position when he visited Devonport.—Lastly, the five great *Building Slips*, protected from the weather by enormous sheds. Here may generally be seen some first-rate ships in different stages of their growth; and it is truly interesting to gaze from the interior of one, of which the framework is open to view, at the timbers huge and ponderous which are destined to be blown about the world, and rocked to and fro by the waves.

The *Gun Wharf* is situated to the N. of the dockyard, and is the dépôt for munitions of war. Cannon and other destructive engines are here grouped in formidable array, and a large store of small-arms is artistically arranged in the various buildings. To complete his survey of the arsenal, the stranger should also visit the *Steam Yard* now constructing at Morice Town, nearly opposite Torpoint. It is to consist of 2 floating-basins of 6 acres each, with entrances 80 ft. wide; 3 large dry docks, besides a lock which will be applicable to that purpose; and is to be furnished with engine and boiler workshops, &c. The whole will cover 72 acres, and be shortly finished, at an estimated cost of 1,500,000*l.*

The next object within the limits of the town most worthy the attention of the stranger is

Mount Wise. Devonport is essentially a military station, containing barracks for 2,000 men, and protected on the land side (since the reign of Geo. II.) by lines of defence, and seaward by a chain of batteries; and

Mount Wise is the arena on which its defenders are occasionally marshalled in review. This hill is, however, principally noted for the beauty of the prospect, and its excellence as a promenade. On the summit is a telegraph, which communicates with the guard-ship by sign-boards, and with the Admiralty by electricity; and the stranger will generally have the opportunity of beholding its pictorial language hung forth and shifted for the direction of some bark in the offing. By the side of the parade are the residences of the Lieutenant Governor of the garrison and the Port Admiral; and at its eastern end a large brazen cannon, taken from the Turks by the late Sir John Duckworth. Near the Semaphore is a camera obscura, in which the visitor may study the surrounding scenery in miniature; and below, by the water-side, the *Royal Clarence Baths*, by which a pleasant walk leads round the base of the hill by Stonehouse Pool. Mount Wise bristles with cannon commanding the entrance of Hamoaze.

Among the *public buildings* of Devonport the following deserve notice. The *Town Hall* (date 1821) containing portraits of Geo. I., II., III., Will. IV., and Queens Charlotte and Caroline;—the *Column*, a Doric pillar of granite 125 ft. in height, erected in 1824, at a cost of 2750*l.*, to commemorate the change in the name of the town;—the *Public Library* (in Ker Street) of 4000 vols., and a cabinet of minerals, presented to this institution by the late Sir J. St. Aubyn, Bart.;—*Mount Zion Chapel*, a Calvinist meeting-house, built in imitation of the Hindoo style of architecture;—and the *Military Hospital* near Stoke Church.

The most agreeable and fashionable residences are in *Higher Stoke*, and the stranger should make a point of visiting the summit of Stoke Hill, where the old Block House stands. The view from it is very delightful.

and embraces every object of interest in the surrounding country.

Such is a brief account of the three great towns of the West. With respect to the excursions which should be taken in their neighbourhood, proper objects for them are to be found in every direction; but those worthy of the front rank, to which we must confine ourselves, may be enumerated as follows:—

The Breakwater and Bovisand; Mount Edgcombe; the Tamar to the Weir-head; the Oreston Quarries; Bickleigh Vale, Cann Quarry, and the Valley of the Cad.

The visitor to Plymouth should, however, be first made acquainted with

The Sound. This magnificent roadstead, so well known as a station for our navy, has been often described as the most beautiful estuary on the English coast; and the stranger entering it from the Channel on a sunny serene day will probably acknowledge that there are grounds for the eulogy. Here "the land," says Risdon, "shrinketh back to give way for the ocean's entertainment of Tamar, which cometh galloping to meet her, almost from the Severn Sea." The shores rise in hills of from 100 to 400 ft. in height, and are varied by woods and villages, and margined with rocks. On the N. are the towns of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, with some minor bays and creeks, and the fine harbours of Hamoaze and Catwater; and the eye ranges from those busy scenes and watery vistas over hill and dale to the heights of Dartmoor. The Sound is about 3 m. in width and the same in length, and covers at high-water an area of 4500 acres. At its mouth it is bounded by *Penlee Point* (W.), and *Wembury Point* and the shaggy *Mewstone* (E.); or, further seaward, by the *Rame Head* (W.) and *Stoke Point* (E.); the distance between the two last mentioned ^{is} being 8½ m. It

receives the tribute of 3 rivers, the Tamar, Laira, and Plym; the estuary of the first forming the harbour of Hamoaze, and that of the others the Catwater, both of these estuaries branching into a watery labyrinth of creeks and inlets. The *Isle of St. Nicholas*, or *Drake's Island*, a bold pyramidal rock, strongly fortified and garrisoned, stands at the entrance of the Tamar; and the *Mewstone* gives a finish to the eastern horn of the bay. The most striking feature, however, in a general view of the Sound, is the park of *Mount Edgcombe*, the seat of the noble family of that name, which, comprising the lofty hills on the western shore, presents a varied expanse of foliage descending to the water's edge.

As a roadstead, Plymouth Sound was long found inconvenient, from its exposure to southerly gales; but this is now remedied by the erection of an outlying barrier, which breaking the force of the waves as they are driven in from the Channel, converts the entire Sound into a harbour. This outlying barrier is the well-known

Breakwater, a work which originated in the suggestion of our great Admiral, Earl St. Vincent. It dates its rise from 1806, when Earl Grey was First Lord of the Admiralty. The late Mr. Rennie being then instructed to survey the Sound, and report upon the best means of rendering it a secure anchorage, advised that a detached mole or breakwater should be formed at the mouth of the Sound, where nature pointed out the site for such an erection by a string of shoals called the Panther, Tinker, Shovel, and St. Carlos Rocks, on each side of which the channel was deep and sufficiently wide to afford a safe passage for vessels. As to the mode of construction, he proposed that *rubble*, or rough angular blocks of stone, from 2 to 10 tons weight and upwards, mixed with smaller materials, should be cast into the sea, when the waves

would arrange them in the shape best calculated to resist the action of the breakers. In fact, the shoals were to be raised to a height sufficient to arrest the undulation of the sea. The mole was to consist of 3 arms, or *kants*, inclining towards each other at an angle of 120° ; thus giving the structure a curved form, which it was considered would prevent the too great accumulation of the waves on the outside, and offer the least impediment to the current. The total length was to be 1700 yds., and the whole was to be raised to the level of half-tide. The estimated cost was 1,055,200*l.*, and the quantity of stone that would be required, 2,000,000 tons. It was suggested also that a subsidiary pier should be thrown out from the shore. Mr. Rennie's proposal, however, lay dormant for several years, and other plans were, in the interim, offered to the Admiralty: such as to construct piers at different points; to moor 117 triangular floating frames in the desired direction; to sink on the shoals 140 wooden towers with stones in a double line (General Bentham's); or to connect these cones with a superstructure, so as to form an open-arched mole, similar to those of Tyre and Athens. Valid objections were, however, found to all these proposed works, and it was finally determined to adopt the plan of Mr. Rennie, who received the order for carrying it into execution in June, 1811. A lease of 25 acres of limestone, at Oreston on the Catwater, was purchased for 10,000*l.*, of the late Duke of Bedford; and in March, 1812, operations commenced by opening the quarries, laying rails, building wharves, and making other preparations for the transport of the stone. The flotilla to be engaged in this work consisted of 10 vessels, each of 80 tons, provided with a line of rails on the deck and in the hold, and of 45 sloops of smaller size. On the 12th of Aug. the first and centre stone was laid on the Shovel Rock; and on the

Dev. & Cornw.

30th of March of the following year the work made its appearance above the level of low-water spring tides, 43,789 tons of stone having been deposited. By August following it had advanced so far that labourers could be employed upon it; and on March, 1814, it stood the trial of a storm, and resisted successfully the heavy southerly seas, a large French three-decker riding out the gale in safety under its lee. In this year the original plan was modified, and it was determined to raise the structure to the level of 2 ft. above high-water mark, spring tides. In 1816 the largest annual amount of stone was deposited, viz., 332,407 tons. In the winter of the following year a furious hurricane displaced 200 yds. of the upper rubble, removing it from the sea-slope to the northern side. The effect, however, was to increase the stability of the work, the waves having thus formed their own slope, or the angle of repose at which the blocks would lie undisturbed by storms. It is to be remarked that this action of the waves was exerted only from the level of low-water upwards. The original slope had been 3 ft. horiz. to 1 perp., and it was now flattened to 5 to 1, or 11° , an alteration recommended by Mr. Rennie when it was resolved to raise the height of the structure. Upon this occasion the Jasper sloop of war and Telegraph schooner, which had anchored outside the protection of the Breakwater, were driven ashore and wrecked with a melancholy loss of life.

In 1821 Mr. Rennie died, and the Admiralty consulted the present Sir John Rennie and three other engineers upon the best mode of completing the work: who advised that the sea and land-slopes should be respectively at angles of 11° and 26° ; that the sea-slope should be strengthened by dovetailed courses of granite, and the top paved, reduced in width, curved, and its central line removed 36 ft. further inland. Upon the plan

thus amended the work was carried on; but such difficulties were experienced in its progress towards the west, where the water was deep, and the roll of the sea more impetuous, that Sir John Rennie proposed that a *foreshore*, or platform of rubble, should be raised in advance of the sea-slope to the level of 2 ft. above low-water mark; this foreshore to be 50 ft. wide at the western end, and to decrease to 30 ft. at its eastern termination. To this the Admiralty acceded, and the foreshore has proved a complete protection, tripping up the heavy seas before they can reach the slope. The plan of the western arm was also at this time amended. Its head was to be circular, and of solid dove-tailed masonry; and in the heart of the pile was to be rooted the base of a lighthouse, to consist of an inverted arch filled with solid courses, and resting on masonry equally compact. In 1838 this foundation had been nearly completed, when the work was delayed by a severe storm, which carried blocks of 12 and 14 tons weight from the sea to the land-slope. Finally, this important arm, after being additionally strengthened, was completed in 1840. In the following year the first stone of the lighthouse, designed by Messrs. Walker and Burgess, the engineers of the Trinity House, was laid, and the structure finished in 1844. It consists of a circular tower, 126 ft. in height from the base of the Breakwater, 71 ft. above high-water mark, and 18 ft. diameter over all at its broadest part. It is constructed of the finest white granite from the Par quarries, on the coast of Cornwall. The floors are of stone and arched, but differ from those of the Eddystone in forming at their outer ends a part of the wall. By this mode of construction there is no lateral pressure, and some other advantages are obtained. It is divided into five stories, the highest of which is the lantern with a floor of e. The light is on the

dioptric or French principle, having a range of 8 m., and, as an auxiliary, a large bell which, suspended on the outside, is tolled by clockwork during foggy weather. The E. end of the Breakwater is constructed with a circular head, and of solid masonry, like the W., and supports a pyramidal beacon of beautiful white granite, 25 ft. in height from the top of the Breakwater, and of 20 ft. diam. at its base. It is divided into 12 steps, and crowned by a pole of African oak 17 ft. high, supporting a hollow globe of gun-metal, in which the shipwrecked mariner may take refuge. This beacon was begun and finished in the year 1845.

Such is a brief account of this astonishing Breakwater, now complete, with the exception of a part of the eastern arm. Its efficacy in resisting storms has been fully demonstrated, and the thick coating of sea-weed which now covers the rubble shows the perfect repose of its angular stones. The depth of water in which the structure has been raised averages from 18 to 45 ft.; the quantity of rubble deposited up to June, 1847, amounted to 3,620,444 tons, and at that time it was presumed that 50,000 tons more would be required. The total cost on the completion of the work is estimated at 1,500,000*l.*; and, according to a calculation by Mr. Davies Gilbert, the late distinguished President of the Royal Society, the weight of the structure when finished will be nearly equal to that of the Great Pyramid. A comparison has been frequently instituted between the Plymouth Breakwater and its sister-work of our neighbours at Cherbourg; but the construction of the latter has been attended by casualties of the most melancholy nature, and it remains yet to be seen whether it will ever be successfully completed. Its great error is considered by our engineers to have been the small size of the rubble employed. The *Digue of Cherbourg* is, however, on a much larger scale than the Ply-

mouth Breakwater, as will appear by the following comparative admeasurement in yards:—

	<i>Length.</i>	<i>Breadth.</i>	<i>Height.</i>
Digue	4111	295	About the
Breakwater	1760	120 at base, 16 at top.	same.

After visiting the Breakwater you should land at *Bovisand*, the watering-place of her Majesty's ships at anchor in the Sound. Here are some new fortifications, and, at a distance of $\frac{3}{4}$ m. from the shore, a reservoir capable of containing 12,000 tons of water, which is tapped at the surface by an ingenious contrivance, and conveyed through iron pipes to the pier at Staddon Point, another work by the late Mr. Rennie. Here also is a picturesque vale, from which the Breakwater is seen in perspective, with a blue patch of sea, framed, as it were, by the acclivities on each side of the valley. It is a pleasant walk along the adjacent *Staddon Heights* (near *Radford*, H. B. Harris, Esq.) to *Mount Batten* at the mouth of the Catwater, which you can cross by boat to Plymouth. Mount Batten is a picturesque old tower, the scene of repeated skirmishes during the sieges of Plymouth by the Royalists. The doorway is so high above the ground as to be entered by a ladder.

Mount Edgcumbe (Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe) occupies the western shore of the Sound; and for the splendour of its prospects, for the charming irregularity of its surface, for its groves and tasteful gardens, has been long the boast of the county and a theme for the poet: but language, it is said, would fail in its description, so the reader must be content with the observation of the Countess of Ossory, that "Mount Edgcumbe has the beauties of all other places added to peculiar beauties of its own." By the liberality of the noble owner, the park is open to the public every Monday; but the stranger, by applying to Mrs. Huss, bookseller, in Stonehouse, can procure ad-

mittance on other days, but must be then accompanied by a guide. The house is a castellated building, erected in the reign of Queen Mary, and commanding a view of the sea through a vista of trees. It contains several family pictures by Sir Peter Lely and Reynolds, full-lengths of Charles II., James II., Prince Rupert, and Will. III., heads of Charles I. and the Duke of Monmouth, and a small collection by Dutch and Italian masters. But the park and pleasure-grounds are the principal attraction, and in these the visitor should direct his attention to the following objects:—The *Gardens*, three in number, respectively illustrating the Italian, French, and English tastes in gardening: the first, with its delightful terrace, orangery, and Doric conservatory, and its walks converging to a point at a marble fountain; the second, with its basin and jet d'eau, prim parterres, and octagon room opening into conservatories; the third, with its pavilion and noble trees, including the cedar and cork tree, and exemplifying rather the picturesque and irregular grouping of nature, than the skill of the gardener. In the vicinity of these gardens is the *Blockhouse*, an old fort on the shore of Barnpool, dating from the reign of Elizabeth; *Thomson's Seat*; the *Temple of Milton*; and the *Amphitheatre*, a recess in the woods.—The *White Seat*, near the summit of the park, an alcove commanding a rare prospect.—The *Ruin*, artificial, but happily placed.—The *Cottage*, embowered in creeping plants, with a rustic verandah.—The *Arch*, adjoining a stone seat on the edge of a precipice overlooking the Sound.—The *Zig-zag Walks*, leading down the cliffs among rocks and woods, and affording delicious glimpses of the surrounding scenery.—*Redding Point*, where an unbounded expanse of ocean bursts upon the sight.—*Picklecombe*, a sweet secluded dell; and, lastly, the *Valley of Hoe Lake*, and the *Keeper's Lodge*, hung with trophies of the chase. The

stranger should also make an excursion by boat along the shore of the park for a view of the rocks. He can extend it to *Cawsand*, walk thence to the *Rame Head*, and indulge himself with a prospect over Whitesand Bay, and a long range of the Cornish coast. (See CORNWALL, Route 19.)

Drake's or *St. Nicholas' Island* is another good point for a view of the Sound. It was once crowned by a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, but has long been a fortress, and one of the principal defences of Devonport. The largest battery mounts 19 guns, ranging from 32 to 68 pounders. A ledge of rocks, called *the Bridge*, connects it with the shore of Mount Edgcombe.

The Tamar. This beautiful river rises in the adjoining county, near the shore of the Bristol Channel, 59 m. from the sea into which it ultimately falls. A trip by water to the *Weir-head* (20 m. from the Sound) should be an object with every visitor to this neighbourhood. It can be easily accomplished in a rowing-boat, on a summer's day, with the advantage of the tide. A steamer plies as far as Calstock, and occasionally extends her voyage to Morwellham; but those who have time for the full enjoyment of the excursion should select a less rapid and noisy mode of conveyance. Upon leaving Devonport the voyager launches at once into *Hamoaze*, the celebrated anchorage of her Majesty's ships "in ordinary," extending from Mt. Edgcombe to Saltash, a distance of 4. m. The rt. bank here offers in succession, the creeks of *Millbrook* and *St. John's Lake*, the town of *Torpoint*, the woods of *Gravesend*, *Thankes* (seats of Lord Graves), and *Antony House* (W. H. Pole Carew, Esq. M. P.), and the *Lynher*, a creek which flows to St. Germans. The l. bank, the *Victualling Yard*, *Dockyard*, *Morice Town*, *New Passage*, *Keyham Lake*, and another inlet reaching to *Tamerton*. *The view of Saltash* is ex-

tremely picturesque. The old crazy houses, with their balconies and balustrades, rise one above the other from a steep slope; and the place is often invested by an atmosphere so clear and bright as to remind the traveller of the sunny south. Above Saltash the river expands so considerably as to assume the appearance of a lake; and here, on the l. bank, the Tavy joins the stream amid the woods of *Warleigh* (Rev. W. Radcliffe), and a distant view of Dartmoor—particularly, of *Mis Tor*, enhances the beauty of the neighbouring shore. On the rt. bank is the *Church of Landulph* (CORN., Rte. 20.), standing at the mouth of a creek, which is overhung by the trees of *Moditonham* (— Carpenter, Esq.). The voyager now reaches a sharp turn of the river, and, upon rounding the corner at the village of *Hall's Hole* (famous for cherries), suddenly beholds *Pentillie Castle* (CORN., Rte. 20.) and its crescent of wooded hills. Through scenery of this description the boat glides onward, passing the village of *Beer Alston* to *Cothele* (CORN., Rte. 20.), where it will be necessary to disembark and foot it to the old mansion of the lords of Mount-Edgcombe. The river scene is delightful; the limpid water is margined by rocks, and clearly reflects the green foresters overhead; while, at a bend of the stream, the wood recedes into the glen of *Danescombe*, which is so called from a tradition that the Danes landed in it previous to their defeat on Hingston-down by Egbert, in the year 835. Above Cothele is the village of *Calstock*; beyond that place a wooded crescent skirts the river, which, winding round the demesne of *Harewood House* (Sir William Trelawny, Bart.), so lingers in the vicinity of Calstock, that the best course is to proceed through the grounds of Harewood and meet the boat at the ferry opposite *Morwellham*. Here there is an inn to which you can return after continuing the voyage to the *Weir-*

head; but this should be done, as above Morwellham the river is girt on either bank by elevated hills, which on the l. shore, are faced by the superb crags called the *Morwell Rocks*. These will excite the admiration of the beholder, rising in shaggy pinnacles to an immense height. From *Morwellham* you should walk up the inclined plane of the Tavistock canal, to the summit of the rocks, as before directed. (See p. 86.) The church of *Calstock* crowns an opposite hill. It contains the vault of the Edgcumbes, built in 1788, and monuments to Pearse Edgcombe, and the Countess of Sandwich, widow of that earl who was killed in the furious action with De Ruyter, 1672. In the vicinity of Calstock, near Harewood, are quarries of the porphyritic elvan called *Roborough stone*.

Shorter excursions can be taken on this river; viz. to *Trematon Castle*, *Anthony* (pictures), *St. Germans*, *Tamerton Foliot*, &c. (See CORNWALL, Route 20.) It is a pleasure to be floated by the tide along *Tumerton Creek*, when its woods and venerable *Warleigh Tor* are lighted by a summer's sun. *Tamerton Foliot*, the bourn of such a voyage, is an interesting village, placed at the meeting of 3 valleys, with a fine old church approached by steps hewn from the rocky ground. In this church are the tombs of the Foliots and Copplestones, and effigies of Roger de Gorges and his lady; and near the churchyard wall the *Copplestone Oak*, the "fatal oak" of "Warleigh," that beautiful tale of Mrs. Bray's, so rich in word-paintings of the scenery of this neighbourhood.

Adjoining Tamerton, on the shore of the Tavy, is the baronial mansion of *Warleigh* (Revd. W. Radcliffe) originally built by one of the Gorges, barons of Foliot, in the reign of Stephen, but enlarged in those of Hen. VII. and VIII. Here is a *baron's hall* hung with family portraits, among which may be seen those of Gertrude

Copplestone and her husband Sir William Bastard, who assisted old John Arundel in the defence of Pendennis Castle. It is lighted by windows of stained glass bearing the arms of Foliot, Radcliffe, and Copplestone. In the grounds are avenues, terraces, and gardens, and the park has an antiquarian interest as the reputed scene of Ethelwold's murder by Edgar.

The *Oreston Quarries* and *Saltram* will contribute to another day's pleasure. They lie just E. of Plymouth, and are most agreeably reached by boating it up the Catwater. The *Oreston Quarries* have furnished all the limestone employed in the Breakwater; and the extent of ground there cumbered by broken cliffs, and the ruins of the land, is astonishing. During the progress of the excavation, the workmen discovered in certain fissures, the bones of hyænas, elephants, rhinoceroses, wolves, deer, and other animals now foreign to the country; remains curiously intermixed, but supposed to have been brought together by animals *falling into cracks*, which in time became filled by loam, sand, and the fragments detached from their sides.

Adjoining this quarry is the *Laira Bridge* (date 1827), an elegant iron structure on 5 arches, built by the father of the present Earl of Morley; and on the other side of the water the terminus of the railway from Dartmoor, heaped with a ponderous load of granite. At this bridge the estuary of the Plym changes its name of Catwater to the *Laira*, and at high-water, spreads over a broad and sedgy channel, of which 175 acres were reclaimed from the water by the late earl at a cost of 9000*l*. The embankment is 2910 ft. long and 16 high, and gained the gold medal of the Soc. of Arts. The woods of *Saltram* skirt the E. shore its entire length. This seat of the Earl of Morley is justly admired for its picturesque beauties, and was purchased in 1712 by Geo. Parker, Esq.

the great grandfather of the late earl. The mansion, erected by Lady Cath. Parker early in the last century, is the largest in the county, and well known for the *Saltram Gallery*, which contains the following works of eminent masters:—

Galatea (of Raphael).	<i>Copy of Domenichino.</i>
Cattle.	<i>Capp.</i>
Madonna and Child.	<i>Sasso Ferrato.</i>
Flight into Egypt.	<i>G. Pousin.</i>
Marriage of St. Catherine.	<i>Correggio.</i>
Spanish Figures.	<i>Palemides.</i>
Soldiers in a rocky scene.	<i>Salvator Rosa.</i>
St. Anthony and Christ.	<i>Carracci.</i>
St. Catherine.	<i>Guido.</i>
Sir Joshua Reynolds.	<i>Kauffman.</i>
Tribute Money.	<i>Carravaggio.</i>
Landscape.	<i>Wuwermans.</i>
Adoration of the Shepherds.	<i>Carlo Dolci.</i>
Madonna and Child.	<i>Andrea del Sarto.</i>
Landscape.	<i>Berghem.</i>
Bolingbroke Family.	<i>Vandyke.</i>
Three Female Figures.	<i>Rubens.</i>
Game.	<i>Snyders.</i>
Holy Family.	<i>Guido.</i>
Bacchantians (valued at 200 guineas).	<i>Titian.</i>
Sir Thomas Parker.	<i>Jansen.</i>
Queen Elizabeth.	—
Place of St. Mark, Venice.	<i>Canaletto.</i>
Sea Piece.	<i>Vanderelde.</i>
View of Naples.	<i>Riccardelli.</i>
Two small pictures.	<i>Albano.</i>
Charles XII.	—
Apollo and Daphne.	<i>Albano.</i>
Marquis of Lansdowne.	<i>Sir J. Reynolds.</i>
Phaeton.	<i>Stubbs.</i>
Sigismunda.	—
Landscape.	<i>Wilson.</i>
Decapitation of St. Paul.	<i>Guercino.</i>
Cattle.	<i>Rosa de Tivoli.</i>
Animals.	<i>Snyders.</i>
The Assumption.	<i>Sabatini.</i>

The ceilings of the saloon and dining-room were painted by Zucchi; and the house contains many other specimens of art, among which is a bust of the Earl of Morley by Nollekens, and casts of Psyche, a Faun, and a Hebe by Canova. A collection of rare birds killed in the neighbourhood includes the Bohemian waxwing, Montagu's harrier, short-eared owl, and siskin.

Bickleigh Vale and the *Valley of the Cud* will be explored by all those who like to seek out Nature in her lonely retreats, and to commune with her in rocky dells and moorland solitudes. *Such scenes* are reached from

Plymouth, by ascending the shore of the *Laira* to its termination at *Longbridge*, and thence proceeding by road or rail (by walking along it, which is allowed) to *Plym Bridge* (about 3 m. from Plymouth), where the *Vale of Bickleigh* commences. This is a delightful spot; and the bridge a mossy old structure, partly hid by foliage, and based among the many-coloured pebbles of a rapid stream. Adjoining it are a wayside chapel, with a niche for the figure of a saint; a rustic cottage, mantled with the rose and woodbine; and a narrow lane which climbs a hill towards Plympton. The traveller should ascend this hill for $\frac{1}{4}$ m. to enjoy one of the finest bird's-eye views of Plymouth Sound, the estuary of the *Laira*, Mount Edgcumbe, &c. He will find the best point of view occupied by *Boringdon House*, now a farm-house, but anciently the residence of the Parkers, now seated at Saltram and enjoying the earldom of Morley. *Boringdon House* was built about the middle of the 14th cent.; but there are few remains of the old house. The hall, however, is still to be seen, and is a noble room, with a chimney-piece, ornamented with figures emblematical of Peace and Plenty, supporting the royal arms (Charles I.), and date 1640. The views on each side of the lane are of a character to transport the enthusiast for scenery into "the seventh heaven." On the one side the splendid prospect of the *Laira* and Plymouth Sound; on the other a rude group of hills and highland woods, wild and rough, and perhaps darkened by clouds.

From *Plym Bridge*, the rail (the only path) winds through the wood and valley to *Cann Quarry*, a dark blue excavation in slate, finely contrasted by foliage, where the stone is drawn from the quarry and the drainage effected by water-machinery. Just beyond it is the *Weir-head* in the shape of a crescent; and at that spot the wanderer will plunge into the shady

recesses of the wood, and pursue his way around the elbow of many a mossy rock, where he may obtain glimpses of rare nooks and seclusions, to *Bickleigh Bridge* (about 3 m. from *Plym Bridge*), whence the village of *Bickleigh* (with an inn, *The Maristow Arms*) is about a mile away to the l. A beautiful picture is framed by the ivy-clad arch of the bridge; and another fine prospect will greet the traveller over a gate to the rt., where the road turns up hill towards the village. In *Bickleigh Church* contains the tomb, helmet, and gauntlet of Sir *Nicholas Slanning*, with effigies of himself and his wife. His melancholy death forms the catastrophe of Mrs. *Bray's* novel of *Fitz-ford*. A descendant of this *Slanning* was one of those Royalist warriors who were called "the four wheels of Charles's wain:"

"The four wheels of Charles's wain,
Grenville, Godolphin, Trevannion, Slanning, slain."

By the churchyard wall is a perfect cross, with a modern shaft. A church-path leads across the fields to the entrance of the far famed *Valley of the Cad* at

Shaugh Bridge. This is a singularly wild and romantic spot, where the *Mew* and *Cad* unite their noisy streams among antique oaks and rocks, and take the name of *Plym*. It highly deserves the attention of artists. Below the bridge are the remains of *Grenofen*, an old hunting seat of the *Slannings*. Tradition has much to tell of the state in which this family lived here; and the mossy barn with its gables, the rough hill side, the river, and the oaks which stretch their arms across it, will probably call the pencil and sketch-book into requisition. Above the bridge tower the crags which guard the entrance to the solitary glen of the *Cad*; and a steep road, threading a labyrinth of rocks, winds up the neighbouring hill to the village of *Shaugh*, where cottages and masses of granite are curiously intermingled.

Here there is a small inn (*The Thorn Tree*), adapted to the wants of an angler or pedestrian, and a venerable weather-beaten *Church*. In the churchyard observe a granite tomb, in which, as the story goes, lie the remains of two sisters, such twins in affection, that the decease of the one was the death-blow of the other. This is emblematically told by sculpture, representing the union of two hearts. 100 yds. E. of the church, in a hedge fronting the end of the lane, is the remnant of an old cross. On all sides the ground is cumbered by rocks, and the adjacent *Valley of the Cad* presents one of the wildest scenes imaginable. It is literally covered with granite, and the torrent comes roaring down the glen as though phrensied by the obstruction. The tourist may explore it with the greatest advantage (in a picturesque point of view) by descending the l. bank of the stream from *Cadaford Bridge* (near which is seen a vast sweep of the moor, and *Brent Tor* in the distance). But although this feat was accomplished by the writer of these directions, it is scarcely practicable. There is not even the ghost of a path; and the brake is so thick, that with the coat and strength of a rhinoceros one might experience some difficulty. By this rough course, however, we obtain the best view of the whimsical rock which rises from the rt. bank in the shape of a pillar, surmounted by a rude capital; and of the mighty *Deverstones*, a cliff of most elegant proportions and beautiful tints, seamed in the manner peculiar to granite, and apparently bound together by bands of ivy. The summit of this rock was often the resort of a poet whose name will be always associated with the hills of his favourite *Dartmoor*, and "on one of the flat blocks on the ground above the *Dewerstone*—at the front, as it were, of the temple where he so often worshipped—is engraved the name of '*Carrington*,' with the date of his death." Visitors are recommended.

in the introduction to his poem of "Dartmoor," to climb to the summit of this cliff; for "he who has sufficient nerve to gaze from the Dewerstone into the frightful depth beneath, will be amply remunerated for the trouble which may be experienced in ascending. The rocks, immediately beneath the view, seem as if they had been struck at once by a thousand thunderbolts, and appear only prevented from bursting asunder by chains of ivy. A few wild flowers are sprinkled about in the crevices of the cliff, tufts of broom wave like golden banners in the passing breeze, and these, with here and there a mountain ash clinging half-way down the precipice, impart a wild animation to the spot." Superstition has connected a fantastic legend with the Dewerstone. In a deep snow, it is said, the traces of a cloven hoof and naked human foot were found ascending to the highest summit; and on stormy winter nights the peasant has heard the "whist hounds" sweeping through the rocky valley, with cry of dogs, winding of horns, and "hoofs thick-beating on the hollow hill." Their unearthly "master" has been sometimes visible—a tall swart figure with a hunting pole. Dewerstone is probably "*Tiw's-stan*," the rock of *Tiw*, the Saxon deity from whom we derive the name of Tuesday. The laborious descent of the valley is by no means necessary for a view of the Dewerstone, but the rocky features of the glen are seen to great advantage by such a course. The granite carn of *Shaugh Beacon* rises close to the church, and the only act incumbent on the traveller is to cross over this eminence to the Valley of the Cad. A short distance below it he may, perchance, pass in view of some blocks of stone, so whimsically arranged as to resemble the figure of a huge warrior stretched at length on the hill-side. On the moor, about 2 m. from Shaugh, on the road to *Ivy Bridge*, those curious in minerals will find some china-clay pits. N. of these

works is a mutilated granite cross; and between them and Shaugh an entrenchment, commonly called the *Romas Camp*. It is a rectangular enclosure formed by a lofty mound of earth thrown up from the inside, and was therefore more probably a place of meeting or diversion than a camp.

There are some other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Shaugh. About 1 m. E. of Cadaford Bridge, on *Trowlsworthy Tor* (which is of red granite), a pound of elliptical form, 90 ft. by 70 ft., and the prostrate stones of a *sacred circle* some 18 ft. in diam.; $\frac{1}{2}$ m. further E. a *sacred circle*, about 70 ft. in diam., consisting of 8 stones, 7 of which are erect, and connected with a stone avenue which runs towards a small stream called the *Black-abrook*.

The stream of the Cad, says Mr. Rowe (Peramb. of Dartmoor), "is erroneously so called, as its source has from time immemorial been known as *Plym Head*. Cadaford does not necessarily mean ford of the Cad. Cad is a battle-field. Hence it may be conjectured on more satisfactory grounds, that this bridge may have been so designated from some unrecorded conflict on the neighbouring moors." It must be admitted, however, that Cad, as the name of a river, occurs in all Celtic districts, and that its recurrence at the mouth of the *Laira*—the *Catwater*, would seem to prove it was the old British name. *Plym* is Saxon.

From Shaugh the excursion should be prolonged (though not on the same day) either by the moor, or the *Vale of the Mew or Meavy* (skirting *Roborough Down*), to the villages of *Meavy* and *Sheepstor*. On the approach to the former (by valley) the granite hill of *Sheepstor* is the engrossing object, and quite spectral in its appearance, its light aerial tints being contrasted by the woods and shaded verdure of the valley. At *Meavy* there is an inn, favourite headquarters with the angler, and the

Meavy Oak, a huge old tree, bald at the top, and with a trunk so decayed as to form an archway through which a person may walk erect. At the end of the village turn to the rt. to the bridge, near which, up the road, is a granite cross, about 9 ft. high, in good preservation. A lane leads from this spot to a farm-house, called *Knolle*, bearing on its front the date 1610, and situated at the entrance to a romantic glen, in which there is a cascade. A path traverses the neighbouring hill to the rude village of *Sheepstor*, which consists of a few cottages round an ancient granite church and still older school-house; and from this place the tourist should climb the eminence of *Sheepstor* (or *Shittistor*, as in old records), the fabled haunt of the Devonshire fairies, the Pixies, and where, certainly, the crevices in the huge mass of granite, which at the eastern end is precipitous and so fissured (like the rocks of the Cad) as to resemble basaltic columns, would afford a rare seclusion and plenty of accommodation for such shy and tiny folk. The cavity which is said to be their favourite haunt is called the *Pixies-house*, and is formed by two rocks resting in a slanting position against the vertical side of the tor. Mrs. Bray informs us, that the peasantry who venture to visit it, still drop a pin as an offering to the pixie, and to this day it is considered a critical place for children to enter after sunset. The pixies are described as a race "invisibly small;" yet, in the vulgar belief, they may be heard on dark nights riding the horses of the neighbouring farmers, and "pounding their cider" within this cavern. According to Polwhele, the Pixies' house was selected as a hiding-place by one of the Elford family, who here successfully concealed himself from Cromwell's troopers, and employed his leisure time in painting on the walls. From the summit of the hill a wild and beautiful prospect is unfolded. Close at hand rises a

granitic cone, *Lethitor* by name, and perhaps the most elegantly formed of all the Dartmoor tors, but seen to most advantage from the half-reclaimed valley on the N. side of *Sheepstor*. If bound to Prince's Town, the traveller may steer direct from *Sheepstor* for its conspicuous church; and if benighted on the moor, as happened to ourselves, may take the pole-star for his guide. About 1 m. N. upon elevated ground, on the rt. side of the valley which extends towards Prince's Town, is *Clacywell* or *Classenwell Pool*, a small pond of water, long believed to be unfathomable. It is said that no bottom has been found in it with the church-bell-ropes of Walkhampton, which tied together made a line of 90 fathoms. However, in 1844, when the Plymouth leet, which runs near it, was at a low ebb, the water was pumped in large quantities from this natural reservoir, and its depth ascertained. It probably occupies the shaft of an old mine, as the moor in its vicinity is much furrowed as by mining works. *Sheepstor* is traditionally rich in minerals, and grains of gold are occasionally found in the streams below it. *Longstone*, in this neighbourhood, was the ancient seat of the Elford.

About 3 m. E. of *Sheepstor* rises the *Plym*, at *Plym Head*, in a most desolate region; and $\frac{1}{4}$ m. W. of this source, in *Langcoomb Bottom*, on the W. bank of a feeder to the *Plym*, is a *kistvaen* of more than common interest, as it stands by itself in the midst of wild and lonely hills. The cover has fallen, but the old tomb is otherwise uninjured, and some of the stones which enclose it in a circle are still erect.

Short excursions may be made from *Plymouth* to the neighbouring villages; such as *Tamerton Foliot* (p. 101.), *St. Budeaux*, and *Egg Buckland*. Near *Tamerton Foliot* is *Wartleigh* (Rev. W. Radcliffe); near *St. Budeaux*, an ivy-mantled tower of the

old manor-house of *Budocksheds*; near Egg Buckland, *Widely Court* (Miss Morshhead), the head-quarters of Prince Maurice, when he besieged Plymouth, in 1643, and visited by the king in 1644. An historic interest also attaches to St. Budeaux's church and churchyard, for these were fortified by the royalists and stormed by the roundheads, in 1646.

The *Eddystone Lighthouse*. Weather permitting, you will probably be tempted to visit this wonderful work, which, erected on a mere point in a stormy sea, affords a beacon and guiding-light to mariners. The Eddystone is a narrow rock of gneiss, situated 14 miles from Plymouth, daily submerged by the tide, and of most mournful celebrity as the scene of repeated disasters. For many years the possibility of raising some structure to mark this hidden danger had been a mooted point with engineers, when, in 1696, Mr. Winstanley succeeded in erecting a lighthouse, which he imagined to be as firmly seated as the rock itself. The building was, however, scarcely complete, before a furious storm engulfed it (1703), together with its unfortunate projector. After a lapse of three years Mr. Rudyard constructed a second lighthouse, and this was better calculated to resist the watery element, but fell a prey to fire. It was then that Smeaton planned the present structure, taking, it is said, as his model the trunk of an oak, which so seldom succumbs to the tempest. This work was commenced in 1757 and finished in 1759, and the success with which it has braved the storms of 90 winters is sufficient proof of the skill of its projector. The case of the building is formed of granite, and so rooted in the rock by the means of dove-tailing, that in fact it forms a part of the Eddystone. The structure is 100 feet in height and 26 in diameter; and, being situated so far from the land, with the strong waves *sweeping around it, is truly impos-*

ing in its effect. "Were there only a dark rock emerging from the sea in this lonely position, it would command the presence of very unusual feelings in the breast; but when to this is added a graceful building inhabited by man, growing as it were out of the bosom of the deep, the sensation produced is altogether *sui generis* and indescribable. We seem transported to a scene in some new kind of existence, to wit, a sea replete with islets and grotesque genii rising from its bed, assuming anon the forms of towers and such-like edifices."

ROUTE 11.

EXETER TO LAUNCESTON, BY OAK-HAMPTON.

The road leaves Exeter by its western suburb, crossing the Exe by St. Thomas's Bridge. From the banks of the river it gradually rises so as to command one of the finest views of Exeter, and then descends very sharply, by a deep cutting, into the valley of Alpbington, which, with its green hill-sides and flourishing orchards, forms a pleasant introduction into Devonshire.

9. About 1 m. to the l. is *Fulford House* (B. Fulford, Esq.), situated in a well-timbered park, and dating from the reign of Eliz. The estate has been the seat of this family since the time of Rich. I. During the Rebellion Fulford was garrisoned for the king, but taken by Fairfax in Dec. 1645. It contains family portraits and a full-length of Charles I.

1 At a distance of $\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the rt. is the perp. tower and church of *Cheriton Bishop*, on the road to which is *Cheriton Cross*, a granite fragment by the wayside, and an innkeeper bearing the singular geological patronymic of "Lias."

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ A lane on the l. leads to *Dreus-teignton* (1 m.), the *Druids' Town* on the *Teign*. (Route 10.)

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ About 2 m. to the l., and close

to the road from Moreton to Oakhampton, is the *cromlech* called the *Spinners' Rock*.

$\frac{4}{1}$ The road has now become interesting from its approach to Dartmoor. The naked eminence of *Cawsand Beacon* (alt. 1792 ft.) towers up to the l. of the traveller, who hereabouts crosses the river Taw, and a small fraction of the moor strewn with blocks of granite. The village of *South Tawton* is to the rt.

$\frac{4}{1}$ (*Oakhampton*. (Rte. 1.) For the remainder of this route, see Rte. 1.

ROUTE 12.

EXETER TO BARNSTAPLE, BY CREDITON AND CHULMLEIGH.

$\frac{4}{1}$ *Newton St. Cyres*. *Newton House* is the residence of J. Quicke, Esq., whose family has been seated in it since the reign of Eliz.

2 rt. *Downes* (J. W. Buller, Esq.).

$\frac{1}{1}$ *Crediton*. (Route 1.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ *Chulmleigh* (*Inn*: King's Arms), a small market town, in which the most notable thing is a beautiful screen in the church; but there are some interesting objects in the neighbourhood; viz. about 6 m. E., near a barrow-crowned hill, an ancient *stone cross*; $\frac{5}{2}$ m. E., near the farm-house of *Affeton Barton*, the ruins of the splendid *seat of the Affeton family* in the 13th and 14th cents., consisting of a gate-tower with spiral staircase. *Affeton* was subsequently occupied by the *Stuckleys*, and the neighbouring church of *E. Worlington* (a curious old building with a wooden spire), contains a sumptuous monument to Sir Thomas *Stuckley*, whose brother was *Cromwell's* chaplain.—In the adjoining parish of *W. Worlington* the farm-houses of *Denridge* and *Pidley*, once the seats of the *Radford* and *St. Leger* families;—and in the *Vale of the Taw* the old manor-houses of *Bury* and *Kelland* (about 5 m. S. E.); *Eggesford*, the property of the Hon.

Newton Fellowes, who resides at *Howard House*, about 4 m. from *Chulmleigh*; *Leigh House*, an Eliz. mansion (R. Preston, Esq.); and *Colleton Barton*, rich in old carving, and built about 1612 (J. Russell, Esq.). About 2 m. beyond *Chulmleigh*, the road enters the hilly country of N. Devon, and approaches the river *Taw*, which it accompanies to *Barnstaple*.

4 rt. *King's Nympton Park*, J. Tanner, Esq.

$\frac{12}{1}$ *Bishop's Tawton*, the ancient seat of the bishops of Devonshire. (See *Barnstaple*, Rte. 15.) On the opposite side of the valley is *Tawstock Court*, the seat of Sir P. B. Wrey, Bart.

2 *Barnstaple*. (Rte. 13.) The traveller is here within reach of the fine scenery of *Lynton*.

ROUTE 13.

LYNMOUTH AND LYNTON TO HARTLAND, BY COMBE MARTIN, ILFRACOMBE, BARNSTAPLE, BIDEFORD AND CLOVELLY.

Lynmouth. (*Inn*: *Lyndale Hotel*.) *Lynton*. (*Inns*: *Castle Hotel*, excellent; *Valley of Rocks Hotel*; *Globe Inn*.) At *Lynton*, telescopes are employed at the rival houses for the prompt discovery of the approaching traveller. He had better, therefore, determine before-hand on his inn, or he will become a bone of contention to a triad of post-boys, who wait with additional horses at the bottom of the hill to drag the carriage to its destination. *Lynton* and *Lynmouth* are situated on the outskirts of *Exmoor*, and amid scenes far finer than any other of the southern counties can boast; characterised by sub-Alpine valleys, impetuous torrents, wild gloomy ridges, and precipices and crags which would elicit admiration even in mountainous Wales. Two torrents, sparkling and impetuous, here effect a junction close upon the sea, the E. *Lyn* flowing with

horse murmurs down a magnificent ravine, the W. Lyn winding a less imposing but lonely and richly wooded valley. So sharp is the descent of these streams from the moor, that they suddenly swell after rain of any continuance, and at these times present a spectacle of grandeur which the beholder will not easily forget. The rivers then rush down with a mighty noise, and a speed the eye cannot follow; the woods shake as if agitated by a furious wind; spray and the ruins of trees are flung aloft in the air; while the din is occasionally varied by dull sounds like thunder, as rocks pass down the channel.

Lynmouth is situated at the mouth of these formidable streams, and is so shut in by a precipice called *Lyn Cliff* and fir-clad heights, that it bears no fanciful resemblance to a mountain-bound village. A steep winding road leads from Lynmouth to Lynton, which is not placed in quite so interesting a position as its neighbour, but is raised above the noise of the torrent, and commands a view of the dark ridges of Exmoor, and of that which separates Lyndale from the sea.

Lynmouth is thus described by the late Robert Southey:—"My walk to Ilfracombe led me through Lynmouth, the finest spot, except Cintra and the Arrabida, that I ever saw. Two rivers join at Lynmouth. You probably know the hill streams of Devonshire; each of these flows down a comb, rolling down over huge stones like a long waterfall; immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and the rivers and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these combs, the one is richly wooded—the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent; on either hand combs, and the river before the little village—the beautiful little village, which, I am assured by *one who is familiar with Switzerland, resembles a Swiss village.* This alone

would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but, to complete it, there is the blue and boundless sea, for the faint and feeble line of the Welsh coast is only to be seen on the right hand if the day be perfectly clear. Ascending from Lynmouth up a road of serpentine perpendicularity, you reach a lane, which, by a slight descent, leads to the Valley of Stones, a spot which is one of the greatest wonders indeed in the West of England, and would attract many visitors if the woods were passable by carriages. Imagine a narrow vale between two ridges of hills somewhat steep: the southern hill turfed: the vale, which runs from east to west, covered with huge stones and fragments of stone among the fern that fills it; the northern ridge completely bare, excoriated of all turf and all soil, the very bones and skeleton of the earth; rock reclining upon rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge terrific mass. A palace of the pre-Adamite kings, a city of the Anakim must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided. I ascended with some toil the highest point; two large stones inclining on each other formed a rude portal on the summit. Here I sat down. A little level platform, about two yards long, lay before me, and then the eye immediately fell upon the sea, far, very far, below. I never felt the sublimity of solitude before."

A week or a fortnight may well be passed at either of these places. Lynton is generally preferred by visitors who spend their time in exploring the neighbourhood, but Lynmouth has greater charms as a residence, and will be chosen by those who like to have a mountain scene always in view, and to watch the clouds curling about the heights. The neighbourhood is a paradise for anglers; the Lys, and the other streams of Exmoor, swarm with trout, and their

pursuit necessarily leads the fisherman through wild and romantic scenes. The mode of lionising the neighbourhood is on pony or donkey-back, or, far better, on foot. The roads are ill-adapted for carriages, being steep and circuitous. Posting is therefore both tedious and expensive. The stranger should be informed that the hotels will board him by the week at a cheaper rate than they will furnish bed and meals separately, and that the charge for ponies is less when they are taken by the day.

The chief points of interest in the neighbourhood are—

1. *Lyndale, Valley of Rocks, Lee Abbey, Lee Bay.*
2. *Valley of the W. Lyn.*
3. *Heddon's Mouth.*
4. *Simonsbath.*
5. *Brendon valley.*
6. *Glenthorne; path along the Exmoor coast.*
7. *Porlock, Bossiton Hill, Dunkery Beacon, Culbone.*

No. 1 may be seen in one day; 2 and 3 may be comprised in the route to Combe Martin and Ilfracombe; 4 must be made the object of a separate day's excursion; the same may be said of Nos. 5 and 6; 7 may have been already seen by the traveller on his road to Lynton.

First then for *Lyndale* and the *Valley of Rocks*. Starting from *Lynton*, the stranger should descend to *Lynmouth* through the shrubbery of *Lynton Cottage* (Mrs. Sandford), having given orders that his pony should be taken round to await him below. He will next visit the grounds of *Sir William Herries*, which occupy the ravine through which the *W. Lyn* comes hurrying under *Lyn Cliff*, where it falls in a cascade. Having fully explored this romantic retreat, he is advised to mount his pony and proceed up the Alpine gorge of the *E. Lyn*, or *Lyndale*, as far as the junction of two branches of the river, at a spot prettily named *Waters' Meet* (about 2 m.). Here the scenery is

certainly most beautiful. The sides of the ravine are covered with woods, the haunt of the wild deer of *Exmoor*, and rocks in various places protrude as cliffs, or lie coated with moss under the oaks on the hill-side. Far below, where the foamy torrents unite, stands a rural little cottage, the property of the *Rev. W. S. Halliday* of *Glenthorne*. From this spot the tourist can proceed $\frac{1}{2}$ m. further to *Ilford Bridges*, whence he should cross the hills to

Lyn Cliff, or, if on foot, he can climb from *Waters' Meet* at once in the same direction. The view of *Lyndale* from these heights, and the grandeur of the surrounding country, will be ample recompense for the fatigue of the ascent. After contemplating the depths of the valley, raise your eyes to the dark ridges of *Exmoor* stretching in deep purple *E. and W. and N.* to the sea. At the close of the autumn these desolate hills have donned their most gloomy garb and are in character with wintry skies. Arrived at *Lyn Cliff*, you must gain a point a little *E.* of the summer-house, so as to command the length of the gorge. *Countesbury* and its church will be seen aloft in the distance, on so dreary a hill, that you will shiver to think of a winter's night in that forlorn and exposed village. *Lyn Cliff* is a good point for a view of the ledge on which *Lynton*, it is said, looks dropped by chance, and of the hollow in which *Lynmouth* lies embedded. Hence also you may travel in imagination some distance towards *Porlock*, for the upland of *Countesbury* is open before you, and the brown moor stretching beyond it for miles; whilst an idea may be gained of the size of the hills by carrying your eye from the depths of the valley to the distant summits. From *Lyn Cliff* the wanderer can descend to *Lynbridge*, *Cherry Bridge*, or *Barbrick Mill*, and at any of these places cross the *W. Lyn* and return to *Lynton* by horse-road opposite *Lynbridge*. Ba

will probably have returned to his hotel about the time for a luncheon. He can next proceed to the

Valley of Rocks. This wild and interesting scene is about 1 m. W. of Lynton, and approached either by the *North Walk* along the cliff, or by a carriage road. The former should be selected. It is a path cut midway along a slope of about 700 ft., and forms, perhaps, the most remarkable terrace in the kingdom, commanding a vast surface of ocean, the cloud-like mountains of Wales, the gorge of the E. Lyn (in perspective), and a sweep of dreary coast terminated by the *Lynmouth Foreland*.

The rocks of the far-famed valley may astonish the traveller when they first break upon his view, rising abruptly from the face of the slope in crags and pinnacles. In a few minutes he will be passing below them, and with no less wonder, for they hang aloft, as it seems, in the sky, threatening destruction to everything beneath them, piled in fanciful shapes, dividing the clouds as they hurry past, and so overhanging their bases, that, apparently, a breath of wind would hurl them down the slope. One is known as the *Chimney Rock*, and another, which throws its shadow on you as you turn into the valley, by the whimsical name of *Rugged Jack*. Having passed safely beneath this canopy of pinnacles, the traveller will find himself upon the green sward of the valley; the *Castle Rock* rising like some huge Norman ruin on the rt., and the crag called the *Devil's Cheesewring*, or *Cheese-press*, from the hill-side opposite. He is now in the heart of the stony vale, which descends obliquely towards the sea, but at a great elevation, and will probably rest to contemplate the wild and singular scene. He may ponder meanwhile on the probability of a mighty torrent having once rolled through this trough-way to the sea, and of the land having been afterwards upraised to its present position. A human interest also at-

taches to this lonely glen. From time immemorial it has been known as the *Danes*; and tradition acquaints us that a party of those marauders, when pursued from a neighbouring village, were here overtaken and slaughtered; and in connection with the legend it is a curious circumstance that a number of bones have been lately discovered in cutting a path up the *Castle Rock*.

The stranger will ascend the *Castle Rock*. This, at one time, was a feat requiring some agility; but a few years since one John Norman received permission from the lord of the manor to make paths and destroy rocks that he might levy toll on the tourist. It must be allowed that he has executed his work in a masterly manner. The walk along the cliff is worthy of a Telford, and the path up the *Castle* enables the veriest coward to ascend to the summit; but the native wildness of this huge ruinous crag is gone for ever. On all sides it is covered with rubbish; a terrace has been levelled near the top, and, sad to relate, the weather-beaten rocks have been actually hewn into seats and tables. Here the destructive Norman has fixed his habitation, and waylays the traveller, on whom the extreme beauty of the prospect has made a generous impression. Here may be seen, unless the aforesaid Norman has rolled the stone over the precipice, a block of several tons weight, so nicely balanced, that a heave of a crowbar would send it thundering to the sea; and at the base of the cliffs the mouths of several caverns which are said to extend a long way underground, and can be visited by one of Norman's paths. The view is, of course, delightful, and in a westerly direction the eye ranges from *Duty Point* and *Lee Bay* to the great promontory of *High Veer*. From the terrace a stair-way has been cut to the summit, and the steps afford several good sections of fossil shells. After his visit to the *Castle*

Rock the traveller can descend to the beach at the end of the valley, and examine the cliff which, in appearance, is identical with the vesicular volcanic ash of Brent Tor. He should also direct his attention to the pile of rocks called the *Cheese-press*, and explore the wilderness of pinnacles and crags around the *Chimney Rock* and *Rugged Jack*.

The walk may be extended to *Duty Point*, just W. of the valley, and a little further to *Lee Bay* (1½ m. from Lynton), a magnificent crescent of foliage and heights. At one part of it, called *Crock Meadows*, a small landslide has occurred. Behind the shelter of *Duty Point* stands *Lee Abbey*, the modern mansion of C. Bailey, Esq., containing a number of curiosities, sometimes shown to strangers. Adjoining the house are artificial ruins. Here, in former times, stood the splendid abode of the De Wchelhalse, a noble family of Holland, who, about 1570, during the persecution of the Protestants by Alva, escaped with their property to England. In the reign of Charles II. Sir Edward de Wchelhalse was the head of this house, and one of the most powerful barons in the W. of England, but his daughter, his only child, proved the unfortunate cause of destruction to the family. She was wooed and won by a nobleman in high favour with James II.; but the lover proved faithless, and the deserted maiden was one day found lifeless under the rocks of *Duty Point*. The father in vain sought redress by petitioning the king, and when *Monmouth* landed at *Lyme*, De Wchelhalse and his adherents hastened to support him. After the battle of *Sedgemoor* the unhappy parent returned to *Lynton*, but the emissaries of the king were soon dispatched to apprehend him, and on their approach by the neighbouring valley, De Wchelhalse and the remainder of his family embarked in a boat to escape. The night was, however, stormy, and they are supposed to have all perished, as they

were never heard of again. The monument and arms of De Wchelhalse may be seen in *Lynton church*.

Every traveller who visits *Lynton*, should make a point of excursing to *Simonsbath*, the seat of *Frederick Knight, Esq.*, situated in the centre of *Exmoor Forest*, 9 m. from *Lynton*. The highland district which may be comprehended under the denomination of *Exmoor* occupies an area some 14 m. in length from N. to S., and about the same in width from E. to W. The forest alone consists of about 20,000 acres, and a few years ago was entirely uncultivated, a wild and gloomy wilderness, covered with heather and enlivened only by the music of its lonely streams. On the N. E. this hilly district attains its greatest elevation, rising in the superb brown mountain, *Dunkery Beacon*, to an altitude of 1668 feet, the coast throughout being remarkable for its general elevation, and for valleys of a sub-Alpine character, of which the tourist has had a fine example in the gorge of the E. Lyn. The W. of the moor attains a height little inferior to *Dunkery Beacon*, *Chapman Barrows* being 1540 ft., and *Span Head* 1610 ft. above the level of the sea. The forest, forming the nucleus of this desolate region, is now, ostensibly, in the hands of improvement, but, in fact, the greater part of it remains in its original condition. It was purchased of the crown by the late *John Knight, Esq.*, a gentleman of fortune, who commenced building a residence at *Simonsbath*, and enclosed the whole forest in a ring fence. The greater part of *Exmoor* lies within the border of *Somersetshire*, and differs from the granite waste of *Dartmoor* in having a surface free of rocks. Indeed, its height, and consequent exposure, appear to be the principal drawbacks to its successful cultivation, although, it must be allowed, that the hard sandstones below the soil, being little liable to decompose, are unfavourable

to that end. The forest has been long known for a breed of ponies, and as the haunt of red deer, which are still preserved by its proprietor. They come trooping down the valleys on the skirts of the moor, and are often numerous in the Brendon woods on the E. Lyn, and are hunted every year, the hounds being kept either at Lynmouth or Dulverton in Somerset, according as the deer may be on the N. or the S. side of the moor. The road from Lynton to Simonsbath ascends Lyndale to Ilford bridges, and there divides into 4 branches. On the rt. one climbs the hill towards Barbrick Mill, and another passes up the valley to *Combe Parke*, seat of W. Collard, Esq. Forward, a third runs direct for the heights of the moor, where it joins the fourth, which turns l. from Ilford Bridges, up a ladder-like hill towards Brendon church. Having ascended to the upper regions (by either of the two roads last-mentioned) the traveller will have *Scob Hill* on his l., a heathery eminence, on which the deer are frequently to be seen in the early morning and evening. He will then proceed by a good and easy road on his course along the moor, probably lost in astonishment at the extent of the wild country which will open around him. To the rt. he will observe the hills in which the Barle and the Exe have their fountains; and in whose vicinity are the bogs called the *Black Pits*, and *Mole's Chamber* (now cultivated; 4 m. from Simonsbath, and 1 m. from the Black Pits), in which a man of that name is said to have been lost with his horse when hunting. He will enter the ancient forest, now the property of Mr. Knight, at the *double gates* across the road. He will there notice the views rt and l., and also the ring fence, as yet the only intruder (save the road) on the solitary scene. 1 m. l. of the double gates, in a bottom called the Warren, are some remains of a building *once the stronghold of the Doones* *Badgeworthy*, a daring gang of

robbers who infested the borders of the moor at the time of the Commonwealth, and of whom the tradition is still extant. They are said to have been natives of another part of England, and to have entered Devonshire about the time of Cromwell's usurpation. It is certain, that for many years they were a terror to the neighbourhood of Lynton, and long succeeded in levying black mail on the farmers, and in escaping with their booty to this lonely retreat, where none dared to follow. At length, however, they committed so savage a murder that the whole country was aroused, and a large party of the peasantry having armed themselves, proceeded at once to Badgeworthy, and captured the entire gang. This exploit ended the career of the Doones, for they were shortly afterwards tried for their numerous crimes, and deservedly executed. $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond the double gates the traveller will pass the Exe, here a rivulet, draining from the bogs, called the *chains*, where the moor is impressively desolate. Beyond it, from the top of the hill, he will look down the valley of the Barle, and upon Simonsbath, to which he will now by degrees descend. On the l. he will observe the wall and towers (of very black stone) commenced by the late Mr. Knight, but now ruinous, like his unfinished mansion. Simonsbath is truly a romantic spot—a solitary settlement in a dell, some little height above the Barle. It consists of the ruins of the mansion begun by the late Mr. Knight; and a smaller house, the occasional residence of the present proprietor, built to join these ruins. There are also numerous outbuildings, the workshop of a blacksmith, the yard of a carpenter, and the store of a grocer and general dealer. On one side a stream foams down a height, and falls abruptly into a circular rock basin close to the road; and round the house are a number of large old trees, originally planted about an ale-house, which occupied the site before

Mr. Knight became the owner of the forest. The view from the spot is wild and delightful. The Barle courses along a valley between swelling moorland hills, and the eye ranges down a vista of promontories which successively bend the river from side to side. Here you may conveniently picnic, and may wash down your repast with delicious milk, which the grocer will be happy to provide; or, according to your humour, you may stretch your sinews up some neighbouring height, or brace the body generally by a plunge into the original *Simon's Bath*, a crystal pool on the river above the house, so called, it is said, from one Simon, an outlaw, who had a stronghold (Simonsbury) on the Somersetshire moors; and here the dreamer should be informed that this Simon, in all probability, is no other than King Sigmund of the "Niebelungen," well known to the Anglo-Saxons,—for this pool on the Barle is a very suitable place for recalling a "vision of old romance." Simonsbath is the focus of several roads which were cut across the forest by the late Mr. Knight; E. to Red Deer, 2 m., and Exford, 5 m; W. to South Molton, 11 m.; N. to Challacombe, 6 m., and Lynton (the higher road) 9 m. You should walk a little distance towards Red Deer for a view of the ruinous mansion.

Another beautiful and favourite ride from Lynton is by the following course. Ascend Lyndale to Ilford Bridges. Take the road on the left to *Brendon Church*. Descend into the *valley of Brendon* (a splendid ravine much resembling Lyndale), and proceed to the Lynton and Porlock road; returning by Countesbury Hill.

Glenthorne, the seat of the Rev. W. S. Halliday, is situated in a singularly romantic dell on the Exmoor Coast, about 5 m. from Lynton for a person on foot by Mr. Halliday's coast path, and 8 m. for carriages, as the road on its descent to Glenthorne is drawn out by many twists

and turns. The coast path deserves to be particularly described. Commencing a little beyond Countesbury, and running through Glenthorne to Porlock, it is cut on the side of the huge sea slopes, and commands at all points views of the Welsh Mountains and Bristol Channel. It is called a horse path, but few would venture along it otherwise than on foot. It passes round several deep recesses, each with its stream and wood of oaks, and, approaching Glenthorne, is girt by rocks, superb in colour, and here and there by old trees most wonderful in form, flattened, as it were, by the wind against the hillside to which they seem to cling with fantastic arms. At several points are seats of rosy stone, and these like the rocks are festooned with creepers, ferns and mosses. Beyond the grounds of Glenthorne the path proceeds to Culbone and Porlock through oak coppice; but at intervals are deep hollows, worn by the streams, and these are invariably filled with trees of considerable size. Below, on the cliffs, the traveller will remark the contortions of the strata.

By road from Lynmouth, the tourist ascends at once to a height of about 1100 ft., and travels on that level to the descent to Glenthorne. $\frac{1}{4}$ m. short of *Countesbury*, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m., is an old camp (rt. of the road) commanding an excellent view of the ravine at Waters' Meet; and, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond this village, the boundary of Mr. Halliday's property, called *Cosgates Feet Gate*. Here the traveller will see, on the l., the camp of *Oldbarrow*, known as one of the most perfect in Devonshire; and he will look down upon the woods of *Glenthorne*, to which he will now descend by a series of zig-zags. The house is situated about 1100 ft. below the Porlock road, and 50 above the shore, at the base of mountainous slopes, thickly wooded and garnished with heather and fern. It stands on a small grassy platform abutting on the cliff, and a

little to the W. of a beautiful dingle by which a stream and a path descend to the beach. Within the mansion are many curiosities and antiquities, which are shown to strangers when Mr. Halliday is absent; but the principal attraction of Glenthorne is the scenery, and let no visitor neglect to explore the paths on the sea-slopes E. of the house. They run through a wood of most venerable oaks, many twisted in fanciful shapes, and one, in particular, forming an arch over the path.

Another excursion from Lynton is to *Porlock* (including *Culbone*) 13 m. post. The road is that to Glenthorne, as far as the boundary of Somerset.

From the border the road traverses the long ridge of *Qare Hill*, black moors stretching in advance for miles, and occasionally perhaps varied by one of those grand cloud effects, when mists come whirling over the hills in wreaths, and here and there open to show patches of green as brilliant as chrysopease. The descent to Porlock is finer of its kind than anything in Devonshire. The vast wild mountain of Dunkery, and a middle ground of woods and hollow glens on the rt.; the broad vale of Porlock (bearing some resemblance to that famed Welsh scene on the Cleyd) and the rugged ridge of *Fassiton* in front; and a crescent-shaped bay, the Bristol Channel, and hazy mountains of Wales, on the l. At Porlock there is a humble but hospitable little inn (the *Snip*), garnished with antlers of the red deer; and the traveller may here well spend a day or two in making the ascent of *Dunkery Beacon*, which has a base 12 m. in circumference, and commands perhaps the noblest prospect in the W. of England, the summit, crowned with the remains of old fire-beacons, being about 5 m. distant; and in ex-

the coast by *Ashley Lovelace* to the re-
of *Culbone* (3 m.),
the cottages and a

miniature church, "situated in as extraordinary a spot as man in his whimsicality ever fixed on for a place of worship," so shut in by woods and hills 1200 ft. high as to be excluded from the sun for 3 months in the year. From *Ashley Combe* he should also walk or ride up a wooded glen to a farm of *Lord Lovelace's* called the *Pet*, situated in a gloomy but most imposing amphitheatre, chiselled by some streams from the black hills of the moor. One on foot can scramble to the summit, and return by high road to Porlock, but the path for horses has been lately overwhelmed by a landslip. You should also not forget to walk about 2 m. on the Minehead road for a view of *Holnicote* (Sir T. D. Acland, Bart.). You will there behold a background of the dark mountainous Dunkery, a mid distance of ferny glens and heights most beautifully wooded, and a foreground of slopes rising in graceful undulations from a vale. It is to be sincerely hoped that cultivation will never ascend Dunkery, which now, in its sombre garniture of heather, may well be the delight of the proprietor of *Holnicote*. This neighbourhood more properly belongs to the *Handbook of Somerset*, but it may be added that *Bassiton Hill* is traversed by paths which command certainly a far more beautiful, though not so extensive a view as Dunkery; and that there is a curious cavern at the sea-point of the hill.

The stranger, before he leaves Lynton, should explore the course of the *W. Lyn*, and that remarkable valley opening to the sea at *Heddon's Mouth*, about 6 m. W.; but both may be seen in his route to *Combe Martin* and *Ilfracombe*. (An omnibus runs to *Barnstaple* on Tuesdays and Fridays. According to the charges of post-boys, Lynton is 47 m. from *Bridgewater*, 13 from *Porlock*, and 20 from *Ilfracombe*.)

There are three roads by which he can proceed to *Ilfracombe* from *Lyn-*

ton. Should he select the circuitous and comparatively uninteresting carriage-road, he can visit Combe Martin (about 15 m.), but will travel by *Paracombe* (6 m.), and leave Heddon's Mouth a long way to the N.; and Combe Martin also will escape him, unless he keeps a wary eye on his driver, as it is a common trick with these worthies to forget their orders, and hurry direct from Lynton to Ilfracombe. The other roads are adapted only for horsemen or pedestrians, but are far to be preferred in point of scenery. The first passes through the Valley of Rocks, and by Lee Bay and Woodabay near Martinhoe, to Heddon's Mouth and Trentishoe. The second along the carriage-way by the Valley of the W. Lyn, and over a moor to the same destination, being about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. longer than that by Lee Bay, which is decidedly the most interesting. By either of the latter routes, we can reach the superb valley which opens to the sea at

6 *Heddon's Mouth* (The Hunter's Inn), enclosed by huge boundaries hung with wood, fern, furze, and heather, and considered by many persons the finest valley in the county. The stranger, with time at his command, should walk by the side of the stream to the shore at Heddon's Mouth, where a path has been lately cut along the cliff round the point. From this valley a steep zig-zag road ascends through pine woods to the hamlet of

Trentishoe, where the diminutive church should be noticed. From this place the pedestrian is advised to strike across the hills direct to Combe Martin, by the summits of *Trentishoe Barrow*, *Holstone Barrow*, alt. 1187 ft., *Great Hangman*, alt. 1083 ft., and *Little Hangman*. The most remarkable scene which he will observe by the way is a wild deep glen, with loose stones on its precipitous sides, situated between *Holstone Barrow* and *Great Hangman Hill*. It is particularly

striking when viewed from the sea, and is watered by a small stream which falls over the cliff in a cascade. The Hangman Hills form a point from which the high land of Exmoor sweeps to the S.E. by a curved line passing by *Paracombe*, *Chapman Barrows*, 1540 ft., *Span Head*, 1610 ft., and *North Molton Ridge*, 1413 ft. On the descent from *Little Hangman*, the traveller should observe the variety and beauty of the colours on the cliff. The hill derives its name from the *Hanging Stone*, a boundary mark of Combe Martin parish, and so called "from a thief, who, having stolen a sheep and tied it about his neck to carry it on his back, rested himself for a time upon this stone, until the sheep, struggling, slid over the side and strangled the man." A similar legend is told of the *Grey Hangman's Stone* in *Charnwood Forest*.

6 *Combe Martin*. (*Jan*: King's Arms; commonly known as the Pack of Cards, and bearing no fanciful resemblance to one of those unstable pagodas built by children. It was erected as a marine residence by an eccentric individual who lives near *Barnstaple*.) This long irregular village lies in a valley opening to a rocky picturesque bay, and in the reign of Hen. II. belonged to *Martyn de Tours*, a Norman baron, after whom it was called. It is well-known for its *silver lead mines*, which have been worked at intervals from the reign of Edw. I. *Camden* informs us that they partly defrayed the expense of the French war in the reign of Edw. III., and that Hen. V. also made good use of them in his invasion of France. From that period they seem to have been neglected until the reign of Eliz., when a new lode was discovered and worked with great profit by *Sir Beavis Bulmer, Knt.*, as appears by the following quaint inscription on a silver cup presented by the queen to *William Bouchier, Earl of Bath*, when lord of the manor:—

See page 116.
File

When water workes in broken wharves
At first erected were,
And Beavis Bulmer with his arte
The waters 'gan to reare,
Disperced I in the earth did lye,
Since all beginninge olde,
In place called Coombe, where Martyn
longe
HæI hydd me in his molde.
I dydd no service on the earth,
And no man set mee free,
Till Bulmer, by his skills and change,
Did frame mee this to bee."

Another cup, weighing 137 ounces, and, like the former, made of Combe Martin silver, was presented by Elizabeth to Sir R. Martin, Lord Mayor of London. It bore an appropriate inscription, beginning thus—

1199 In Martyn's Coombe long lay I hydd,
Obscured, deprest with grossest soyle,
Debased much with mixed lead,
Till Bulmer came, whose skills and toyle
Refined me so pure and cleane,
As rycher no where els is scene."

cup
created 16.02.3152 at of Bath Sep 11 5

116 Mr. Webber, of Buckland House, near Braunton, is in possession of a letter from Charles I. to one of his ancestors, showing that these mines were then considered of importance; but there is no proof of their having been worked in that reign. In more recent times they have been open, as formerly, only at intervals. Some adventurers embarked on them in 1813, and again in 1835, when, after an expediture of 15,000*l.*, a lode was found which promised to be remunerative. The speculation, however, was ultimately abandoned, and the mines are at present at a stand-still. The lodes occur in beds containing limestone, and immediately under the slates. The mines are two in number, the shafts being sunk to the depths of 40 and 102 fathoms; the levels are driven under the village, and an *adit*, or subterranean passage for drainage, passes under the hotel towards the sea. A *smelting-house* was erected in 1845 at the mouth of the valley, where it forms a picturesque object among the trees. The produce of the Combe Martin mines
be
duced to plates weigh-

ing 1200 and 1800 ounces, and the company also smelt a large proportion of the Cornish lead ores.

The *Church* is a most interesting old battlemented building in the perpendicular style, constructed of a rose-coloured stone, the angles of which are as sharp as if recently cut. The tower is particularly handsome, and similar to those of Chittlehampton and North Molton, and said to be of the same date. The stranger will remark the grim saints aloft in their niches, and the painted tombstones in the churchyard. A hand, holding a knife, and cutting the stalk of a flower, would appear to be a favourite device. In the S. aisle is a mural monument to the memory of — Hancock, wife of Thomas Hancock, "sometime His Majesty's principal merchant in the port of London," with an effigy, the size of life, exquisitely and elaborately sculptured in white marble. It bears the date 1637. Dame Hancock is represented in the dress of that period, covered with point lace, and looped with knots of riband: she has a pearl necklace round her throat, and her hair in curls, and bears some resemblance to the portraits of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. This monument has been lately restored through the taste and spirit of the present vicar. The screen also is a fine example.

Combe Martin Bay is so shut in by rocks that it might easily be made a harbour, and the idea of converting it to such a purpose has been entertained by the railway company called the North Devon Extension. The pebbles of the beach are burnt into lime; and *laver* is gathered at low tide, and eaten in some quantity by the poor of the village. In the neighbouring parish of Berryarbor is a farmhouse called *Bowden*, celebrated as the birthplace of John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, 1522, author of the "Apology of the Church of England," which so delighted Queen Elizabeth that she commanded it to be read

and chained up in every church within her kingdom. In the village of *Berry-narbor*, adjoining the churchyard, the traveller will find one of the most curious houses of its kind, perhaps, in all England. It was originally built in the reign of Edw. IV., and is decorated externally with elaborate carvings in stone, with friezes and mouldings, and the arms of Plantagenet and Bonville. Some of these decorations were removed a few years ago by the proprietor, the late Mr. Basset, to ornament a building in his garden at Watermouth; but, notwithstanding its dilapidation, says the talented author of 'De Foix,' "the old mansion at Berry-narbor is so beautiful and unique of its class, that it reminded me of the rich stone-carved house in the Place Pucelle at Rouen."

The carriage-road from Combe Martin to Ilfracombe (3 m.) passes through Berry-narbor; but one on foot is advised to walk to Ilfracombe along the coast by Watermouth, the distance being nearly the same.

1 *Watermouth* (A. D. Basset, Esq.), a Gothic building unfinished, but commenced about 40 years ago by the father of the present proprietor. The situation is romantic, and the grouping of the neighbouring knolls and ridges strikingly beautiful. The castle stands at the edge of a green basin, little raised above the sea, but screened from it by a natural embankment of rocks. The richest woods enclose this vale, and a stream runs sparkling through the grass. This beautiful spot is viewed to most advantage from the sea, as the feudal-looking mansion, and its verdant pastures are thence seen in connection with the bleak coast of Exmoor and rocks of Ilfracombe. The cove should be visited, for it is a wild and cavernous recess.

2½ *Ilfracombe*. (*Inns*: Britannia Hotel; Clarence Hotel; Packet Hotel.) This little watering-place is well known for the picturesque forms of the surrounding hills. But its principal attraction is the coast, which,

stamped with a peculiar character by the irregularity of its outline, presents a front of huge dark rocks and chasms. Here there are no ranges of lofty cliffs descending to the sea in mural precipices; but a chain of unequal heights and depressions. At one spot a headland, some 500 ft. high, rough with furze-clad projections at the top, and falling abruptly to a bay; then, perhaps, masses of a low dark rock, girding a basin of turf, as at Watermouth; again, a recess and beach, with the mouth of a stream; a headland next in order;—and so the dark coast runs whimsically eastward, passing from one shape to another like a Proteus, until it unites with the massive sea-front of Exmoor.

The manor of Ilfracombe has belonged to many noble families and distinguished individuals;—the Chambernownes, Sir Philip Sidney, the Martyns, Audleys, and Bouchiers, Earls of Bath. The pier was originally built by the Bouchiers, and enlarged, in 1829, by Sir Bouchier P. Wrey, Bart., the present lord of the manor.

As a seaport, the town was once of some consequence, having contributed 6 ships to the fleet of Edw. III., while 1 only was sent from the Mersey; a fact which is curious, as showing the change which time has effected in the relative importance of these harbours. Ilfracombe has been the scene of some historic incidents. In 1644, during the Rebellion, it was taken by a body of horse under Sir Francis Doddington; and in 1685, after the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, Colonel Wade and a number of fugitives here seized a vessel, which they victualled and carried to sea. They were, however, intercepted by a frigate and forced to return. The colonel was afterwards captured near Lynton, but ultimately pardoned.

The *Harbour* is a romantic recess, protected very completely by ramparts of rock. It runs parallel with

the shore, from which it is separated by *Lantern Hill* and a stout ridge of slate; whilst *Helesborough*, a headland 447 ft. in height, juts out at the entrance.

On *Lantern Hill* stands the *light-house*, about 100 ft. above the sea, a quaint-looking building for the purpose, and, in fact, an ancient chapel, which was dedicated to *St. Nicholas*, and the resort of pilgrims, but which probably at all times displayed a light for the guidance of fishermen. A part of it is now fitted as a news-room for the inhabitants and visitors.

The *Church* is an old structure, in a delightful situation, and of rather peculiar construction, the towers springing from the centre of an aisle. It contains an old font, and monuments to the memory of the mother of *John Prince*, author of the "Worthies of Devon," and *Captain Bowen, R.N.*, who fell in the disastrous attack upon *Teneriffe* by *Nelson*. The historian *Camden* was prebendary of this church.

The *Baths*, a Doric building erected in 1836, communicate by a tunnel with a part of the shore which was formerly inaccessible from the land except at low-water. The cliffs present a picturesque scene, and are pierced with a large cavern called *Crewkhorne*.

In the immediate vicinity of the town you should visit *Lantern Hill*; *Capstone Hill*, just W. of the harbour, and marked by a flag-staff; the *Sea-walk* round *Capstone Hill* to a cove called *Wildersmouth*; the summit of *Helesborough*, alt. 447 ft., crowned with one of those old earthworks called "Cliff-castles," containing nearly 20 acres, and protected on the land side by a double entrenchment. You may ramble from this headland through the village of *Hele* to *Watermouth* and *Combe Martin*; and E. of the town, along the irregular furzy hills, called the *Tura*. The coast in that direction is very lonely and rugged, and well seen from a sloping tongue of land named

Greenaway's Foot ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. E.), adjoining which there is a recess with a vertical cliff called the *Lover's Leap*. Here an artist should notice the pink hue and satin lustre of the rocks where faced by the surface of the laminae, and their inky blackness where broken against the grain. The sea is deep and rolls with grandeur to the shore, while the distant mountains of *Wales*, the island of *Lundy* and *Bull Point* on the W., are features in the prospect.

The visitor to *Ilfracombe* has an opportunity of exploring the finest scenery in the county by a ride to *Lynton*. He can also make an excursion in an easterly direction by *Morthoe* to the *Woolacombe Sands* (about 6 m. distant). The church of *Morthoe* ($\frac{1}{2}$ m.) contains an old tomb, said by *Camden* to belong to *William de Traci*, one of the murderers of *Thomas à Becket*; but his accuracy has been questioned. The monument is a *brass*—in itself a sufficient reason for doubt—and the figure holds a chalice in the rt. hand, showing clearly that it is intended for a priest. At the northern point of *Morte Bay* is a black rock called the *Morte Stone*, of which there is a whimsical saying, that no power on earth can remove it but that of a number of wives who have dominion over their husbands.

Steam-packets ply between *Ilfracombe* and *Swansea* from *May* to *October*, and to *Bristol* throughout the year. The *Cornish boats* also call off the harbour on their passage between *Hayle*, *Padstow*, and *Bristol*.

Proceeding to *Barnstaple*, two roads are open to our choice; one direct, 11 m., and another by *Braunton*, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. The latter is by far the most picturesque. It climbs in about 2 m. to the high land above *Ilfracombe*, and descends a long lonely valley, hedged in by wooded hills, which occasionally sweep round in crescents, the haunt of owls and echoes.

8 *Braunton*. This village derives its name from St. Branock, who is said to have arrived in England from Italy in the year 300. On the summit of the neighbouring hill are the remains of his chapel, which, the inhabitants aver, is as firm as a rock, and has resisted the efforts of all who have attempted to remove it. The *Church* is one of the strangest collections of odds and ends to be found in the county, and has an old lead-covered spire. It merits a visit. The width of the roof is imposing, and the carving in good preservation. The emblems of the Crucifixion, Apostles, &c., are worked on the seats and the panels of the roof; and on one of the latter a sow with a litter of pigs. These are in allusion to a legend that St. Branock was directed in a dream to build a church wherever he should first meet a sow and her family. This interesting party he is said to have encountered on this very spot, and here, accordingly, he founded the church.

On the coast, a short way from the village, is the district of blown sand called the *Braunton Burrows*, where there is a *lighthouse* for directing vessels to the entrance of the Taw and Torridge, and the ruins of an old building called *St. Ann's Chapel*. A good example of a *raised beach* may be seen also between the Burrows and Baggy Point, the S. horn of Morte Bay.

Beyond Braunton the road reaches the river Taw at the farm-house of *Heanton Court*, once a seat of the Basset family, and in $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. commands a very pretty view of

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ *Barnstaple* (*Inns*: Golden Lion; Fortescue Arms), the capital of N. Devon, and much admired for its position on a broad river and in a verdant vale. Pop., in 1841, 7898. It boasts a considerable antiquity, having formed a part of the demesne of the Saxon kings. Athelstan is said to have resided in it for a time, and to have repaired the town walls; and after

the Conquest it was dignified with a castle and a priory, founded by Jud-hael de Totnais, the latter dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. No remains of these buildings are now to be seen. The mound is the only vestige of the castle; and the name of *Close*, or *Maudlyn Rack Close*, of the priory.

There is not much in Barnstaple to interest the stranger, but the "lions," such as they are, he will probably like to visit. They may be enumerated as follows:—

The *Church*, dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul, and principally remarkable for its curious old spire, which was shattered by a violent thunder-storm in 1816. The building contains a powerful organ, and two marble statues of Moses and Aaron, the size of life, placed on opposite sides of the altar.

The *Bridge*, supposed to have been built in the 13th cent. It was widened in 1834, and consists of 16 arches, 8 less than the bridge at Bideford. The view from it is very pleasant; the river Taw and its vale having a fine background on the E., called *Coddon Hill*.

Queen Anne's Walk, on the quay, W. of the bridge, a colonnade intended originally for an Exchange, and erected in the reign of Queen Anne. It was rebuilt by the corporation in 1798.

The *North Walk*, further W., a pleasant promenade by the side of the river, and planted with trees, after the fashion of the French.

The museum of the *Literary Institution*, in High Street, founded in 1845.

Good views of the town are to be obtained from *Coddon Hill* (E. alt. 623 ft.) and from the Bideford road. Pleasant walks are to be found on the l. bank of the Taw, E. and W. from the end of the bridge. On that side of the river is the rail of the N. Devon Extension, at present complete only between Fremington and Barnstaple, but ultimately to be carried to Exeter. Fremington is the boundary of the

deep water, the channel near Barnstaple being choked by sand. It is 6 m. from Barnstaple to the mouth of the river.

In the neighbourhood are *Upcott* (T. W. Harding Esq.), *Pilton House* (J. Whyte, Esq.), *Brynsworthy* (S. T. M. May, Esq.), *Bickington House* (C. Roberts, Esq.) and *Fremington House* (W. A. Yeo, Esq.). Fremington has a fine collection of exotics. *Raleigh House*, anciently a seat of the Raleighs, was long since converted into a woollen factory, and subsequently into a lace mill. About 4 m. N. E. is *Youlston Park* (Sir A. Chichester, Bart.), and 6 m. in the same direction *Arlington Court* (Sir J. P. B. Chichester, Bart.).

The road from Barnstaple to Exeter, where it passes through the *Vale of Tawton*, is bounded by the river on the one side, and by slopes of foliage on the other, and will repay an excursion as far as *Bishop's Tawton*. On the side of the valley is *Tawstock Court* (Sir B. P. Wrey, Bart.), 2 m., where the view is said to include the most valuable manor, the best mansion, the finest church, and the richest rectory in the county. A gateway (1574) is the only remnant of the mansion of the Bouchiers, but the park abounds in oaks which have flourished in times long past. *Bishop's Tawton* is picturesque, and further interesting as the ancient seat of the bishops of Devonshire, who resided in it previous to their removal to Crediton. There are still some few remains of the palace. The church contains monuments of the Bouchiers, Earls of Bath, the ancestors of the proprietor of Tawstock Court; and an effigy in wood, much estimated by the antiquary.

Barnstaple is distinguished as the birthplace of Lord *Chancellor Fortescue*, 1422, and of the poet *Gay*, 1688. It is noted in the county for a large fair, called preeminently *the Barnstaple Fair*, which begins on the 19th of September. Upon the second day of

moor, and the incidents of the sport are sometimes as amusing as those of the far-famed Epping hunt. The town has a manufacture of lace, and several potteries are at work in the neighbourhood. The clay is found in the adjoining parish of Fremington. Clarendon informs us, that in the Rebellion, when Sir Richard Grenville was stationed at Okington, he formed the strange design of cutting a deep trench from Barnstaple to the English Channel, for the space of near 40 m., by which, he said, he would defend all Cornwall, and so much of Devon, against the world. Lady Fanshawe, in her curious Memoirs, speaks of Barnstaple as "one of the finest towns in England." "They have," she says, "near this town, a fruit called a massard, like a cherry, but different in taste, which makes the best pies with their sort of cream I ever eat." The visitor should decide this question of taste for himself; but let him, on no account, omit "their sort of cream."

Proceeding on our route—

6 *Instow Quay*, a small but rising watering-place, situated at the junction of the Taw and the Torridge. It has a view of the sea, of Lundy Island, the Barnstaple Bar, the sands of Braunton Burrows, Northam Tower, commonly called Chantrey's Folly, as built by a person of that name, and the busy village of Appledore. A pleasant road leads from Instow Quay along the shore of the river, passing *Tapley Park* (Mrs. Cleveland) to

3 *Bideford*, i. e. By-the-ford. (*Inns*: New Inn; Commercial Inn.) This town, considering the unpretending character of the surrounding scenery, is as prettily placed as any in Devonshire. It is built in wide, airy streets, on a hill-side shelving to the water, and commands delightful views of the broad meandering river and its vale. These are seen to advantage from the bridge and the windows of the New Inn. Towards the sea, the river is

st. stag is hunted on Ex-

adorned by the woods of Tapley, the Tower of Northam, and the villas of Instow. In the other direction it winds glistening a little distance, and then loses itself among the folds of the hills, the sweeps of which are particularly graceful. It is navigable to Wear Gifford, from which place there is a canal to Great Torrington.

The *Bridge* is the boast of Bideford, and the favourite promenade of the inhabitants. It is 677 ft. in length, and spans the river on 24 pointed arches. It was erected about the beginning of the 14th cent. by Sir Theobald Grenville, who, according to a legend, was encouraged in the work by a vision which appeared to one Gornard, a priest. Attempts having often been fruitlessly made to discover a foundation, Father Gornard was admonished in a dream to search for a rock which had been rolled from the hill into the river. This was told to Sir Theobald, who set workmen to look for the stone. It was soon discovered, and on this solid basis the bridge was thrown across the river. Adjoining it is a broad quay 1200 ft. long, which also forms a very agreeable walk.

The *Church* is dedicated to St. Mary, and dates from the 14th cent. It contains a stone screen, between the chancel and the S. aisle. *Hervey*, author of "Meditations among the Tombs," was its curate in 1738-9.

On the hill opposite Bideford, the stranger will notice a small battlemented structure called *Chudleigh Fort*, which was built by Major General Chudleigh, at the breaking out of the Rebellion. It shortly afterwards surrendered to the king's troops, under Colonel Digby. The hill commands an excellent view of Bideford and the surrounding country.

There are many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood, viz., down the l. bank of the river; along the new Torrington road to *Yeo Vale* (C. Brunton, Esq.) and *Orleigh Court* (Colonel Bayley), about 5 m. distant, the latter

Dev. & Cornw.

estate containing a remarkable outlying patch of green sand, 36 m. from the green sand of Great Haldon; and along the rt. bank of the river to the village of *Wear Gifford*, 4 m. Other seats near the town are, *Moreton House* (L. W. Buck, Esq.), and *Abbotsham Court* (R. Best, Esq.). *Portledge* (Rev. J. T. P. Coffin) has belonged to the family of Coffin for many centuries.

At *Wear Gifford* is an ancient house (property of Earl Fortescue), one of the most interesting in all Devonshire. It is of very early date, and was for many years used as a farm-house, but has been recently restored as an occasional residence, by its proprietor. The external walls—or rather wall, which surrounded the outer courts, was so injured in the Rebellion, that only the arched Gothic gate-house and doorways remain. But the house itself contains panelling exquisitely worked, antique pictures and tapestry, and, in the hall, one of the finest oak ceilings in England, as richly carved as that of the chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster.

The greatest natural curiosity near Bideford is the *Pebble Ridge* on Northam Burrows, at the mouth of the Taw and Torridge, about 4 m. distant. The most agreeable route to it is by the l. bank of the river for 2 m., and then by a lane ($\frac{1}{2}$ m.) to the village of *Northam*. From that place a steep hill descends to *Northam Burrows*, a level plain of turf of 1000 acres, formed by the sandy deposit from the sea and rivers, and now protected from the waves by the *Pebble Ridge*. This remarkable barrier extends about 2 m. in a straight line, like an artificial embankment, and is also curious as showing that largestones as well as shingle travel along the shore from their native rocks. It is about 50 ft. wide and 20 ft. high, and consists of rolled slate-stones, or pebbles, which vary in size from $\frac{1}{4}$ a foot to 2 ft. in diam. It is singularly uniform and compact; on the one side sloping

steeply to the turf of the Burrows, on the other, at a less inclination, to a broad area of sand; but not a pebble is to be found on the turf or the shore beyond the base of the ridge. In this form it stretches from the distant cliffs to a point opposite the bar of the rivers; but once within the influence of this obstruction, it loses its character of a ridge, and lies heaped upon sloping sand-hills. The shore scene is exceedingly wild, and the view of the coast, Lundy Island, and the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, most interesting. At low-water the dangerous bar is seen stretching athwart the entrance of the rivers; and on the Braunton Burrows opposite are the two lighthouses, which are to be brought into one by a vessel standing for the harbour.

It is a short walk from the Burrows to the village of *Appledore*, on the shore of the Torridge, where you can take a boat to Bideford, and so vary the route homewards. Appledore is interesting for its antiquity, and for a legend of the renowned Danish warrior Hubba, who is said to have landed near this village, in the reign of Alfred, from a fleet of 33 ships, and to have laid siege to a neighbouring castle called Kenwith, the site of which is now only surmised to be a hill called *Henny Castle* (near *Kenwith Lodge*, Dr. Heywood's), N.W. of Bideford. The strength of this place, however, proved too great for its assailants. Hubba was slain under its walls, and his followers driven with slaughter to the shore. At one spot, it is said, they rallied, and so checked their pursuers as to be enabled to regain their ships; and a field by the roadside, near the village of Northam, is to this day pointed out as the place where they turned, and has been known from time immemorial as the *Bloody Corner*. In the so-called Raven banner the Saxons. It was a obably a stuffed specimen, which hung quiet

when defeat was at hand, but clapped its wings before victory. Hubba, we are told, was buried on the shore, and the name of *Hubbestone* would seem to mark the locality.

In the year 1646 Bideford was ravaged by the plague, but in 1832 and '49 it escaped the cholera. The town is considered one of the healthiest in the county.

The neighbourhood possesses some interest for the geologist. Beds of *anthracite* stretch across the hills from Bideford to Chittlehampton, the principal seam having an average thickness of 7 ft. The mineral has been extracted, like the metallic ores, by mining; but the beds are of such irregular thickness that their working is attended with a heavy expense; 58 tons in the week have, however, been produced by one of the pits. Between Peppercombe and Portledge Mouth in Bideford Bay is an outlying patch of *red sandstone*, 33 m. from the nearest point of that formation at Porlock; and at Orleigh Court, as before mentioned, a few isolated acres of *green sand*, yet further removed from its kindred hills. Good examples of *raised beaches* may be observed N. and S. of the united embouchure of the Taw and the Torridge. The gravel or sand of the latter river is converted into hollow bricks, tiles, &c., in the *North Devon Pottery*, near the town.

The visitor to Bideford will make a point of excusing to the romantic village of *Clovelly* (11 m.) and the park of *Clovelly Court*. If he travels by carriage or on horseback, he must procure at the New Inn a key of the drive called the *Hobby*. If on foot he can step over the gate.

Our route will now lead us in that direction.

7 Here, on the rt., one of those wild hollows, so numerous on this coast, descends to *Buck's Mill*, a fishing village, and a pretty object in the view from Clovelly. From the upper end of the village a path leads east-

ward through a glen, commanding from one point a little patch of sea, which appears as if it had been caught up and imprisoned by the hills.

$\frac{3}{4}$ Turn into the *Hobby* by the gate on the rt. The coast from Buck's Mill to a point not far from the promontory of Hartland is covered by woods, which slope to precipitous cliffs. The *Hobby*, which may well be a pet with its projector and proprietor, Sir J. H. Williams, is an excellent road passing for $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. along this magnificent sea-boundary, winding the whole distance through woods; sweeping inland occasionally to pass shadowy dells, where streams fall to the shore; and commanding at all points extensive views over the Bristol Channel to the Welsh coast. After pursuing it about 2 m., the stranger should look out for Clovelly, which is seen from the Hobby to great advantage.

$3\frac{1}{4}$ *Clovelly*. (*Inn*: New Inn.) It is difficult to describe this remarkable village, further than by saying that it is the most romantic in Devonshire, and, probably, in the kingdom. It is hung, as it were, in a woody nook, to which a paved path slants in zig-zags from the gate of the Hobby. But soon this little road has to break into steps, and in this form it descends through the village to the pier, some 500 ft. below. A brawling stream accompanies the stair-flight, and is crossed at one or two places by foot bridges. The view is superb,—the Welsh coast about Milford Haven; Lundy Island, generally more distinct, but sometimes entangled with clouds; and the vast plain of the sea, streaked, if it be calm, with white watery lanes. Midway in the village is a terrace of about a dozen square yards, commanding the coast E. and W. In the former direction, the glen of *Buck's Mill* forms a pretty break in the range of woods and cliffs.

Here the traveller should rest a day at the little inn, which will en-

ertain him with great hospitality. If it happens to be the autumn, he may regale at breakfast upon herrings which have been captured over night; for Clovelly is famed for its fishery, and every evening about sunset the boats may be observed leaving the shore to *drive* for herrings or mackerel. The night is selected for this kind of fishing, as success mainly depends upon the shoals coming blindly on the net, when they get entangled by the gills. Moonlight and a phosphorescent sea are, therefore, unfavourable. In thick weather, a Clovelly boat has captured as many as 9000 herrings at a haul; and they are commonly taken here in such numbers as to be sold by the *maise*, which consists of 612 fish, and is valued from 18 to 25s.

Bideford Bay, which is well seen from Clovelly, is included between the points of Morte and Hartland, and may remind the traveller of Torbay. It is gracefully girded by cliffs, and a chosen haunt of fish; but it differs from Torbay in being exposed to westerly winds. Clovelly answers to Brixham as the station of the trawlers, and supplies the markets of Bideford and Barnstaple, and even of Bristol and Wales. Pilchards are occasionally taken by the drift-net, but the shore is too rough for their wholesale capture by the sein. They rarely, however, come in shoals so far up the Channel. In the reign of Queen Anne, French privateers made so many prizes on this part of the coast, that they are said to have called it the *Golden Bay*.

Travellers who like to build castles by moonlight may frame the most beautiful and airy erections at Clovelly. For this purpose, they should seat themselves on the little terrace of the inn, when the village is hushed in repose, the owl hooting in the wood, "the single broad path of glory" on the sea, and the restless tide just heard among the rocks.

The pier should be visited by day

light, as it commands a fine view of the coast. It was erected by George Cary, Esq., whose family had possession of the manor as early as the reign of Rich. II. It now belongs to Sir J. H. Williams, Bart., of Clovelly Court, who is not only lord of the manor, but the proprietor of all the land in the parish, excepting a few acres.

The tourist, having gleaned a treasury of recollections at the village, should next proceed to *Clovelly Court*. If unequal to a walk, he will be allowed, under the escort of a guide, to drive round the park; but it is, perhaps, needless to admonish him, that by such a lazy course half its beauties will escape him. The richest scenery of this enviable retreat is to be found on the coast, which may be easily explored by excellent paths of gravel and turf. In every part it presents a wilderness of grotesque old oaks and cliffs, and seats are placed in rare nooks and seclusions, where the weather-worn rocks protrude themselves for admiration. All the beauties of this rugged woodland are summed up in the *Deer Park*; and there the mural precipice, whimsically known as *Gallantry Bower*, falls from a height of 387 ft. to the sea. The finest view in the neighbourhood is commanded by the summit. The hills immediately W. are so beautifully grouped that one might suspect nature had been studying the picturesque when she arranged them. Ridge within ridge, they lie curiously intermingled, soaring from glens and streams, and mocking the sea with their huge waves of foliage. From this, the highest point of the park, the visitor should descend through a valley to the beach, where, at the base of *Gallantry Bower*, are some fragments of the cliff most curiously curved; the bands of slate resembling the ribs of a ship. The rocks along this coast, from the mouth of the *w and Torridge* to *Boscastle*, in *awall*, belong to the carboniferous

formation, which is everywhere remarkable for the contortion of the strata. The view westward from these ruinous old crags shows the sea-front of those hills which appear so strangely intermingled, and the tourist may search far to find cliffs with a more varied outline. At one spot, a cascade of some pretension tumbles to the shore, and is no mean addition to the scene.

The mansion of Clovelly is a handsome structure erected in 1780: the old house and its gallery of pictures were destroyed by fire.

Clovelly is the nearest port to *Lundy Island*, distant about 18 m., so those who have a relish for exploring places seldom visited, can here best embark on a trip to Lundy. The island is a wild seclusion, about 3 m. in length by 1 in breadth (1800 acres), "so immured with rocks and impaled with beetle-browed cliffs, that there is no entrance but for friends." In times long passed it belonged to a noble family named Morisco, one of whom, says Matthew Paris, having conspired against the life of Hen. III., fled to Lundy and turned pirate, and grievously annoyed the neighbouring coast, until surprised with his accomplices and put to death. Here also, it is said, King Edw. II. endeavoured to shelter himself from his troublesome wife and rebellious barons. But the principal event in the history of Lundy is its capture by a party of Frenchmen in the reign of William and Mary. A ship of war under Dutch colours, brought up in the roadstead, and sent ashore for some milk, pretending that the captain was sick. The islanders supplied the milk for several days, when at length the crew informed them that their captain was dead, and asked permission to bury him in consecrated ground. This was immediately granted, and the inhabitants assisted in carrying the coffin to the grave. It appeared to them rather heavy, but they never for a moment suspected the nature of its contents.

The Frenchmen then requested the islanders to leave the church, as it was the custom of their country that foreigners should absent themselves during a part of the ceremony, but informed them that they should be admitted to see the body interred. They were not, however, detained long in suspense; the doors were suddenly flung open, and the Frenchmen, armed from the pretended receptacle of the dead, rushed, with triumphant shouts, upon the astonished inhabitants and made them prisoners. They then quickly proceeded to desolate the island. They hamstrung the horses and bullocks, threw the sheep and goats into the sea, tossed the guns over the cliffs, and stripped the inhabitants even of their clothes. When satisfied with plunder and mischief they left the poor islanders in a condition most truly disconsolate. During the Rebellion, Lundy Island was held by Lord Say and Seale for the king. From the middle of the last century it has belonged to different families in succession, and in 1840 was sold for 9400 guineas. It is now the property of Wm. Heaven, Esq. To the geologist it possesses considerable interest as affording sections at the junction of the granite and slate; the former rock predominating in the greater part of the island, the latter appearing at the southern end. The cliff-scenery is wild and sombre, and the shore girded by a number of insular rocks. On the S. side, adjoining the landing-place, are *Lametry* and *Rat Island*; on the E. the *Knoll Pins*, *Gannets*, *Seals*, and *Gull rocks*; on the N. the dangerous reef of the *Hen and Chickens*, a submarine prolongation of the island, and a pyramidal fragment called the *Constable*, because, overlooking the shore, it seems to keep watch like a sentinel. On the S. W. point is a singular chasm, called the *Devil's Lime-kiln*, having an outlet to the sea, like the *Frying-pan* in Cornwall; and a rock op-

posite the opening, which, it is said, would exactly fit it, and is for that reason named the *Shutter*. The antiquities consist of the ruins of *Morrisco's Castle*, and a *chapel* dedicated to St. Ann. Other curiosities are, a building at the northern extremity of the island called *Johnny Groat's House*, and near the southern end the *lighthouse*, elevated 567 ft. above the sea, and erected in 1819.

Proceeding on our route from Clovelly —

An old entrenchment, known as the *Clovelly Dikes*, runs for $\frac{1}{4}$ m. by the side of the Hartland road. It begins at a place called Clovelly Cross, and sweeps westward in a crescent, as if originally intended for the protection of Clovelly. With this exception, the road to Hartland has little interest. The pedestrian can pursue a more agreeable but much longer route through the park of Clovelly Court, and by the coast and Hartland Point to the mouth of Hartland valley, whence he can walk inland to the town of that name.

Hartland Point (alt. 350 ft.), called the Promontory of Hercules by Ptolemy, and Harty by Camdeu, occupies the angle at which the Devonshire coast strikes to the S.W., and is opposite to a distant Welsh headland, from which the cliffs of Wales trend to the N. It forms, therefore, the boundary of the old "Severn Sea," the Channel here expanding its jaws as if to receive the rolling waves and clearer water of the Atlantic. It is singular in its shape, projecting in a ridge about 370 ft. from the neighbouring cliff; the summit being craggy where it abuts upon the mainland, but for a distance of 250 ft. a flat and grassy platform, of an average width of 30 ft., and bounded by sheer precipices of 300 ft.

In a recess a little W. of this promontory, you may find a concave rock, so curved and smooth, as to bear no fanciful resemblance to the interior of a vessel stranded on the

shore. You may squeeze yourself at low water through an adjoining headland, through a chink in which the sea "blows" at a certain state of the tide; and, in another chasm, look through a natural chimney at the sky overhead; and this headland itself is well worth examining by those who visit Hartland, and may be recognised as separated by a valley from the high land, and as forming a point at which the coast makes a sharp turn to the southward. The shore towards Hartland Quay presents a scene most wild and dismal, and affords the most striking examples of arched and otherwise contorted strata. It is everywhere cumbered by ruinous walls of rock, at right angles to the sea; the cliffs are ribbed with bars of red schist, but the dreary chaos is in a measure enlivened by cascades which leap from above.

2 (From Clovelly) *Hartland Town*—so called to distinguish it from *Hartland Quay*. (Inn: King's Arms.) A retired place situated 2 m. from the sea, at the head of the wooded vale of Hartland Abbey, which, with the old Abbey-church, the promontory of Hartland, and the neighbouring coast, are the objects of interest. The parish is said by Leland to have derived its name "from the multitude of stags."

Hartland Abbey (G. S. Buck, Esq.) was one of the best endowed and most considerable in Devonshire, and founded by Githa, the wife of Earl Godwin, in honour of St. Nectan, who, she believed, had preserved her husband from shipwreck in a dangerous storm. It afterwards descended through the families of Dinham, Bouchier, Fitz-Warren, Zouche, Carew, and Arundel. The present mansion was built about 60 years ago after the plan of the ancient abbey, and part of the (E. Eng.) cloisters were preserved as an ornament for the basement story. The house contains *old carving and pictures, and is situated in a delightful seclusion.*

The *Abbey-church* ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m. W.) is one of the most interesting in the county, and called *Stoke St. Nectan*, after a female saint, to judge by the old figure in the niche on the tower. It has, however, been much defaced by modern *improvements*; the windows have been shortened one-half, and the carved ends of the seats planed smooth. In the churchyard the visitor will remark the singularly broad slabs of stone which are used as stiles; and by the chancel door the tomb of one Docton, bearing a quaint inscription, beginning: "Rejoice not over me, oh my enemy." The sexton will tell you that the stone was once surrounded by a brass rim inscribed with the following verse:—

"STOKE ST. NECTAN, HARTLAND.

Here I lie outside the chancel door;

Here I lie because I'm poor.

The further in, the more they pay;

But here I lie as warm as they."

The tomb, however, gives the lie to the assertion of poverty. The tower of the church from its base to the pinnacles is 128 ft. high, and curiously stained with lichens in circles and segments of circles. The pinnacles rise an additional 16 feet. The interior of the building contains a number of curiosities: viz., a painted roof; a superb screen of oak, 7 ft. broad at the top, and elaborately carved and painted; a pulpit of black oak, also carved, and overhung by a remarkably light and elegant canopy. Observe upon the pulpit the figure of a tusked goat, and the inscription "God Save King James Fines;" the word *fin* and the goat have puzzled the brain of the antiquary; a font sculptured with quaint faces looking down upon other quaint faces on the pedestal; the group (according to the Rev. Mr. Hawker of Moorwinstow) being emblematical of the righteous looking down upon the wicked. The oldest date in the church is 1055, on a stone in the pavement; the oldest monument bears date 1610, and is on the rt. of the E. window. The visitor

will also notice on the wall I. of the altar an inscription to the memory of an old royalist. The 4 chapels of the abbey-church are now incorporated with the body of the building; but they preserve their names. *St. Saviour's* well merits examination; and in *St. Mary's* the character of the old seats may be observed. The interior walls of the tower are singularly corroded by nitrate of soda, which may be collected by the hand-ful, and has eaten holes in the stone as large as your fist. On the wall next the body of the building is a fine arch, which it is proposed to throw open to the church. After inspecting the curiosities of the interior, give a parting look at the Norman arch at the N. entrance.

From the church the stranger is recommended to pay *Hartland Quay* a visit, and to walk to the end of the valley, where he may gain some idea of the dreariness which characterises the coast of the carboniferous formation. He should descend upon the rocks for a view of the cliffs, with their black and rusty bands of slate, and remarkable contortions.

ROUTE 14.

BAMPTON TO HOLSWORTHY, BY SOUTH MOLTON AND TORRINGTON.

BAMPTON (*Inn*: White Horse), a small secluded town embedded among hills in a singularly beautiful country. It is 7 m. from Tiverton Road Stat., by 2 roads, the new and the old, but on these the only public conveyance is a van 3 times a week. The objects of interest in the immediate neighbourhood are the *limestone quarries*, the view of the town and valley from *Bampton Wood* (W. side of the old Tiverton Road), and the scenery of the first mile of the *Wiveliscombe road*: at a little distance, *Pixton Park*, the mountain town of *Dulverton*, the border of *Exmoor*, and, on this, the hill

of *Haddon Down* (5 m. N.E.), to which people often excure for the sake of the view. For the sportsman there is trout-fishing on the Exe and Barle, and stag and fox-hunting, in the proper season, round Dulverton.

Bampton is principally known for its 4 great fairs, which are held in the months of March, June, October, and November. At these times it presents an interesting scene, and is a busy market for cattle, sheep, and Exmoor ponies. With respect to the latter, the stranger should look well to his purchase. It is a common trick to offer, as a colt, a wild animal which has never been troubled with saddle or bridle, but which is, nevertheless, the mother of a numerous offspring. 14,000 sheep have been brought to the Oct. fair, which is the largest, and held on the last Thursday of that month.

Bampton had formerly a *castle*, which stood on a fir-crowned knoll on the Wiveliscombe road, at the E. end of Castle street. This knoll is now called the *Mount*. It belongs to Mr. Badcock, and near it are some very fine beeches, particularly one called the *Beechen-tree*. At the W. end of Castle street is the *Church*, an ancient building, with carved roof and screen. You should see the view from the churchyard, where you may seat yourself on stone benches, built round two aged yews, whose chinks are filled in with masonry.

S. of the town is a picturesque hill-side, the leading feature of the valley. It is a rugged escarpment, formed by the refuse of *limestone quarries*, which have been worked for many years, and supply the neighbouring country as far as S. Molton. There are in all about 15 quarries, each with a name, and each with a kiln; but some have 2 kilns. One of the most worth seeing and easiest of access is *Karsdon*, on the E. side of the old Tiverton road. In this is a wall of solid rock, dipping N. and E., but nearly vertical. In other quarries the strata may be observed in a different position, and in

some curved and contorted. The limestone is in colour a delicate blue and pink, and appears to be identical with those of Plymouth and Torquay. The quarries command an excellent view of the town.

Bampton is noticed by early historians. The Saxon Chronicle informs us, that in the year 614, Cyne-gilsus, King of the West Saxons, here fought a furious battle with the Britons, when the latter were defeated with a heavy loss. It was anciently called *Beamdune*, and was valued by the Romans for its springs, and hence the name of its rivulet *Batherm*, which joins the Exe about a mile below the town. The principal seats in the neighbourhood are *Combehead*, H. Badcock, Esq.; *Pixton Park*, Lord Carnarvon, but rented by Colonel Hood, son of Lord Bridport; *Wontham*, J. Collins, Esq.; *Timewell House*, M. B. Bere, Esq.; *Lower Timewell House*, Rev. R. Bere; *Stoodleigh Court*, T. Daniel, Esq.; *Stockeridge*, also the property of Mr. Daniel; and, in the parish of Hockworthy, the old mansion of *Hockworthy Court Hall*, Godfrey Webster, Esq. The church of *Clayhanger*, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. E., has an ancient screen.

Every visitor to Bampton should extend his ramble to *Dulverton*, a romantic little town, 5 m. distant, under the heights of Exmoor. If bound to Lynton, he can post to his destination from Tiverton or Exeter, by way of Bampton and Dulverton, and through Exmoor Forest, passing for a short distance over the turf of the moor. This route is frequently selected by travellers; and for those fond of scenery, a more delightful one cannot be chosen. The road to Dulverton passes by one long ascent and descent to Exbridge. At the top of the ascent is *Combehead*, H. Badcock, Esq., a charming seat, embosomed in woods, and overlooking many huge hills and deep valleys. The house is partially seen on the l. The descent to Exbridge affords a view of the country rising to

Exmoor, and immediately in front of a remarkable hill dividing the valleys of the Barle and the Exe, which flow united under Exe bridge in a turbulent river 40 or 50 ft. broad.

Exbridge (*Inn*: Blue Anchor), $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Bampton, is a small hamlet in a broad vale or basin, and favourite head-quarters with the angler. Both the Exe and the Barle abound with trout. The traveller should notice the view from the bridge. About 1 m. beyond it the road enters a valley covered with trees, as far as the eye can reach. This is *Pixton Park*, property of Lord Carnarvon. Here the traveller is shaded by oak and beech, and in close proximity to the Barle, which will be seen between the trunks of the trees. Towards the close of day he may expect a salute from one of the largest rookeries in the kingdom.

Dulverton (*Inns*: Red Lion; Lamb; White Hart), 5 m. from Bampton, in an amphitheatre of hills, which are wooded in large covers for the red deer. An impetuous torrent, the Barle, dashes past the town under a bridge of 5 arches, and running noisily over ledges of rock escapes from the basin by the narrow entrance where the woods of Pixton Park climb the slopes, and the house frowns from a height, like a castle defending the pass. Dulverton is a one-sided place. It is situated in a cùl-de-sac of hills bounded N. by the great waste of Exmoor. It is therefore of no commercial importance. There is a *silk factory* on the river, but it is worked but leisurely, and the little trade of the place has lately received a check by the diversion of the traffic to a new road between Minehead and Bampton. The land in the neighbourhood is poor, and oats, sheep, and cattle, its principal produce. To an artist or sportsman Dulverton has many attractions. The scenery is wild and beautiful; the trout fishing free to the public, as far as the border of the forest; and the stag and fox hunting

on Exmoor of a very peculiar and exciting description. The wild deer are hunted every season. They were formerly numerous in the neighbouring covers, and might often be seen from the church-yard. Their antlers and skins will be observed in the inn.

At Dulverton you should notice the views from the churchyard and bridge. You should walk down the path below the bridge, and explore the upward course of the river; and, above all, you should ascend to an open spot, called *Mount Sydenham*, in a wood above the church. The prospect it commands is truly most magnificent. Towards the N. you will look up the valley of the Barle—a wild and solitary valley, where no road has yet penetrated beyond a certain point. Its sides are the wooded covers of the red deer; the heights above them naked heaths. You will command the windings of the river in long perspective for many miles. A short but delightful excursion is to ascend *Kersford Lane* to Mount Sydenham (which is a rocky platform at the top of the hill, to the l.), and *High Yarcombe*, a hunting-box of Sir Thomas Acland's, and return by the Barle. This will give you some idea of the indescribable beauty of the moorland glens. You will gain views over the greater part of Devon and Somerset, and behold the mountainous chain of Dartmoor on the distant horizon. Those who are bound to Lynton may post to it from Dulverton, over the forest. They may also conveniently walk the distance, 23 m. (charged 26 post), in a summer's day. *Red Deer* is the half-way house, and a good road runs from Red Deer by *Simonsbath* to Lynton. Simonsbath is a wild and singularly beautiful spot (see Index), 2 m. from Red Deer, and 9 m. from Lynton.

From the centre of Dulverton, the huge fir-clad hill on the W. is a prominent object, rising high above the roofs. It is called *Part of Dobbs'*, in

accordance with a whimsical nomenclature common in the town. Thus one house is called *Part of Kennaway's*, another the *Huntsman's House*. There is also a curious custom at Dulverton to toll the funeral bell 3 times for a child, 4 for a woman, and 5 for a man.

Near Dulverton are *Combe* (John Sydenham, Esq.), an old mansion 1 m. W.; and *Hollam House* (Miss Baine), just above the town. Dulverton is 17 m. from Dunster, and 15 m. from S. Molton, post. There are lead mines at *Molland*, 4 m. W. The principal landowners are Lord Carnarvon and Sir Thomas D. Acland, Bart. Proceeding on our route from Bampton:—

18 *South Molton*. (*Inns*: George; White Hart.) This is an old town situated on the river Mole, from which it derives its name. Before the Conquest, the manor was included in the demesne of the crown; but in the reign of Edw. I. was held by Lord Martyn of the Earl of Gloucester, by the service of providing a man, with a bow and 3 arrows, to attend the earl when hunting in the neighbourhood.

The *Church* is a Gothic structure of the 15th century. It is much admired, and contains a rare old stone pulpit, richly sculptured.

Castle Hill, the seat of Earl Fortescue, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, is about 3 m. distant on the Barnstaple road. A triumphal arch, and the artificial ruin of a castle, crown the hills near the house. The park is above 800 acres, finely wooded. The hall of the castle is decorated with stag-heads from Exmoor, the date and particulars of the chase being inscribed under each pair of antlers. The church of *West Buckland*, 2 m. N., has an ancient screen, *King's Nympton Park* (J. Tanner, Esq.), is about 6 m. S.

Antiquaries suppose that the Roman station *Termolum* was situated near the junction of the *Taw* and the

Torrige, between South Molton and Chulmleigh; and that the latter town derived its name from a Roman road which traversed the county from the neighbourhood of Honiton to Stratton, by Cadbury, Chulmleigh, Clovelly Dikes, and Hartland.

North Molton is $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. by E. of its sister town, and contains an interesting Church of ancient date, but restored in 1849. The screen is highly decorated; the tower 100 ft. high. Near the town are *Court Hall* and *Court House*, old ivied mansions, the property of Lord Poltimore, but the latter formerly belonged to the Earl of Morley. In the hilly country, away to the N. *Prince Albert's mine* (copper), and near *Molland Bottreaux*, some 7 m. E. N. E., two ancient manor-houses, now occupied by farmers, but once the seats of the families of Bottreaux and Columb.

16 *Torrington (Inn: Globe)*, situated very pleasantly on an eminence sloping to the Torrige. It is an ancient place, containing fragments of a castle which is said to have been founded by Richard de Merton in the reign of Edw. III. The site is now a bowling-green, and commands a fine view.

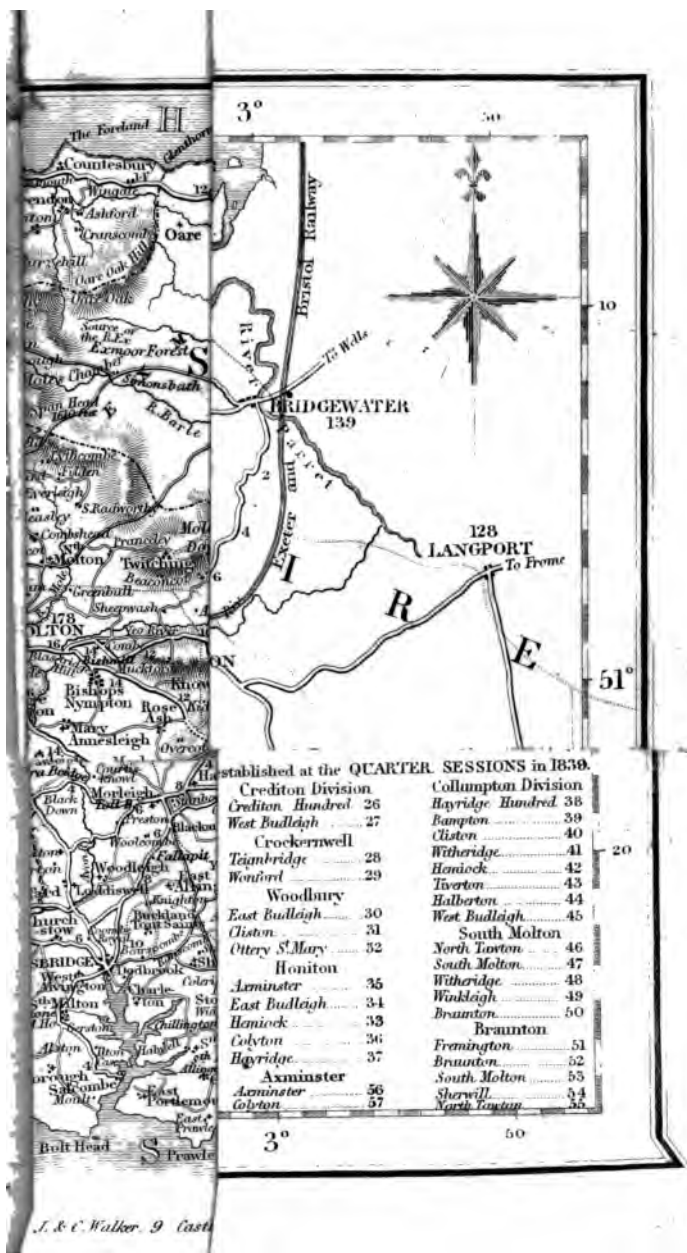
Torrington and its neighbourhood have some historic associations. Editha, the mother of Harold, was endowed with lands of this tything; and during the Rebellion stirring incidents occurred in the town and on the adjacent hills. In 1643 a body of rebels advanced from Bideford to attack Colonel Digby, who had marched upon Torrington to cut off the communication between the N. of Devon and Plymouth. No sooner, however, were they met by a few of the Royalist troopers than they "routed themselves," to quote Clarendon's words, and were pursued with much slaughter. The consequences of this action were the immediate surrender of the fort of Appledore, and, subsequently, of the towns of Barnstaple and Bideford. "The fugitives," says

Clarendon, "spread themselves over the country, bearing frightful marks of the fray, and telling strange stories of the horror and fear which had seized them, although nobody had seen above six of the enemy that charged them." In 1646 the townspeople were witness to a far more fatal engagement, when Fairfax came suddenly by night upon the quarters of Lord Hopton. The action which ensued was furious but decisive, and the Royalists were totally defeated. Upon this occasion the church, together with 200 prisoners and those who guarded them, were blown into the air by the explosion of about 80 barrels of gunpowder. The capture of Torrington was the death-blow of the King's cause in the west. In 1660, the celebrated General Monk was created Earl of Torrington. In 1669, the town gave the title of Earl to Admiral Herbert; and, in 1720, of Viscount to Sir George Byng. The Monks were seated for many generations near *Merton*, a village between Torrington and Hatherleigh; but their mansion, sumptuously rebuilt about 1670 by General Monk, when Duke of Albemarle, (he was born at Merton) was pulled down in the last century. The stables, however, remain to this day, and will give the visitor some idea of the magnificence of the ancient building.

The scenery between Torrington and Bideford merits notice. The road skirts the river, and commands a good view of the *Aqueduct of the Torrige Canal*, which crosses the valley on 5 arches. This canal, completed in 1824, was one of the patriotic works of the late Lord Rolle. It enters the river near Wear Gifford, about 3 m. from Torrington.

In the town you may visit a manufactory of gloves; at *Wear Gifford*, 2 m. N., a very curious manor-house, described in p. 121; and at *Frithelstock*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. W., the remains of an old priory, founded by Robert de Bello Campo in the reign of Hen. III. In

1689



Established at the QUARTER SESSIONS in 1839.

Crediton Division	Collumpton Division
Crediton Hundred 26	Hayridge Hundred 38
West Budleigh 27	Bampton 39
Crockernwell	Cliston 40
Teabridge 28	Witheridge 41
Woolford 29	Henioc 42
Woodbury	Tiverton 43
East Budleigh 30	Halberton 44
Cliston 31	West Budleigh 45
Ottery St. Mary 32	South Molton 46
Honiton	South Molton 47
Axminster 35	Witheridge 48
East Budleigh 34	Winkleigh 49
Henioc 33	Braunton 50
Colyton 36	Braunton 51
Hayridge 37	Braunton 52
Axminster	South Molton 55
Axminster 56	Sherwill 54
Colyton 57	South Molton 55

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the neighbourhood, are *Cross House* (Mrs. Stevens), at present occupied by Sir Trevor Wheeler, Bart.; *Stevenstone House*, a seat of the late Lord Rolle; and about 6 m. S. on the road to Hatherleigh, *Heanton House* (Lord Clinton).

14½ *Holsworthy* (Inn: White Hart), a decayed town about 9 m. from Bude Haven, and 3 m. from the Tamar, the boundary of the county. A plantation, called the *Labyrinth*, is the only thing to be seen in it. In the neighbourhood, however, are many interesting churches, such as those of *Bridgerule*, *Launcells*, and *Kilhampton*. These, for the most part, are of Early Perp. date, and contain

some old and curious wood-carving. The emblems of the Passion are generally represented on the bench ends, particularly the 30 pieces of silver—3 lines of circular dots, 10 in each. In the direction of Hatherleigh are the ancient seats of *Dunsland*, W. B. Coham, Esq.; *Coham*, W. B. Coham, Esq.; and *Burdon*, near High Bampton, C. Burdon, Esq., in whose family it has remained since the reign of Rich. I. The market town of *Hatherleigh* (Inns: George, London Inn,) is 10 m. E. It is situated in a wild barren country, but is otherwise undeserving of notice. *Atherington* church, on the banks of the Taw, contains a fine old screen.

SECTION II.
CORN WALL.

ROUTES.

ROUTE	PAGE	ROUTE	PAGE
15. <i>Launceston to Penzance, by Bodmin, Truro, Redruth, Camborne, and Hayle</i>	192	18. <i>Plymouth to Penzance, by Liskeard, Bodmin, Truro, Redruth, and Hayle</i>	215
16. <i>Launceston to Penzance, by Camelford, Wadebridge, St. Columb, Truro, Redruth, Camborne and Hayle</i>	178	19. <i>Plymouth (Rame Head) to Falmouth, by Looe, Fowey, St. Austell, and Truro</i>	215
17. <i>Plymouth to Penzance, by Liskeard, St. Austell, Truro, Helston, and Marazion</i>	191	20. <i>Plymouth to Bude Haven, by Saltash, Callington, Launceston, and Stratton</i>	224

ROUTE 15.

LAUNCESTON TO PENZANCE, BY BODMIN, TRURO, REDRUTH, CAMBORNE AND HAYLE.

74 m. Mail in 9½ hrs.

Launceston. (*Inns:* White Hart, King's Arms.) A town of about 3000 inhab., situated in a fertile district and about 2 m. from the right bank of the Tamar. It was anciently called *Dunheved* (the *Swelling Hill*). Its modern name, a corruption of *Lan-cestor-ton*, signifies the *Church Castle town*.

The objects of curiosity in the town are the castle, the church, and some trifling remains of an old priory. In the neighbourhood—Werrington Park, Endsleigh, and Trecarrels, the ancient seat of that ancient and now extinct Cornish family.

The Castle is one of three at pre-

sent standing in this part of the country; the others being Trematon near St. Germans, and Restormel, near Lostwithiel.

The height of Dunheved gradually declines and narrows towards the north; and near its point, but still high above the river Kensey, a natural knoll of trap rock has been scarped down, and terraced, and rendered a very complete fortification. Upon the summit of this knoll 100 feet above the river, is built a circular tower, 18 ft. diameter inside, and about 12 ft. thick. Around this, leaving a passage, perhaps 10 ft. broad, is a concentric wall, also very thick, and placed like a coronal upon the cap of the knoll. Around and outside it is a narrow walk, probably always there, and possibly once defended by a light parapet or breast-wall.

The inner tower has a ground floor and two stories. The door is on the

N. side, and is the only opening, of any kind, into the lowest chamber, which probably was for stores. This chamber is lofty and had a boarded roof forming the floor of the 1st story.

On the left of the entrance passage, a stair formed in the thickness of the wall, leads to the first floor, and in its way winds half round the circle. It is dark, having no windows. The first floor is just clear of the outer wall, and has two windows, on opposite sides. The stair enters in one side of one of these, and passing through the opposite side ascends, also in the wall, to the 2d floor. The first floor has a chimney-piece and hearth on the N. side. The roof of this, and the floor of the upper story were of wood. Much of the wall at this elevation is destroyed, but it is evident that the stair ran on to the upper story and thence to the battlements, now wanting. The walls gather in, dome-like, with the 2d floor roof. This tower is very plain, but its entrance arch (the present one is on the ancient pattern), and passage, and stair have all pointed arches. The fire-place is mutilated, but its side joints and corbels have a decidedly Norman aspect.

The annular wall has a southern entrance, therefore not opposite to that within. On the left from the entrance, a passage in the wall leads to the battlements. Towards the N. E. there has been a sort of chamber in the wall, with a sewer and loophole; above also, there appears to have been a sewer. The top of this annular wall is on a level with the first floor of the tower, and the joist holes round the interior of the latter, show the space between to have been roofed with timber. The base of this wall, outside, batters, and at the top of the slope is a bold well cut cordon of stone.

The tower is rent by a slight fissure, and tilted up bodily towards the west side. The annular wall is rent, but not tilted. It seems, there-

fore, probable that the tower held together, and so was lifted bodily by the power which has evidently been used, whereas the wall gave way.

These two buildings crown the knoll, and from the outer entrance stairs descend the steep to a gate-tower at the base of the mound. These stairs and a part of the wall are modern, but it is evident that there was always a stair here covered by a wall on each side, roofed with timber, and on the east side no doubt battlemented. Probably the base of the mound was also girt by a low wall of which the gate-tower formed a part of the circuit. Traces of the walls are seen on its W. side, and there is a small platform also included.

The rest of the space is occupied by what may be called the basement of the castle, the area of which is considerable, and until recently held the County Courts. The mound occupies the N. E. corner. A wall skirting the mound, a little above its base, seems to have encircled the whole. It may be seen, with one of its towers much mutilated, extending along the S. E. face, where it was until recently strengthened by the Witch's Tower which was incautiously undermined and fell upon a new road. Thence it swept to the W. and included the S. Gatehouse, still standing with pointed drop arch, large opening, portcullis grooves, and traces of the ribs of the vault. Outside is the same cordon seen in the keep; a drawbridge led across the ditch from this gate. The arches in a part of the bridge, lately walled up, may still be seen. The wall W. of the gate remains in parts. The N. gate has a drop arch, but within, its lodge arch is sharply pointed.

On the W. and N. sides the castle defence is a deep natural valley; on the S. and E. the valley has been deepened, and still though built upon, bears the name of 'Castle-Ditch.' The Deer park, still so called, extended S. W. from the Castle gate.

This gate is possibly of early Decorated date, but it is evident that the whole of the rest of the building, gate-house, annular wall, and circular keep, are by one hand, and of one date. It is very possible, from the aspect of the place, that, even in its unscarped state it was naturally strong, and may have been employed by the Celts or Saxons for defence. At present nothing is visible that can be regarded even as early Norman. The encircling walls have been compared to those of Eastern towns—particularly Ecbatana, which is thus described by Herodotus. "Of this city one wall circumvented another: and each rose by the height of its battlements above the one beyond it. The ground, which was a circular hill, favoured this construction; but it owed still more to the labours bestowed upon the work. The orbicular works were seven in number, and within the last stood the royal palace and the treasuries."

Launceston Castle was held of the Conqueror by the Earls of Moreton. From Earl William it reverted to the crown, and in the 11th year of Edward III. was merged in the Duchy of Cornwall. It appears to have been a ruin as early as the reign of Edward III., and Carew speaks of its crumbling condition in 1602. In 1645 it was fortified for Charles I. by Sir Richard Grenville, and in March of the following year the garrison surrendered to the parliamentary troops under Fairfax. This was the closing scene in its military annals. The Dukes of Northumberland, High Constables of the castle under the Duchy, have expended a considerable sum in most judicious repairs, which are calculated to prevent for some time any further decay.

The *Church of St. Mary Magdalen* is a much admired building in a florid style of Gothic architecture. It is entirely constructed of granite, and was erected in 1524 by Henry Tre-carrel, of Tre-carrels. The whole struc-

ture is panelled all over, and the panels are filled with carved shields, flowers, and other emblems. A number of shields encircle the edifice; they are embossed with letters, which together form an invocation to the saint, and an apostrophe on the sacredness of the locality. The tower stands apart, and is of earlier date, and built of a different material. The S. porch is remarkable for its beauty. The church contains the monumental tomb of Sir Hugh Piper, "the famous loyalist of the West," and his Dame Sibylla, "very lively represented in marble," the one in armour, and the other in brocade. The wooden pulpit is polygonal and curious.

A late Norman arch with eight piers with chevron mouldings, forming the entrance of the White Hart Inn, is supposed to have been removed from the ruins of the *Priory*, a religious house founded in the reign of Hen. I. by Warelwast, bishop of Exeter. Several fragments of the Priory are incorporated with the houses now occupying its site, which is described by Leland as "in the far west part of the suburb of the town, under the root of a hill by a fair wood-side."

In addition to these ruins of castle and priory, some ivied remains of the town walls may be seen in different parts of Launceston. The only gateway now standing is that on the S., which is of early Eng. or Decorated date, and forms the entrance from Devonshire. St. Stephen's, a mile north, is a very fine granite church, with a perpendicular tower, and early Eng. nave.

The visitor can make excursions from this town to *Werrington Park*, Duke of Northumberland, and *Endsleigh* (see Devon, Rte. 10.), the beautiful cottage of the Duke of Bedford, both situated on the banks of the Tamar, the one to the N., and the other to the S. of Launceston. *Tre-bartha*, the seat of Francis Rodd, Esq., and *Tre-carrels*, are also worth seeing.

Trebartha is in the parish of Northill, about 7 m. SW., under the rocky escarpment of the moors. N. of the house the river Lynher falls in a cascade, where the botanist may find *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*, or filmy-leaved polypody. Trecarrels is in the parish of Lezant, about 5 m. S. The hall and a small chapel of granite are in excellent preservation. The old mansion was built about 1540, by Sir Henry, the last of the Trecarrels, and in the rebellion was honoured by a visit from Charles I., who slept in it on his road into Cornwall. Close to Holloway (evidently "Holy way") turnpike is one of the ancient crosses.

At Launceston, in 1643, when the fortunes of Charles were at a very low ebb, the tide of a sudden turned and drove the Roundheads out of Cornwall. Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Beville Grenville were shut into the county by Sir Alexander Carew and Sir R. Buller, who lay at this town to prevent their escape. The Parliamentary commanders, to beguile their inactivity, instituted legal proceedings against "divers persons, unknown, who had lately come into Cornwall, armed *contra pacem*." Upon this Hopton appeared, and producing the commission of the King to the Marquis of Hertford, appointing him general of the West, and his own commission from the Marquis, obtained a verdict of acquittal, and was thanked by the jury. Hopton then, in turn, preferred an indictment against Buller and Carew. The jury found them guilty, and an order was granted to raise the *posse comitatus*, "for the dispersing that unlawful assembly, and for the apprehension of the rioters." A force of 3000 well-armed foot was speedily in motion; Buller and Carew were driven from Launceston, and the Royalists found themselves masters of Cornwall.—"The gentlemen of this county," says lady Fanshawe, in her memoirs, "are generally loyal to the crown and hospitable to their neighbours, but they

are of a crafty and censorious nature, as most are so far from London."

7 Fivelanes.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Trewint (i. e. the spring). 1 m. beyond this village the traveller rises into highlands of granite, which, spread out in dreary moors, extend to within 4 m. of Bodmin. Considerable portions of this district, and especially the valleys, have of late years been enclosed and brought under the plough; yet much remains to interest those who are fond of wild scenery. For many miles the waste stretches forth its tinted hills in one expanded scene of sterility, whilst in various directions rise solitary *carns* which, heaped with granite, show apparently all that the moor possesses of value. A mineral treasure is, however, extracted from the valleys which, during the course of ages, have been silted up by disintegrated granite, throughout which is disseminated a considerable quantity of tin. The traveller will find every *bottom*, as the Cornish term their valleys, furrowed by stream-works, which have either long since been abandoned or are now in activity.

3 The *Jamaica Inn*, hitherto a solitary half-way house, is now likely to be centred in a village, as a church, parsonage, and school-house, have been here lately erected by Mr. Rodd, of Trebartha Hall, the proprietor of the land;—establishments, hailed with much satisfaction by the moor-men, who declare that their children "are quite mountainerers, wildings, wild asses, and transgress." This inn is frequented by sportsmen in the winter, and affords comfortable, though somewhat rude, accommodation. On a small farm in its vicinity, in the occupation of his father, was born the astronomer Adams, so justly celebrated for the discovery of the planet Neptune. The two Cornish mountains, *Brown Willy*, a corruption of Bron-Welli, and *Rowtor*, or Rough Tor; of the respective heights of 1368 and 1296 ft., are situated about 3 m. N. of the inn. An excursion to

their summits may conveniently be made from this locality, and offers a rich treat to those fond of such adventures. A pocket compass may be found useful, as these elevated moors are frequently enveloped in mists, which give no warning of their approach, and limit the view to a circle of a few yards. Deep bogs — of which there is a formidable specimen N. W. of Rowtor, may be entered under such circumstances, from which the traveller, without this guide, will find a difficulty in extricating himself. Brown Willy, separated from the Jamaica Inn, by a hill, called *Tober* or *Two Barrows* (alt. 1122 ft.), is a ridge, lying a few points E. of N., and W. of S., parallel with Rowtor, and marked by four distinct hummocks. In a comparison of the two mountains, Brown Willy may be designated as the more beautiful, Rowtor the more imposing, the latter being literally covered by a monster meeting of rocks. Immediately under Brown Willy, to the S. W., a bottom is occupied by a large stream-work, called Brown Willy, in which the traveller may witness the operation of streaming for tin. The crest of the ridge is roughened by masses of granite, which, fashioned in squarer forms than those on Rowtor, give an appearance of a less irregularity to the outline. The summit, crowned by a pile of stones, commands a view extending into Somerset, and to the remotest parts of Devon and Cornwall. The superb mass of Rowtor, rises close at hand, and on the solitary waste which stretches northwards from Rowtor and Brown Willy, in the direction of Davidstow Moor, are the works of the *Rowtor Copper Mine*, an adventurous, but unprofitable concern, belonging to the shareholders of that great Devonshire mine, the Devon Consols. Under the E. side of the hill, lies a small pool of water, known by the name of *Fawey Well*, and S. W. the rocky eminence of *Garrah*, 1060 ft. above the level of

the sea. The granite of the Bodmin range is well characterized by that of Brown Willy, which is composed of white crystalline felspar, grey quartz, and two kinds of mica, one of which is white and transparent, the other opaque, and of a dark garnet colour. The black mineral, schorl, is occasionally disseminated through the mass in minute crystalline grains. A valley, now partly cultivated, separates this mountain from Rowtor, which should certainly be ascended for a nearer view of the enormous carns of granite which, covering it on all sides, give a ruggedness to its outline, even when viewed at a distance of 30 miles. They consist of some of the largest blocks in Cornwall, lodged one upon the other, in very curious and critical positions, and at the summit weathered into spheroidal masses, which strikingly illustrate the decomposition of granite, and exhibit on their upper surfaces, a network of those irregular cavities called *rock basins*. No hill in Devon or Cornwall can be matched for magnificence with Rowtor, which ought surely to be preserved from the quarryman, as the grand feature of the county. The red lichen *Lecanora perella* is found in the caverns and crevices, and collected for the purposes of a dye. In the barren valley, under the N. W. side of the hill, are a number of those circular enclosures, or *hut circles*, so common on Dartmoor, and near the bank of the stream a monument of unhewn granite, which strikes the attention, from the loneliness of the surrounding hills. It bears an inscription, and marks the scene of a sanguinary murder. Upon a low eminence, immediately W. of Rowtor, lies a *logan stone*, about 4 ft. in thickness, 15 in length, and 12 in breadth. The upper surface is flat, and the ponderous mass is moved easily by a push, or by the weight of a person stepping upon it. So perfect is the balance, that the oscillation continues for some seconds after the stone has

been set in motion. Art appears to have had a share in producing these effects, as the block has been evidently curtailed at its eastern extremity, by the operation of *pooling*.

The traveller may hence extend his excursion to *Hunter-Gantick*, sometimes designated the Cornish Valley of Rocks,—or to *Hannon Valley*, from the sides of which rise two isolated crags, known as *the Devil's Jump*. The former is situated some 5 m. down the Lank, (Du—or Black Lank) a stream which flows S. W. and between Rowtor and Brown Willy; the latter, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. down a tributary of the Camel, which, running in a similar direction, is to be found on the N. W. side of Rowtor. *Hunter-Gantick* is also 1 m. S. of the church-town of *St. Beward*, or Simon Ward, as it is commonly called. It is a deep lonely valley, of romantic aspect, desolated by rocks of granite, which, shaped by the elements into cubes, cover the slopes and lie heaped together by hundreds on the adjacent heights. It is a scene befitting the genius of a Saviour, and one of the most extraordinary of its kind in the country. The declivity of the higher part of the valley is abrupt, and here the stream thunders through the obstruction in a series of cascades. A descent to its banks will repay the labour, although a ladder is almost required in the passage from stone to stone, and a thick growth of brake offers additional impediments. The finest *coup d'œil* is obtained from the hill-side which fronts this portion of the valley. Hence the entire scene is displayed, and its rugged effect well contrasted by the azure tints of Brown Willy, which rises in the distance.

Hannon Valley is situated about 1 m. W. of *St. Advent*, and through this the streams rising N. of Rowtor discharge their waters into the Camel. It has been recently invested with features of particular interest, by a thunder-storm, which, falling with

unusual violence in the summer of 1847, principally upon the high land W. of Rowtor, occasioned a flood in the Camel, which swept away many of the bridges, and destroyed a large amount of property on its banks. The bed of this valley was ripped open by the accumulated waters, and the stream now flows between white banks of granite and quartz, varied by the intrusion of rocks of a different character. From the sides of the lower part of the valley rise the crags, which are known as *the Devil's Jump*. That on the l. bank, when seen from beneath, resembles a tower about 50 ft. in height. In the bed of the stream, immediately below this rock, lies a block of a white crystalline stone, about 24 ft. in length, by 8 in breadth, which abutting upon a deep and clear pool, would seem to have been expressly placed there to serve the purposes of the bather. At the extremity of this valley a solitary tree will be seen, standing amid ruins occasioned by the flood. It is connected with an alarming adventure, which befel a farmer residing in the neighbourhood. On the day of the storm he was making his way to Camelford, and about to cross the stream by a foot-bridge, when a sudden increase in the volume of the torrent, rendered the passage impracticable, and at the same time, by occasioning an overflow of some low ground in his rear, cut off his retreat. Two trees presented the only means of escape. He hastily climbed upon one, but thinking this the weaker of the two, and it was afterwards carried away, he removed into the other, which fortunately resisted the full fury of the torrent.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of the Jamaica Inn, lies *Dozmare Pool*, 890 ft. above the sea, a melancholy sheet of water, about 1 m. in circumference, and from 4 to 5 ft. in depth. A lofty hill, called *Brown* or *Bron Gilly*, alt. 1100 ft., is the mark by which the traveller can

direct his course; below this the pool is situated, on a table-land which borders the deep vale of the Fowey. The traveller will pass, in a bottom on his right hand, a stream-work, called the *Poor Man's Endeavour*, in which may be seen an interesting section, displaying the following series of deposits. Disintegrated granite, 1 ft.; black bog, the lower part filled with hazel branches, 6 ft.; disintegrated granite, 2 ft.; bog, of a lighter colour than that above, and containing decayed fragments of wood, 4 ft.; and below this again, another bed of granitic soil, which is streamed. The pool is the theme of many a marvellous tale, in which the peasants and streamers of tin most implicitly believe. It is said to be unfathomable, and the resort of evil spirits. Begirt by dreary hills, it presents an aspect of utter gloom and desolation. The country people represent it as haunted by an unearthly visitant, a grim giant of the name of Tregagle, who, it is said, may be heard howling here when wintry storms sweep the moors. He is condemned to the melancholy task of emptying the pool with a limpet shell, and is continually howling in despair at the hopelessness of his labour. Occasionally, too, it is said, this miserable monster is hunted by the devil round and about the tarn, when he flies to the Roche Rocks, some 1.5 m. distant, and by thrusting his head in at the chapel window, finds a respite from his tormentor. Such is the legend of *Giant Tregagle*, of whom some have told that he was a wicked seigneur, once residing on the site of this dismal lake, by which his mansion, a haunt of iniquity, was of a sudden engulfed, while his park was at the same time transformed into the barren waste, which is now known as the Bodmin Moors. Tregagle, however, who was a veritable person, was, in fact, no high-bred villain, but a thievish steward, who maltreated the tenants under his charge, and

hence the evil reports which one hears of him. The traveller may glean amusement at the Jamaica Inn, by broaching the subject among the moor-men. One will then narrate how he was startled by the noise of a coach, and the cracking of whips, when cutting turf near the pool after dark, and declare that he distinctly heard the coach plunge under water. Another will tell how he has seen upon its banks a strange light, "like fire in a furze-bush." And all will most emphatically declare that there is "certainly somebody there, let people say what they *wool!*" Until very recently, there was no visible outlet to this mysterious tarn, since the water imperceptibly oozed through a bog on its western side. Hence another story of a whirlpool and subterranean channel communicating with the subjacent valley. A trench cut through this morass has now partially drained the lake, and gives the water a free passage to more inclined ground, where it soon joins the Fowey, a river rising under *Hawk's Tor* (alt. 900 ft.), 1 m. W. of the Four hole Cross.

From Dozmare Pool the pedestrian can cross the moor direct to *St. Neot*, about 5 m. (Rte. 17.); or by a circuitous route include *Treveddoe*, in the parish of Warleggon, a most ancient tin stream-work still in activity, and ranking with the most interesting objects on the moor, having, in addition to the excavations of the streamers, shafts 60 fath. deep, which are said to have been sunk by the "old men;" or he can travel to *Liskeard* by a road from the Jamaica Inn, 9 m.; or by a longer route on foot over the moor, visit on his way *Kilmarth Tor*, the *Cheesewing*, the *Hurlers*, the *Trevethy Stone*, the *Well of St. Cleer*, and the interesting memorial known as the *Half Stone* (all described in Rte. 17.); and in the latter route, as the tors of *Kilmarth* and the *Cheesewing* are plainly seen from the vicinity of Dozmare Pool,

the stranger will have no difficulty in directing his course.

Proceeding from the Jamaica Inn towards Bodmin:—

1½ Here, leaning towards the road, is the *Four-hole Cross*, a lonely impressive monument, bearing every mark of extreme antiquity, and situated in a wild and elevated part of the moor. The top is mutilated, and of the four holes which once stamped the figure of the cross, two only are now remaining. The pillar was evidently once ornamented with scrolls, but with the exception of a few lines they are now obliterated. It is considered one of the oldest crosses in the county.

3¼ *Temple*, a miserable hamlet, on a manor which formerly belonged to the Knight Templars. They had a church here which long since fell into decay.

6 *Bodmin*. (*Inns*: Royal Hotel; Town Arms.) An ancient town, situated nearly in the centre of the county, about 12 m. from the Bristol and English Channels. Here are held the sessions and assizes.

The *Church* (date 1472), a large and handsome Perp. edifice, deserves the notice of the stranger, but especially the curious Norman font. In early times the structure belonged, to an adjoining monastery of St. Petroc, and it is said to have long contained the bones of that saint, which, according to the legend, were brought to it from Padstow, when that town was plundered by the Danes (950). St. Petroc's shrine was for many years preserved in a chapel attached to the east end of the church. In the chancel is the tomb, with effigy, of Prior Vivian, who died in 1533.

The objects of curiosity in the neighbourhood are—ruins of an ancient hospital for lepers (at *St. Lawrence*, 1 m. N. W.), incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in 1582, and now reduced to some pointed arches and dilapidated walls; the old camps of *Dunmeer Castle*, in the woods of the

same name, 1½ m. N.W., *Penhargate Castle*, 2 m. N., and *Castle Kenyoe*, 1 m. S. E.; and—to the botanist,—*Ligusticum Cornubiense* one of our rarest plants, which inhabits the skirts of Dunmeer wood.

The vale of the Camel abounds in delightful scenery, particularly about *Blisland* (Happy Church), 5 m. E. This village is situated on the border of the moors, and is not far from the rocky valley of *Hanter-Guntick*, which may be conveniently visited from Bodmin.

On *Halgaver* or the *Goat's Moor*, 1 m. S., there was anciently held, in the month of July, a carnival, which antiquaries consider originated with the Saxons. A Lord of Misrule was appointed, before whom any unpopular person, so unlucky as to be captured, was dragged to answer a charge of felony; the imputed crime being such as his appearance might suggest—a negligence in his attire, or a breach of manners. With ludicrous gravity a mock trial was then commenced, and judgment as gravely pronounced, when the culprit was hurried off to receive his punishment. In this his apparel was generally a greater sufferer than his person, as it commonly terminated in his being thrown into the water or the mire. There is no doubt as to the antiquity of this curious jubilee:—“Take him before the mayor of Halgaver”—“Present him in Halgaver Court”—are old Cornish proverbs.

In 1549 Bodmin was the scene of a singular execution. The Cornish rebels having encamped in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants of this town obliged Boyer, their mayor, to allow them the necessary supplies. Shortly afterwards the insurgents were defeated near Exeter by Lord Russell, and the provost marshal, Sir Anthony Kingston, despatched into Cornwall to bring the fugitives to justice. Upon entering the county, Kingston informed Boyer.

by letter that he would dine with him on a certain day, and at the appointed time arrived accompanied by a train of followers. The mayor received him with hospitality, but a little before dinner Kingston took his host aside and whispered in his ear that one of the townspeople was to be executed, and requested that a gallows might be erected. The mayor ordered it to be prepared, and as soon as dinner was ended Sir Anthony demanded whether the work was finished. The mayor answered that all was ready. "I pray you," said the provost, "bring me to the place;" and he took the mayor by the arm, and beholding the gallows, asked whether he thought that it was strong enough. "Yes," said the mayor, "doubtless it is." "Well then," said the provost, "get thee up speedily, for it is prepared for you!" "I hope," answered the poor mayor, "you mean not as you speak." "In faith!" said the provost, "there is no remedy, for thou hast been a busy rebel." Accordingly the mayor was strung up without further ceremony.

In the neighbourhood of Bodmin are the seats of *Pencarrow* (on the Wadebridge road), Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M. P. for Southwark, *Glynn*, Lord Vivian, 2 m. S. E., and *Lanhydrock House*, 2 m. S., Hon. Mrs. Agar, but occupied by her son Mr. Robartes, M. P. for E. Cornwall. Glynn and Lanhydrock are both on the banks of the Fowey. W. of Bodmin, in the parish of Wihtiel, is an estate called *Brynn*, the birth-place of *Sir Beville Grenville*, the distinguished royalist.

Proceeding again on our route—

2½ m. rt. The interesting remains of *St. Bennet's Monastery*, a religious house, supposed to have been subordinate to the monastery of Monte Cassino, near Naples. It is to be regretted that the old cloisters have been removed. On the other side of the road, in *Lanivet* churchyard, are

two ancient stone crosses, one 10, the other about 11 ft. high, the latter perforated with four holes. Beyond this place the traveller enters a dreary country, which, rising to the *Tregoss Moors*, extends many miles.

¾ A road on the l. leads to the village of *Roche* (1 m.), which is backed at a distance of about 2 m. by the bleak hill of *Hensbarrow* (alt. 1034 ft.). In the church, see an old Norman font. The *Roche Rocks*, ¼ m. S. of the church, and 680 ft. above the sea, consist of several great masses piled together in rude confusion to a height of 100 ft. In the heart of the group are the remains of a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, and said to have been once tenanted by a hermit, and more recently by a solitary leper. These rocks consist of quartz and schorl, constituting schorl rock, which is in a very friable state.

1½ The traveller is now passing over the *Tregoss Moors*, and may see to the rt. the granite eminences of *Belovely* or *Belouda Beacon* (alt. 765 ft.), and *Castle an Dinas* (alt. 729 ft.), the latter crowned with an encampment, and offering to the geologist an interesting variety of altered slate.

¾ The *Indian Queens*, a lonely inn in a wild unsheltered situation on the moor.

¾ *Fraddon*.—To the l. of this hamlet, ½ m., lies *Calliquoiter Rock*, containing variable mixtures of schorl with granite. The summit of the hill is 690 ft. above the level of the sea. Beyond Blue Anchor the new road to Truro branches off on the l. It runs by the church town of *Ladock*, and through one of the prettiest valleys in the county. The parish of Ladock is well known for its *stream-works*. They have produced a quantity of tin, and some of the largest pieces of gold which have been found in Cornwall.

1 The church-town of *St. Enoder*: l. the village of *Summercourt*, noted for its annual cattle and sheep fair, of

Sept. 25, in which 3000 head of stock commonly change hands.

3 *Mitchell*, or *St. Michael*, before the Reform Act a borough town returning 2 M.P.'s.—A cross road leads to *Newlyn*, 2 m.; and 1½ m. N. of *Newlyn* is the manor-house of *Trevice*, Sir T. D. Acland, Bt., by whom it has been restored. It is well worth seeing.

6½ *Truro (Inns: Pearce's Royal Hotel; Red Lion Hotel)*, pleasantly situated, and considered the metropolis of the county. An inlet of the sea, called the *Truro Creek* or *River*, extends from *Falmouth Harbour* to the town. The name *Truro* is supposed by some to be a corruption of the Cornish *Tre-ru*, the *Castle on the Water*, and to have originated in a castle which belonged to the Earls of Cornwall. This building is mentioned by *Leland* (temp. Hen. VIII.) as "now clere down," but the scarped mound where it stood may be seen to this day (at the end of *Pydar street*.) It was crowned by a modern circular wall, surrounded by a circular terrace, arrangements which render it probable that this castle resembled *Launceston* in plan. Others derive the name of the town from *Truru*, the *Three Streets*, while *Borlase* explains it as *Tre-vur*, the town on the (Roman) road. *Truro* stands in the centre of a mining district, and largely exports the ore. It was formerly dignified as one of the coinage towns for tin, and the old *Coinage Hall*, which has been lately pulled down, served for some years as the court of the vice-warden of the *Stannaries*, who now adjudicates on mining matters in the *Town Hall*, a handsome modern Italian building.

East Huel Rose, near *Truro*, is one of the largest lead mines in the county. *Huel Garras* is celebrated for having at one time produced 100 oz. of silver for every ton of lead.

The *Church of St. Mary* is a handsome specimen of the Perp. of *Henry VII.*'s time, the old part built chiefly of *Roborough stone*. The steeple and

spire are modern, with a peculiar band of the *Tudor flower* above the plinth. See a monument dated 1636 in the chancel, with an inscription, recording the singular adventures of one *Phippen*, a native of *Dorsetshire*.

The *Royal Institution of Cornwall*, (establ. 1818.) a society which has published in its Reports many valuable papers relating to the curiosities of the county, meets at *Truro*, in the autumn. The *Lecture Room* and *Museum* are in *Pydar Street*, and the latter is well worth seeing. Among other things, it contains a collection of *Cornish birds*, including some rare specimens; cabinets of *Cornish minerals and fossils*; numerous antiquities, which have been found in the neighbourhood, particularly some portions of the old church of *St. Piran*; a number of foreign birds, mostly *East Indian*; skulls of the *Ceylonese*, believed to be the only curiosities of the kind in *England*; and specimens of two varieties of the *Assamese elephant*.

The *County Library*, established in 1792, occupies a portion of the ground floor of the same house.

The *Royal Cornwall Horticultural Society* is also established in *Truro*. The botanist will find in its hortus siccus most of the plants indigenous to the county.

Foote, the comedian, *Polwhele*, author of a history of *Cornwall*, and *Richard* and *John Lander*, the explorers of the *Niger*, were natives of this town. To commemorate the exploits of the *Landers*, a *Doric column* has been lately erected in *Lemon Street*. The house in which *Foote* was born, on the N. side of *Boscawen Street*, is now the *Red Lion Hotel*. The late *Lord Vivian* was also a native of *Truro*. A very clear stream flows through the town, and is led in streamlets through almost every street and alley. In the neighbourhood are several seats. On the *Probus road*, *Tregolls*, *Sir Samuel Spry*, *Penair*, *Admiral Reynolds*, &c.

Pencalenick, John Vivian, Esq.; and *Tregothnan*, Earl of Falmouth. On the road to Helston, *Killiw*, William Daubaz, Esq.; *Kiliganoon*, late Admiral Spry; and *Carclew*, Sir Charles Lemon, Bart.

In the town, or its immediate vicinity, you will find a *paper mill* and *iron foundry*, and at *Garras Wharf*, at *Carvedras*, on the Redruth road, and at *Calenick*, on the old Falmouth road, *tin smelting-houses*. The churchyard of *Kenwyn*, 1 m. N. W., on the road to Perranzabuloe, commands a very interesting view.

In *St. Clement's Church*, 2 m. E. of Truro, the curious in epitaphs will meet with two very original specimens of that kind of writing; and at *St. Clement's Vicarage*, the antiquary, one of the oldest of the four-hole crosses. It is called the *Isnioc Cross*, and the following inscription is engraved upon it in an abbreviated form: "*Isniocus Vitalis Filius Torrici*." *St. Clement* was martyred by *Trajan*, and, according to the legend, was thrown into the sea, with an anchor and cable fastened to his neck.

The *Truro Creek* presents some beautiful scenery. Below *Malpas*, pronounced *Mopus* (2 m.), the l. bank is enriched with the woods of *Tregothnan*, Earl of Falmouth. The house contains among other pictures some works by *Opie*, and portraits of the great Duke of Marlborough, George Prince of Denmark, Queen Anne, and their son, the young Duke of Gloucester. The road from the lodge-gate runs a long distance through the Park, which, occupying a range of hills, is enlivened by herds of deer, and bounded by the rivers *Truro* and *Fal*. Below *Tregothnan* the latter river joins the stream, and the woods shift over to the rt. bank, and rise from the grounds of *Trelissic*, the residence of *J. Davie Gilbert, Esq.* Below *Trelissic* the river expands, and loses its nam in the *Roadstead of Carrick*, the main anchorage of *Falmouth Harbour*. The

Church of St. Michael Penkivel, near the l. bank of the *Truro* river, is an antiquated structure, and contains, in the tower, a curious oratory, with stone altar; and, in the body of the building, a monument to the memory of *Admiral Boscawen*, by *Rysbrach*, and a metal tablet, dated 1515, which teaches you to

"Pray for the soule of Master John Trembrass,
Master of Artes, and late parson of this church."

It is better, however, to visit *Tregothnan* and *Trelissic* from *Falmouth*, since from *Truro* they are difficult of approach at low water.

Truro is generally the starting point for an excursion to the ruins of the *Church of St. Piran*—most interesting memorials, which, lost for ten centuries, were exposed to view in 1835, by the shifting of the sand which had been blown over them. They are situated in the parish of *Perranzabuloe*, on the N. coast, and distant from *Truro* about 8 m. A wild, dreary road leads over the hills to *Perran Porth* (an inn, *Tywarnhayle Arms*), a small bathing-place in a sandy cove, bounded on the E. by the solitary district in which *St. Piran's* church was buried. For many miles in that direction the coast has been desolated by sand, which, from time to time blown inland from the shore, has been slowly accumulated. *Camden*, *Norden*, *Carew*, and *Borlase* bear witness to its encroachment in different years, and the name of the parish—*Perranzabuloe*, or *Perran in sabulo*,—is presumptive evidence as to the character of the district at a remote period. The *arundo arenaria*, planted to bind and fix the mass, occasionally a specimen of *convolvulus soldanella*, a thin, mossy vegetation in the hollows, and rabbits, countless as the sands themselves, are the only living objects that enliven it. The ruins of *St. Piran's* church are about 2 m. from the *Porth*, in the heart of these sandy dunes, and the remains of ano-

ther church of less ancient date, and an old four-hole cross, are in their immediate vicinity. A direct scramble across the sands will be found laborious; the better plan is to skirt them; but the stranger will experience difficulty in finding the ruins without a guide. The following legend is supposed to explain the origin of this curious little shrine. At the end of the 4th century St. Patrick visited Cornwall on a crusade against Druidism, and finding his efforts successful, returned to Ireland, and consecrating 12 bishops, sent them over to complete the good work. St. Piran was one of this saintly batch, and he with priestly ingenuity determined upon making his entrance into the county impressive, and therefore crossed the sea on a mill-stone, and, landing at St. Ives, proceeded E. 18 miles, when he pitched his cell and began his ministry. Such is the legendary account of St. Piran's settlement in Cornwall. The distance he is said to have travelled from St. Ives would have carried him among the miners of St. Agnes, and as proof that such was the case, he is now considered the especial guardian of tanners, and has from time immemorial been annually fêted by these people on the 5th of March. The saint is said to have died some time in the 5th century, and then, it is concluded, a church, according to the custom of the Celtic Christians, was built over his remains. For about two centuries this building was probably used for the rites of religion, and antiquaries conjecture that it was submerged by sand, either in the 8th or 9th century, but many years before the subjection of Cornwall by the Saxons. At this catastrophe the second church was, in all probability, erected, as near as possible to the spot consecrated as the burial-place of the saint, but protected from the sand by a stream of water, which experience had shown would arrest its progress.

This edifice remained safe for ages and was considered in such security in 1420, that it was rebuilt on a larger scale. For another century the sands were held in subjection, but the stream having been diverted by some mining operations, they once more pursued their desolating career, and soon menaced the building with destruction. Borlase, in the middle of the last century, briefly remarks, "the second church is in no small danger," and so rapid was the accumulation of the sand, that parishioners now alive remember the porch having been buried in a single night. The danger at length appeared so imminent that the inhabitants were obliged to remove the building. In 1803 the tower, windows, and porch were taken down, and the church erected again at a distance of 2 m. The tradition of the old church had been still preserved, when in 1835 the shifting sand disclosed the long lost relic; human efforts aided the exhumation, and at length the little building, with its adjoining baptistry, stood forth perfect as on the day on which they were overwhelmed. In the winter the spring of St. Piran, its course being choked with sand, forms a small lake, and overflows the building to the height of 6 feet. The church lies nearly E. and W., its extreme length being 29 ft. and breadth 16½ ft. The principal entrance was on the S. side, a small arched doorway of primitive construction surrounded by a curious moulding, and ornamented with 3 heads rudely chiselled on a soft stone, but was unfortunately destroyed within a fortnight after the discovery of the building. The heads and a few stones of the moulding are now in the museum at Truro. The steps by which the doorway was entered remain, and are much worn. On the same side of the church was a rude window, within the head of which a stone was laid across to support the weight of the wall, although

the radiating stones, which formed the arch, appeared to uphold the ponderous mass. The N. and W. side of the church are dead walls; that on the E. was pierced with an altar window and priest's door, but fell during the removal of the sand. The masonry is of the rudest description, and affords a striking proof of the antiquity of the church. No lime has been used by the builder, but china-clay and sand employed in its stead, and in this the stones are embedded without much regard to arrangement, consisting of blocks of granite, elvan, and slate, many smooth and rounded as if taken from the beach or the channel of a stream. "On the whole," says Mr. Haslam, "the masonry looks like that of persons who had seen Roman work, and perhaps assisted in it, without learning the art; and who had seen lime and used it, but without learning how it was prepared for use, and who pitched upon this white substance, china-clay, as resembling lime." The floor of the church consists of a hard and level concrete. The altar was removed in 1835, and St. Piran's remains, but headless, were discovered beneath it. This altar has been since rebuilt with the same stones and capped by a block of granite, upon which the name of St. Piran has been cut in early Roman characters. The head of the saint was probably enshrined in the second church, since the will of Sir John Arundel of Trerice, dated about the time when that edifice was rebuilt, contains a bequest for providing the relic with a handsome niche. The present condition of the original structure is deplorable. The hand of curiosity has proved more ruthless than the sand. The N. and S. walls are the only portions left entire. The S. and E., which alone were pierced with doors and windows, have fallen to the ground, and the sand is again gathering round the ruin. The remains of a cell, in front of which were discovered the shells of

mussels and limpets with fragments of pottery, are barely to be discerned about 100 yds. to the S. E. The proofs of the high antiquity of St. Piran's Oratory, as the building has been called, are the absence of a font, the baptistry being at a little distance from the church; the rudeness of the masonry, and the substitution of china-clay for lime; the diminutive size of the building, the scarcity of windows, and their peculiar structure; the dissimilarity of the arch to Saxon or Norman models; the insertion of the heads over the doorway, a peculiarity observable in many of the Celtic buildings in Ireland; and lastly, tradition, which has always pointed to the spot in which the lost church of St. Piran was ultimately found. To the S. of this ruin a solitary cross and a few stones mark the site of the second church. The surface is here thinly spread with turf, and the sand is fixed, but it covers the floor of the building to a depth of 19 ft. In the N. and E. it may still be seen in its naked desolation, shifting with the wind, and traversing the hills in cloud-like masses. Around both churches the soil is whitened by human bones; their sacred precincts having been long used as a burial-ground.

Perran Round is situated by the side of the Truro road about $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. N. of the church-town of *Perranzabuloe*, and with the exception of the amphitheatre at Dorchester, is the most perfect relic of the kind in England. It consists of an area 150 ft. in diam. encircled by an earthen wall, about 10 ft. high and 7 broad at the top, divided into 7 rows of steps for a standing audience, and it is conjectured was used by the ancient Britons either as a court of justice, or a theatre for the exhibition of feats of agility and strength, such as wrestling, and by the Cornish of later days for the performance of interludes, or *Guary Miracle Plays*, a species of composition of which

three specimens in MS., and written in the old language, are preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford. The Round is capable of containing about 2000 spectators. A pit in the enclosure communicates by a trench with an oval recess in the wall, and this antiquaries pronounce to have been the "green room," to which the actors retired.

St. Agnes' Beacon, alt. 621 ft., rises about 4 m. W. of Perranzabuloe, and is remarkable for a deposit of sands and clays, in some places 40 ft. in thickness, occurring at an elevation of from 300 to 400 ft. above the present sea-level. Sir H. De la Beche is inclined to consider it a remnant of some super-cretaceous deposit. The clay is extensively employed by the miners, who throughout Cornwall use a lump of this substance for a candlestick. During the war a signal guard was stationed at the summit of this hill, on the look-out for invaders, and ready to arouse the country by a bonfire. Tin-lodes may be traced along the sea-front.

The *cliff-scenery* between Perran Porth and the Beacon is highly interesting. Guarded by immense rocks of *hillas*, the coast seems to defy the impetuosity of the sea itself. There is, however, no part of Cornwall where the destructive influence of the waves is so well illustrated. The slate is in a ruinous condition, and presents a perfect chaos of crags and chasms. At the *Cligga Head*, 1 m. W. of Perran Porth, bands of a hard and decomposed granite alternate, and an elvan issues from them, which may be seen on the cliff at several points until it strikes inland a short distance W. of Trevaunance Porth. *St. Agnes* is a great mining district, and distinguished as the birthplace of Opie, one or more of whose productions may be found in many of the mansions of the Cornish gentry. The house in which he was born is still standing in the church-town. It is called *Hannorey Cot*, and

Dev. & Cornw.

is at present occupied by a nephew of the artist.

Trevaunance Porth is a small harbour under the E. side of St. Agnes' Beacon. Repeated attempts having been made to construct a pier at this exposed place, a company of gentlemen (1794) erected the present structure, which is of granite, and cost 10,000*l.* 2 m. from the shore are *the Man and his man*, a couple of the most conspicuous rocks on the N. coast of Cornwall. The whimsical name is doubtless a corruption of *maen* or *mên*, a stone.

Proceeding again from Truro towards Penzance, about a mile distant are seen the incomplete works of the Plymouth and Cornwall Railway.

8 *Redruth*. (*Inns*: Andrews' Hotel; London Inn.) A town situated in the heart of that great mining district, comprised by the five parishes of *Illogan, Camborne, St. Agnes, Redruth, and Gwennap*. The country around it is dreary enough, bare of vegetation, and strewn with rubbish, but it affords the richest field for mineralogical inquiry that is to be found in any country. Antiquaries have conjectured that this town is one of the most ancient in the kingdom, deriving its name from *Tre-Druith*, the *Druids' town*. But it seems the better opinion, that it originated in later times, indeed subsequently to the division of the county into parishes, and that, built around a chapel dedicated to St. Uny, it was called Redruth from the Cornish *Tretrot*, signifying *the house on the bed of the river*. Copper is the chief produce of this great mining field, and the following are the principal mines: the *Consolidated Mines* in Gwennap, the *United Mines* in the same parish, and *East Huel Crofty, Huel Seton, and the Carn-brea Mines* in Illogan. The largest steam engines are on the *United Mines, Tre-sawean, and the Consolidated Mines*. The church, a mile distant, under

Carn-brea Hill, contains a monument by Chantrey, to William Davey, Esq.

Dolcoath (about 2 m. W.), long celebrated for its rich copper ores, is often visited by strangers, as it is so situated on a hill (370 ft. above the sea), that the spectator can obtain a panoramic view of the machinery by which it is worked. The bustle of the scene is truly surprising: steam engines, horse whims, and stamping mills are everywhere in motion; labourers are employed in separating, dressing, and carrying the ore; and a stream of water hurries from one busy scene to another, giving an impetus to huge wheels, and performing other duties on the surface, and then diving under ground, where, at a depth of 150 ft., it again turns an overshot wheel of 50 ft. diam. Dolcoath is upwards of 1200 ft. deep, and in 1815 was considered the first mine in Cornwall. It produced in that year copper ore which was sold for 66,889*l.*, a larger amount than was returned by any other mine. In 1810 it yielded silver to the value of 2000*l.* *Cook's Kitchen*, another rich copper mine, is separated from Dolcoath by a cross-course, which has so *heaved* the lodes, that many which have been worked with great profit in the former mine cannot be discovered in the latter.

The *Consolidated* and *United Mines* are about 3 m. E. of Redruth, just S. of St. Day, and 1 m. N. of the church-town of Gwennap. The Consol. M. are worked as one concern and have held the first place in the Cornish group since the year 1822, from which time they have annually yielded more copper than any other mine. The surface of this gigantic work is about 2 m. long; the *sump*, or bottom of the mine, is 1740 ft. below the surface, in other words, at a depth equal to 5 times the height of St. Pauls; the levels, with their ramifications, have been calculated to extend a distance of 63 m. On the *Consolidated* and *United Mines*, which

adjoin each other, there are about 8 large pumping engines, with cylinders ranging from 65 to 90 inch diam.; an equal number of engines with 30 inch cylinders, for raising the ore and for other work on the surface; a water-wheel of 48 ft. diameter, for pumping; another of 40 ft. for driving machinery, and several smaller wheels for stamping. This group of mines is excavated in slate. In 1836 the Consol. M. produced ore of the value 145,717*l.*, while the total expenses for the year amounted to 102,007*l.* The church-town of *St. Day* is built upon an eminence, and so commands a view of the wonderful region in its vicinity. To the S. are the 2 iron tram-roads, which serve as arteries to the mining district; the one for the conveyance of timber, &c., from Devoran, the other for the transport of the copper ore to the little harbour of Portreath, where it is shipped for the smelting-houses at Swansea. The parish of Gwennap, over which the eye ranges from this height, is said to have yielded from a given space more mineral wealth than any other spot in the Old World.

Tresavean (2½ m. from Redruth, and rt. of the road to Gwennap) and the *United Mines* are convenient for the traveller to descend, should he be desirous of so gloomy an adventure, as in these a machine has been lately introduced, which renders a visit to the lowest depths of the mine a matter of the greatest ease. It consists of two wooden rods, descending from the top to the bottom of the shaft, and fitted with platforms at equal distances. By the means of a steam-engine, these rods are alternately lifted and depressed, so that the miner or visitor, by stepping from one platform to another, is carried up or down the shaft without fatigue. *Tresavean* is one of the richest and dryest copper mines in the county; it is more than the third of a mile (320 fath.) in depth, and the lower levels are excavated in granite.

Scorrier House, seat of the family of Williams, (2 m. from Redruth, on the Truro road), is known for containing a valuable cabinet of minerals, principally Cornish, including several large pieces of Cornish gold. Among the specimens, particularly observe those of the red oxide and arseniate of copper, uranite, blende, native and ruby silver, the muriate of that metal, and the arseniate of lead. In the grounds are remains of an encampment.

The following localities in this neighbourhood are also of interest:—

Gwennap Pit (about 1 m. from Redruth, and l. of the Falmouth road), an excavation in the hill-side of *Carn Marth* (alt. 757 ft.), celebrated as the scene of Wesley's preaching to the miners, and so shaped that the voice of a single speaker can be distinctly heard in it by an immense audience. It is called by way of pre-eminence *The Pit*, and is still used by the Wesleyans in the celebration of their anniversary on Whit-Monday, when, if the weather should be fine, there are always from 20,000 to 30,000 persons present. On the hill opposite *Carn Marth* is an old entrenchment, occupying about an acre. The church-town of *Gwennap* is 3 m. from Redruth, and inhabited principally by persons connected with the mines. Near it are *Pengreep*, a delightful seat mid-way between Redruth and Penryn, and *Trevince*, property of the Beauchamps, but occupied by Michael Williams, Esq., whose gardens are well worthy of a visit. Here camellias of all shades flourish in the open air throughout the year. The tower of *Gwennap Church* stands apart from the rest of the building.

Carn Menezes or *Menhelis* (alt. 822 ft.), $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. and l. of the road to Helston, the highest hill in the granitic district between Redruth and Stithians.

Plunguary, a small village N. of Redruth, deserving notice for its name, which originated in an ancient

plân an guare, or round, once in its vicinity, but now destroyed.

Portreath, a picturesque little place (about 4 m. N. W.), at which a large proportion of the copper ore is shipped for Swansea, where it is smelted. The cliffs here are huge and sombre, and the valley opening to the sea a good specimen of what in Cornwall are called *bottoms*, the verdure of its woods agreeably contrasting with the desolation of the country about Redruth. The harbour is connected with the mines by a railway, and protected by batteries on the adjacent heights.

Castle Carn-brea (alt. 740 ft.), a rocky eminence (S. W.), deriving interest from its fanciful description by Borlase, the author of the "Antiquities of Cornwall." This antiquary regarded *Carn-brea* as the principal seat of Druidic worship in the west of England, and beheld in its weather-worn, fantastic rocks, all the monuments of that worship. Here he discerned the sacred circle, the stone idol, the pool of lustration, and the seat of judgment; but, it is perhaps needless to say that all traces of such remains, if they ever existed, have long since disappeared. The logan rock and rock basin are, however, found in every granitic country, and are the forms which granite will invariably assume when exposed for long periods to the abrading influence of the weather. At the E. end of the hill, in the midst of some rocks, is a small *castle*, said to have been first erected by the ancient Britons, and to have originated the name of the neighbouring parish of Illogan; the Cornish words *lug gan* signifying the *white tower*, and *lug gîn*, the *tower on the downs*. The structure has, however, been enlarged of late years, and is now so disfigured by plaster that the marks of age are nearly obliterated. It is built upon several masses of granite, which, lying apart, are connected by arches, and the rocks being of unequal height, one part of the

castle consists of one story, whilst the other is divided into three. The rooms are small, the floors uneven from being laid on sloping surfaces, and the walls pierced with small square apertures like those of Tintagel. A short distance to the W. are the remains of a circular fortification called the *Old Castle*, and on the summit of the hill a monument erected to the memory of the late Lord de Dunstanville, which commands a very extraordinary view over the mining field. The country people tell some marvellous tales of Carn-brea; among others, that a giant of mighty bone lies buried beneath it; and a block of granite, indented into five nearly equal parts, is pointed out as the hand of the Goliath, which, protruding through the surface, has been converted into stone. This hill is also the fabled scene of a combat between his satanic majesty and a troop of saints, in which Lucifer was tumbled from the heights; the rocky boulders having been on this occasion "the seated hills," which were loosened from their foundation and used as missiles.

From Redruth the traveller can take the railroad to Hayle, 9 m., the train descending a steep incline to its destination.

Proceeding on our route by high-road —

$2\frac{1}{2}$ *Tuckingmill*.—Observe a beautiful chapel, in excellent taste, lately erected at the western end of the village, by Lady Basset, at a cost of 2000*l*. It is built in the Norman style of architecture of porphyry with granite quoins. From the road beyond this place the traveller will observe to the rt. *Tehidy*, seat of the Rt. Honourable Lady Basset, daughter of the late Lord de Dunstanville. The park extends over 700 acres, and is mentioned by Leland as reaching, in his time, to the foot of Carn-brea. The mansion contains some fine pictures, including portraits by *Vandyke*, *Kneller*, *Lely*,

and *Reynolds*. In the grounds is the curious old font of Camborne Church, and in the neighbouring church of *Illogan* (2 m. from Redruth) the monuments of the Basset family.

1 *Camborne*. (*Inn*: Commercial Hotel.) A thriving town, surrounded by mines. The church, a fine Perp. structure of granite, with tower, contains a carved pulpit of wood, an altar-piece of Sienna marble, and memorials of the old family of Pendarves, by whom the altar-piece was given. Observe also the capitals of the pillars of the aisle. On the exterior of the church is an ancient stone, placed in that position by the late Lord de Dunstanville, and bearing the following incorrect inscription: "Leuiut jusit hæc altare pro animâ suâ." The stone is flat, and probably at one time covered an altar in a neighbouring chantry. *Leuiut* is Cornish for a sailor.

The localities worth notice near this town are—

Pendarves, 1 m. S., the seat of E. W. W. Pendarves, Esq., M. P. for the W. division of the county. The mansion, a fine specimen of a granite structure, commanding an interesting view of a wild moorland hill, called *Carwinnen Carn*, contains pictures by Opie and other masters, and an instructive cabinet of minerals. At the foot of *Carwinnen Carn*, in a cornfield, is *Carwinnen Cromlech*, or *Pendarves Quoit*, a monument, which is seen from the house; and on an eminence in the park, a handsome chapel, erected in 1842, by subscription, to which Mr. Pendarves liberally contributed. It contains an old font, and occupies the site of an ancient chapel, among the ruins of which the workmen discovered an inscribed and curiously sculptured tablet of granite. Adjoining the chapel are a clergyman's house, school house, and school master's house, erected by Mr. Pendarves, and constructed like the chapel of porphyry and granite. The *Silver*

Well, in their vicinity, deserves mention for its poetical name.

Clowance (*Clow-nans*, the *Valley of Echoes*), 3 m. W. of Pendarves, the seat of the family of St. Aubyn, to whom it has belonged since the reign of Richard II. It is a delightful seclusion, embowered in trees, among which may be observed a number of Cornish elms, remarkable for the small size of their branches. The house, which has been lately rebuilt, contains some genuine pictures, including a fine cattle-piece by Paul Potter; specimens of P. Wouvernans, Berghem, Ruysdael, Teniers, Sir Peter Lely, and Wilson; and family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This collection was made about 100 years ago by an ancestor of the Rev. H. Molesworth St. Aubyn, the present proprietor of Clowance. The park is 5 m. in circumference, and the gardens and hot-houses richly stored with curious plants. Adjoining Clowance, on the road from Camborne, is a village which rejoices in the name of *Praze an Beble*: E. is the church-town of *Crowan*, with a church, interesting for its antiquity, and its St. Aubyn monuments; and about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of *Crowan*, a rude pile of rocks, which once supported a logan stone, called *Mén Amber*, a name, according to Borlase, corrupted from *Mén-an-bar* the *Top-stone*. It still lies on the spot, but was thrown off its balance by a detachment of Cromwell's soldiers, who are said to have been sent for that purpose from Pendennis Castle. *Crowan Beacon* is 850 ft. above the sea, and commands a fine view.

Hell's Mouth (about 3 m. N.W. of Camborne), a gloomy gap in the cliffs, which are of considerable altitude, and as black as night. A walk along the coast to Portreath (4 m.) is interesting, and the seal is often to be observed basking on the rocky shore.

Proceeding on our route from Camborne:—

Near Hayle, the coast on the right is desolated with sand, which has overwhelmed a number of houses, and long threatened the church and village of *Gwithian* with a similar fate. It is now fixed by the growth of the arundo arenaria, which was planted with that object. In this district the geologist will find, at the mouth of the Gwithian river, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Hayle, and also on the shore, opposite Godrevy Island, a recent formation, of peculiar interest. He will, at these spots, actually detect Nature at work changing sand into a compact rock, of which several houses in the neighbourhood are constructed. This fact was first investigated by Dr. Paris (see vol. i. Trans. of the Roy. Geol. Soc. of Cornwall). The rocks in the vicinity of this formation are *greestone* and *clay-slate*, which appear to alternate. He can also obtain evidence respecting the up-raising of the shore in an ancient beach near Gwithian, resting on a cliff of grauwacke, from 35 to 40 ft. above the present level of the sea. Another excellent section of a raised beach may be seen near Godrevy Farm.

6 *Hayle*. (*Inns*: White Hart Hotel; Commercial Hotel.) The traveller here enters the Land's End district, which, bounded by an imaginary line, drawn from Hayle on the N. to Cud-dan Point on the S. coast, extends 13 m. in length, and 5 or 6 in breadth. Nine-tenths of its surface consist of granite. Hayle was formerly celebrated for its *copper-house* for smelting the ore; but it is now found a cheaper method to carry the copper to the coal at Swansea, and the speculation has, on that account, been abandoned. The stranger will remark many buildings in the neighbourhood, which remain as memorials of these works, having been constructed of the *scoria* or *slag*, which was cast into moulds for such purposes as it issued from the furnace. Some of the garden walls are also formed of

this vitreous material, and since there are interstices between the stones, it has been facetiously said that in Cornwall the walls are built of glass, and that you may distinctly see through them. The town has since acquired celebrity for its two *Iron Foundries*, in which the largest cylinders are cast, not only for the Cornish mines, but for exportation. A few years ago a ponderous work of this description was sent from Hayle to Holland, for the drainage of the Lake of Haarlem. The moulds in which the iron is cast are made of sand.

The sea at Hayle forms an estuary, flowing over an immense area, which is dry at low-water, and weak in places called *quicks*. The river rises near Crowan, and for 3 m. runs sluggishly on the ocean level, before it reaches the town. Observe the back-water dam, constructed about 50 years since, which has effected such a considerable reduction in the sand, that vessels of 200 tons can now enter the harbour.

There are several mines in the neighbourhood. *Huel Alfred*, about 1½ m. S. E., has been remarkable for the large size of its lodes, and has yielded several rare minerals, as stactitic, swimming, and cubic quartz; carbonate and phosphate of lead; stactitic, botryoidal, and investing chaledony, &c. *Huel Herland* (about 1 m. E. of Huel Alfred) was originally opened as a silver mine, and has produced specimens of native, vitreous, and black oxide of silver, and silver ore, of the value of 8000*l.* The lodes of the Herland Mines are very different from those of Huel Alfred, being small and numerous, but they contain a very rich ore. Huel Herland is close to the village of *Gwinear*, the church of which is ancient, and a conspicuous object on the hills. Near the village are the farmhouses of *Lanyon* and *Rosewarne*; the former in olden times the seat of the Lanyons, of

whom was Capt. Lanyon, the companion of Cook in his voyages round the world; the latter, once the property of the "Great Arundels," of Lanherne, who built the N. aisle of the church; and this contains the marble monument of Elizabeth Arundel.

The old church of *Phillack* is conspicuous to the N. of Hayle, and exemplifies in a very striking manner the encroachment of the sand from the shore, since the building is overtopped by *towans* (Cornish for sand-hills), which seem to threaten it with destruction. Note the similarity of the words *towan* and *down*, the letter t in the one occupying, as an equivalent, the place of the d in the other; also the analogy of the name *Lelant*, a parish on the opposite side of the river, and invaded with sand which threatens the church, to *Les Landes*, the d and t being also, in this instance, the letters of substitution.

The view of St. Ives and its bay from the pier, at Hayle, is exceedingly beautiful. The sandy shore girded by cliffs, sweeps along the margin of the sea in a crescent of some miles, and terminates to the W. at Battery Point, and to the E. at the promontory, opposite the island rock of Godrevy. It will probably tempt the stranger to make an excursion to the town.

St. Ives (*Inn*: Stephens' Hotel) is 4 m. from Hayle by road; but a person on foot may take a shorter and pleasanter walk to it by the cliff or shore, crossing the river by ferry from the end of the pier. *Helix maculosa*, and *H. pisana* or *Banded snail*, rare shells, are to be found on the sand-hills; and, about half way to St. Ives, an oozy recess in the cliffs, called *Carrack Gladden* or *Carrak Ledan Cave*, which is lined with the elegant *Maidenhair fern* and other botanical rarities. By road St. Ives is brought suddenly to view, when the stranger will probably draw the rein and rest awhile in admiration. Its old rickety houses lie nest-

ling on the very skirt of the sea, and with the blue of sky and ocean, the green tints of the shallows, and the sparkle of the bright yellow sandy shore, altogether form a very pleasing picture. The traveller may gaze at this gem of western scenery with yet greater interest when he learns that it has been compared, as seen from this point, with a Greek village; and it must be admitted that the charm of blended and intermingled land and sea, the breaking waves and changing brightness of the resounding ocean, amidst picturesque cliffs richly tinged with aerial hues, which have been said to characterise Grecian scenery, here lend their aid to complete the resemblance. A descent into its streets, or rather lanes, will, however, somewhat qualify his admiration, though in this respect there is no want of resemblance to the Greek type. The town is the head-quarters of the pilchard fishermen (refer to Introduction), and, though highly picturesque, most abominably tainted with the effluvia of the fish cellars. Tradition has assigned it two different founders—St. Ivo, a Persian (!) bishop, and St. Ia, the daughter of an Irish chieftain, the latter of whom is said to have settled in Cornwall in the 5th century. As a fishing town, it is likewise patronised by St. Leonard, to whom there was once a chapel on the shore. The church (Hen. V.) stands close to the beach, and is sprinkled by the sea during gales of wind. It is built of granite, and contains a curious font, and according to tradition the bones of St. Ia. The pier was constructed in the middle of the last century by Smeaton, the architect of the Eddystone lighthouse; and a breakwater was commenced some years ago, but abandoned after an outlay of 5000*l.* It would have rendered the bay a secure anchorage, which is now exposed to the N. and E. The harbours of Hayle, Portreath, and

St. Agnes are within the jurisdiction of this port.

There are several mines in the vicinity of St. Ives, and the *St. Ives Consols*, situated close to the town, is one of the largest tin concerns in the county. The neighbourhood also bristles with rugged rock-strewn hills. An eminence S. of the town, and 545 ft. above the level of the sea, is crowned by a monument erected in 1782, by one Knill, an eccentric bencher of Gray's Inn. This person originally intended it as a mausoleum for his remains, but he afterwards revoked this intention, and left his body by will to the anatomists of London. The erection consists of a granite pyramid, on one side of which is inscribed "Johannes Knill;" on another, "Resurgam;" and on a third, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Knill died in 1811, leaving directions that, at the end of every 5 years, a matron and 10 maidens dressed in white should walk in procession, with music, from the market house to this pyramid, around which they should dance, singing the 100th Psalm. He bequeathed for the purpose of perpetuating this custom some lands, which are vested in the officiating minister, the mayor, and the collector of the port of St. Ives. At the foot of the hill is *Tregenna*, the seat of Lewis Stephens, Esq. The house is a castellated building, erected in 1774, and commands the beautiful shore scene of St. Ives Bay. Among the plants of this neighbourhood, the botanist will notice *Eracum filiforme*, and the rare and elegant fern *Adiantum capillus Veneris*, or *True Maiden-hair*. St. Ives was the birthplace of *Jonathan Toup*, the editor of Longinus (year 1719).

Leaving Hayle for Penzance, the road traverses an embankment 1040 ft. long, completed in 1826, at a cost of 7200*l.* The Hayle river is here expanded to an inlet, which was formerly impassable at high water.

1. In the village and churchyard of *St. Erth* (1 mile S. of Hayle) are some ancient granite crosses, and near the vicarage the remains of a circular entrenchment, supposed to mark the site of a castle. This village was once known for its *copper mills*, which, abandoned at the same time as the *copper-house* at Hayle, are now, following the fortunes of that establishment, used for rolling and hammering iron. *St. Erth Bridge* is evidently of very great age, and is said to be 500 years old. In this parish, on opposite sides of the river Hayle, are *Tredrea*, the seat of the late Davies Gilbert, Esq., the distinguished president of the Royal Society; and *Trewinnard*, now a farmhouse, the property of H. Hawkins, Esq., but formerly a residence of Sir Christopher Hawkins, Bart. Some of the tapestry still remains in this old house, and at the stables the rickety ruin of a gilded coach of primitive construction, which, it is said, caused no little ferment among the natives, when it appeared with its four coal-black steeds at the church-door of *St. Erth*, as it was the first carriage introduced into the county.

On crossing the embankment the traveller will notice the pretty village of *Lelant* on the opposite shore. The fuchsia, hydrangea, and myrtle flourish in its cottage gardens the year round. Near the sea the parish is invaded by sand, which is continually being blown up the cliffs from the beach; and there is a tradition that beneath it lies the castle of *Theodorick*, a "rough and ready" king of Cornwall, who decapitated many of those Irish saints who crossed the sea on millstones and altars to preach the Gospel to the Cornish. *Tre-croben Hill*, alt. 550 ft. — properly *Tre-crum-ben*, the *crooked hill*, — and a most picturesque eminence, rises behind *Lelant* from the woods of *Trevethoe*, the seat of the family of *Præd*. On this estate are extensive *plantations of the pineaster*, a tree

introduced into Cornwall by the father of the late proprietor, and found capable of sustaining the fury of westerly gales. The geologist should know that upon the eastern side of *Tre-croben Hill* there are some good examples of schorl rock and schorlaceous granite.

4 rt. *Ludgvan*. — The church commands a charming view, and is interesting to Cornishmen for containing the mortal remains of Dr. Borlase, the author of the *Antiquities and Natural History of Cornwall*. Observe a fine Norman arch at the S. entrance. In this parish is situated the estate of *Varfell*, which the ancestors of Sir H. Davy had long possessed, and upon which he had resided in his earlier days. In the church there are tablets of the family, one of which bears a date as far back as 1635. *St. Michael's Mount* and its beautiful bay here open to the view, and the road soon reaches the *Eastern Green*, and sweeping round the shore enters

3 *Penzance*, a municipal borough containing 9500 inhab. (*Inns*: Western Hotel; Union Hotel.) The traveller will probably make this town head-quarters for some days, as there is much to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood, and all the curiosities of the Land's End district are within the compass of a ride. The town derives its name — the *Holy Headland* — from a chapel dedicated to *St. Anthony*, which formerly stood on the point adjoining the pier; but in olden times was called *Buriton* — a name significant of a castle, and the *Barbican* cellars near the quay would seem to point to the site of such a building. Its position is universally admired — on a shore, verdant and gracefully curved, but compassed by regions of grandeur and desolation, — bleak moors, vast rocks, and the wild waste of the Atlantic. In 1595, however, it suffered from the exposure of its situation, when a party of Spaniards, having

landed at Mousehole, after destroying that village together with Newlyn, advanced to Penzance, and meeting with no opposition laid the town in ashes. According to Carew, the inhabitants were infatuated by a prediction in the Cornish language, to the effect that a period would arrive when

“Strangers would land on the rocks of Merlin,
Who would burn Paul’s Church, Penzance, and Newlyn;”

and that when the prophecy had been fulfilled, they found courage to assemble on the beach, and thus intimate to the Spaniards that any farther aggression would be resisted. Accordingly, it is said, the marauders spread their sails to the breeze and left the coast. In 1646, Penzance was again a sufferer by the chances of war, when it was sacked by Fairfax. It is distinguished as the birthplace of Lord Exmouth, of Mr. Davies Gilbert, and of Sir Humphry Davy, the eminent philosopher, who has merited the grateful remembrance of his countrymen by his invention of the *safety-lamp* for coal mines, and who bequeathed 100*l.* to the grammar-school of his native town on condition that the boys were allowed an annual holiday on his birthday. The house in which Davy passed his apprenticeship as an apothecary with Mr. Tonkin (see Dr. Paris’s memoir) has been recently removed to make way for the new Town Hall.

The following objects in the town deserve notice:—

The Pier. Its western arm was constructed in 1772, and is built upon a large vein of felspar porphyry, which may be seen at low water. *The Battery Rocks* to the W. are of greenstone. These trappean rocks in the vicinity of Penzance are particularly interesting on account of the contemporaneous manner in which they are associated with argillaceous slate.

The Town Hall and *Corn Market*, forming a modern granite building with Ionic tetrastyle portico. The whole is surmounted by a dome, within which is a good collection of objects of Natural History.

The Chapel of St. Paul, a very beautiful structure, recently erected at a cost of 5000*l.* from the designs of Mr. John Matthews of Penzance. The brass is designed from a fine specimen in the Museum. The building is wholly of granite, and in the style of the Early English verging into the Decorated of the 13th century. It has transepts, a pulpit in one granite block; a communion rail, and steps of the same noble material, all in large blocks; the windows are filled with excellent stained glass, and the organ is disposed of out of sight, E. of the S. transept. The roof is open, and the main beams gilt. The effect of the whole is very beautiful.

The Fish Market (in Princess Street) — another structure recently erected, and with the object of removing the fish stalls from the narrow street by the Town Hall. The visitor may perchance find a specimen of the Newlyn fish-woman in the ancient garb and beaver hat; but they all carry their fish to market in a basket called the *cowel*, which has formed part of their equipment from time immemorial, and is thought to have derived its name from its resemblance to the monk’s cowl. The word is evidently the same as the Scotch *creel* — a name by which the *poissardes* of the north designate their basket. Among the curiosities of the market the stranger will remark the *conger eel*, a fish of great length and forbidding aspect, which the poorer people bring to table in their favourite pies, and consider “main good eating.”

The Royal Geological Society of Cornwall (North Parade), which now ranks among the most distinguished institutions in the kingdom, and was

founded in Feb. 1814, by Dr. Paris, now the President of the College of Physicians, but at that time residing in Penzance. The advantages of such a society in a country like Cornwall had long been apparent, and a perusal of its first volume of Transactions (date 1817) will show by what valuable inventions it at once secured the gratitude and support of the county. About the year 1817 it was the means of introducing into the mines a safety tamping bar, so ingeniously contrived that it could be used with perfect security; and this instrument immediately caused so marked a diminution in the annual amount of accidents as to attract the notice of the Prince Regent, who at that time became the patron of the society. The institution has now reached a high place in public estimation. The Queen is the patron, Prince Albert the vice-patron, and Sir Charles Lemon the president. The *Museum* contains a valuable collection of minerals, principally Cornish, consisting of several thousand specimens. Observe as unusually fine those of calcedony, sodalite, haiÿne, petalite, colophonite, Vesuvian, carbonate of lead, specular iron, arseniate of iron, the oxide, carbonate, arseniate, and phosphate of copper, native gold from the tinstream-works, arsenical pyrites, uranite, uran ochre, and native nickel. Several series of specimens illustrate the rocks and veins of the county, including every variety of Cornish granite. Here also may be seen Mr. Peach's unique collection of Cornish fossils, including the ichthyolites, first discovered near Polperro by Mr. Couch, the curator of this society; several interesting casts, the bones of a whale taken from the Pentuan stream-works, and a splendid slab of sandstone imprinted with the foot-marks of the chirotherium. This is placed conspicuously at the entrance.

Penzance contains another fine collection of minerals, the property of

Joseph Carne, Esq., F. R. S., author of many valuable papers in the Transactions of the R. Geol. Soc. of Cornwall. It has also a Nat. Hist. and Antiquarian Society established in 1839; and, in the possession of E. H. Rodd, Esq., one of the family of Trebartha Hall, near Launceston, and an excellent ornithologist; a *museum of native birds*, probably the most complete and valuable private collection in the county.

The stranger should also be directed to the house of Mr. Willis in Clarence Street, who has cleverly engraved the ancient monuments and remarkable scenes in the neighbourhood.

On the 23d and 28th of June a curious custom is observed in this town—the celebration of the eves of St. John and St. Peter. At sunset the people assemble in the streets and kindle a number of tar-barrels, erected on the quay and on other conspicuous places, and when these are extinguished continue the illumination with blazing torches, as long as mop-sticks, which they whirl round their heads, and hand in hand, in a string, run furiously through the streets, vociferating, “An eye—an eye—an eye!” “At length they suddenly stop, and the two last of the string, elevating their clasped hands, form an *eye* to this enormous *needle*, through which the *thread* of populace runs, and thus they continue to repeat the game until weariness dissolves the union.” On the following day the festivities assume a different character, and idling with music on the water succeeds to the riot of the previous evening.

With respect to the origin of this curious custom, the summer solstice has been celebrated throughout all ages by the lighting up of fires, and the Penzance festival on the 23d is doubtless a remnant of that most ancient idolatry, the *worship of the sun*. Gebelin observes that this fire-

lighting was a feu de joie kindled at the very moment of the summer solstice, at which time the ancient year began : June (*junior*) was then the younger, May (*major*) the elder month. It was also in the olden time a practice in London and other large towns to make bonfires on the vigils of festivals, when the wealthier citizens would place meat and ale before their doors, and invite their neighbours to partake of them ; and hence the word *bone-fire*, the custom having a tendency to promote good-fellowship and to purify the air of a town.

In the vicinity of Penzance charming walks lead over the hills in every direction, and surprise the stranger by the suddenness with which they unfold the most delicious prospects ; the effect of which is considerably heightened by the southern brilliancy and purity of the air, and the varied colours of the sea which receives every tint from the clouds that float over it. But before conducting the visitor to the best points of view, we must give a short sketch of the

Mount's Bay, so famed for its beauty and temperate skies. It is an expanse of azure sea contained within the headlands of Tol Pedn Penwith (W.) and the Lizard (E.), although the name more commonly attaches to that portion which is included between Mousehole (W.) and Cuddan Point (E.). It is justly celebrated for a mild and equable climate, and its seasons have been aptly compared to the neap tides, which neither ebb nor flow with energy. Winter is here deprived of its terrors, and summer is never oppressive ; and for these reasons a residence at Penzance is so often prescribed to persons suffering under pulmonary complaints. Its principal feature is the romantic Mount of St. Michael, but its shores are also highly picturesque, and noted for the marked evidence they afford

of the encroachment of the sea. A part of the *Western Green*—now a bare sandy beach, was described in the reign of Charles II. as 36 acres of pasturage ; and at no very distant period the grandfather of the present vicar of Madron received tithe for land which was situated under the cliff at Penzance. The shore called the *Eastern Green*, between Penzance and Marazion, has been sensibly wasted within the last 50 years, and it is considered that the removal of the sand for manure has been the chief cause of the diminution, the action of the wind and sea upon the flat coast of a bay having in general a contrary effect. Tradition points to a time when dry land extended over that portion of the bay which would be within a line drawn from Cuddan Point to Mousehole, and represents it as having been covered with wood and submerged by the sea at a distant period. Florence of Worcester and the Saxon Chronicle mention an inundation of the ocean in 1099, and it is remarkable that beneath the sand of the bay, a deposit of black vegetable mould, filled with the detritus of leaves, nuts, and branches, and containing the roots and trunks of large trees, may be traced seaward as far as the ebb will allow. De Luc has attributed the inundation to a subsidence of the land, and the circumstance of ripe nuts and leaves remaining together would seem to point to the autumn as the time of year in which it must have occurred. From the neighbouring hills the views of the bay are of a delightful character, but the stranger should especially notice those from Rose Hill, the field beyond Castle Horneck, Madron churchyard (370 ft. above the sea), and Gulval. The agricultural traveller should be informed that a belt of 1000 acres of land in the vicinity of Penzance, is characterised by a singular fertility, attributed to the decomposition of the greenstone which abounds in the soil.

Mount's Bay is further interesting as one of the principal stations of the pilchard fishery, affording accommodation to a fleet of 150 or 200 boats, of which nine tenths are for drift-net fishing, and average from 20 to 22 tons burden. Few spectacles are more pleasing than that which is so often presented by this beautiful bay, when its fishing fleet has assembled, equipped, and ready for sea, or with hull and sail illumined by the golden glow of sunset, is leaving the shore in a line extending seaward as far as the eye can reach.

With respect to the *climate* of the Mount's Bay, the following comparison of the mean temperature of the seasons in Penzance and in London may be useful.

Seasons.	Penzance.	London.	} Degree of Fahr.
Spring	- 49·66	48·76	
Summer	- 60·50	62·32	
Autumn	- 53·83	51·35	
Winter	- 44·66	39·12	

The mean range of daily temperature for the year at Penzance is 6·7°, in London 11°. Thus, for equality and warmth, the climate of western Cornwall is far superior to that of London, and its peculiarity in this respect is strikingly shown by its effect on vegetation. On Jan. 1., that is, in mid-winter of 1851, there were no less than 58 plants in full blossom in the gardens and fields round Penzance. Among the garden flowers were the geranium, heart's-ease, sweet violet, holly-hock, sweet pea, mignonette, carnation, pink, auricula, anemone, narcissus, primrose, polyanthus, cowslip, stock, gillyflower, lupine, roses of various kinds, verbena, magnolia, fuchsia, and campanula. In the hedges were the dandelion, lesser periwinkle, hawkweed, herb Robert, dog violet, all-heal, white nettle, black knapweed, buttercup, daisy, ox-eye, and red robin.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Penzance the following objects and

localities are interesting, viz.:—*Madron Well* and the remains of a *Baptistery* (1 m. N. of Madron church), partially destroyed by Major Ceeley, one of Cromwell's puritanical officers. The altar, pierced with a hole which received the foot of the cross, or image of the saint, is still entire. In Barlowena Bottom, between Madron and Gulval, an *inscribed stone*, which is now used as a foot-bridge. The words are, *Quenatau Iodini filius*, and on the lower side of the stone. In the village of Hea, 1 m. N., *Wesley's Rock*, now enclosed by a chapel, and bearing an inscription to the effect that Wesley preached from it when he first came into the county; and N. E. of Penzance, *Castle an Dinas* (alt. 735 ft.), in a position intermediate between the two channels, and commanding a superb panorama. The summit is crowned by an earth-work and ruined tower, occupying the site of an ancient *hill-castle*.

The objects for longer excursions are numerous, and described below under the heads of *Mousehole*, *St. Michael's Mount*, *Land's End*, *Botallack Mine*, *Gurnard's Head*, and *Islands of Scilly*.

Mousehole, 2½ m. A most delightful road, or rather terrace, passes along the margin of the bay to this village, and between Newlyn and Mousehole commands such a view of Penzance, its curving shore and background of hills, as would be gained from a vessel coming in from sea. Between Penzance and Newlyn the stranger will observe the ruins of an engine-house, marking the locality of the once celebrated *Wherry Mine*. This was a work of an extraordinary character. Not only were the *levels* driven under the bay, but the shaft was actually sunk through the sea at a distance of 720 feet from the shore. The upper portion consisted of a caisson rising twelve feet from the surface of the water, and the pump rod was conducted along a stage,

or *wherry*, erected upon piles. So exposed were the works of this mine to the casualties of storms, that upon one occasion the platform was carried away by a ship driving ashore. The miners worked at a depth of 100 feet beneath the bay, the water drained through the roof, and the noise of the waves was distinctly heard in the levels. This adventurous undertaking, which was the only mine ever known to have been sunk in the sea, was ultimately abandoned on account of the great expense attending it; 3000*l.* worth of tin was, however, raised one year in the course of the summer. *Newlyn* is situated at the foot of *Paul Hill*—a most formidable ascent, and at the bend of the bay which here forms the roadstead of *Gwaes Lake*, being well protected by the land from the prevalent winds. On the road to *Mousehole* is a four-gun battery, provided with a furnace for heating shot; but the whole at present is so ruinous and weed-grown that it may remind the traveller of Landseer's inimitable picture "Peace." Both *Newlyn* and *Mousehole* are mere villages of fishermen, but exceedingly picturesque, and will delight all artists who entertain "a proper sense of the value of dirt." At the former place they should notice the *Navy Inn*; at the latter, the *Keigwin Arms*, once the residence of a family of that name. Within the last few years *Mousehole* has been the scene of a great reform effected by the Wesleyan Methodists, who, much to their credit, have reclaimed the fishermen from their former recklessness and disorderly habits. Drunkenness is now almost unknown in the place, and Sunday is revered by all as a sacred day. The fishermen have built for themselves a pier at a cost of 1400*l.*, 1200*l.* of which were raised by their own joint bond, which they are now discharging by a yearly contribution from each boat. *Mousehole* was anciently called *Porth Enys* (*Enys*, an island), from *St. Clement's*

Isle, a rock lying off the harbour. To the geologist, the cliffs west of the village are extremely interesting on account of the granite veins, which there penetrate the slate at the junction of the two formations, becoming schorlaceous as they enter the slate.

Return by *Paul Church*, in which was once the following Irishism in the form of a notice: "The Spanger burnt this church in the year 1595." Tradition represents the porch as having escaped the conflagration in consequence of the direction of the wind, and this was confirmed some years ago, when, on making repairs, one of the wooden supporters was found charred at the end nearest the church. A curious cross, of the usual Cornish type, is on the wall of the churchyard. Within the churchyard was buried *Dolly Pentreath*, "the last old woman" who could speak the Cornish language, and who died in 1788, at the reputed age of 102.

St. Michael's Mount, 3 m. by road, or 2 by water. The road leaves Penzance by its suburb *Chyandour*, in which are the smelting-house and tannery of the Messrs. Bolitho. It crosses *Chyandour Brook*, which descends in a muddy stream from *Ding Dong*, and other tin mines. It then starts fairly for *Marazion*, in view of the bay and its romantic *Mount*, and runs along the margin of the shore called the *Eastern Green*. On the l. are the range of hills on which *Gulval* and *Ludgvan* are situated, and a low tract of boggy land called the *Marsh*, a part of which was drained about 60 years ago, by *Dr. Moyle* of *Marazion*, who was presented for his enterprise with the gold medal of the Soc. of Arts. On the *Eastern Green* the botanist may find some rare plants, viz.: *Panicum Dactylum*, *Alisma Damasonium*, and *Santolina Maritima*; and in the marshes l. of the road, *Illecebrum Verticillatum*, *Exacum Filiforme*, and an uncommon variety of *Senecio Jacobaea*. He may also observe several plants of a

local character, viz. *Neottia Spiralis*, (*Lady's Traces*), *Euphorbia Peplis*, and *E. Paralias*, or *Sea Spurge*, on the green; *Alisma Ranunculoides*, *Drosera Longifolia*, and *Scutellaria Minor* in the marshes. On the beach he will notice *Fucus Lorens*. The road passes along the shore to

*Marazion** (*Inn, the Star*), a town in ancient times supported by the pilgrims who resorted to the shrine of St. Michael, and inhabited by Jews, who formerly held markets here for the sale of tin, and are said to have named this, their allowed place of rest, *Mara-Zion*, the "*Bitter-Zion*." It was pillaged by rebels in the reign of Edward VI., and owing to the suppression of the priory, and the growing importance of Penzance, it never recovered its former prosperity. The geologist will find between this place and the Greeb Point, at low-water, the back of a *fault* well displayed. It may be remarked that *Marazion* is known for the production of a delicious species of turnip. A causeway, 400 yds. long, but flooded eight hours out of the twelve by the tide, runs from the beach to

St. Michael's Mount, skirting on the rt. an insulated mass of greenstone called the *Chapel Rock*, which some suppose to have been once crowned with a chapel, in which the pilgrim performed an initiatory exercise; but there are no traces of such a building on the rock, and it was probably so named from its vicinity to the shrine of St. Michael. At the base of the Mount lies a fishing town of 80 houses, furnished with a harbour capable of admitting vessels of 500 tons, and visited in 1846 by her Majesty and P. Albert; an event commemorated by a metal tablet in the wall of the pier, and by a brass footstep marking the spot on which her Majesty placed her foot on

landing. From this village the hill rises abruptly to a height of 195 ft., its margin of sea being about 1 m. in circumference. On the W. side the locality is characterised by rock scenery of the most romantic description; and there a descent should be made to the water's edge. The geologist will observe that the granite, both on this and on the S. face, is vertically divided, and that the intermediate spaces are principally filled with quartz, but they also contain Wolfram, oxide of Tin, Topazes, Apatite, Schorl, a kind of Tin Pyrites, and other minerals. The body of the hill is of granite, but its northern base of slate, and from this circumstance, as exhibiting various phenomena at the junction of these formations, this rock of St. Michael has excited more geological controversy than any mountain of the world. The structure which has attached to it such importance, is to be seen at its W. base, where two irregular patches of granite are bedded in the slate, and on its N.E. side, where veins of quartz may be observed traversing both granite and slate, circumstances which supported the old hypothesis of the contemporaneous origin of these formations, but which are now explained as having resulted from the following series of events. 1. The granite was violently projected through the slate in a state of fusion. 2. The adjoining slate was dissevered by the heat, and the fluid granite pressed into the fissures, and both the granite and slate, as they gradually cooled, were rent into divisional planes by the contraction of the mass. 3. These partings were afterwards filled by mineral substances. The botanist may find among the rocks, the *Tamarisk*, *Asplenium Marinum* and *Lanceolatum*, and *Inula Hellenium*.

The visitor ascends to the castle on the summit by a rocky path, at the foot of which is a draw-well about 6 fath. deep, and a little way up a

* The supplemental name of *Market Jew*, given to this town, in books of Geography, is not known, or at least is not in use, on the

tank in the rock called the *Giant's Well*. Higher, the approach is commanded by a cross-wall with embrasures, terminated by a picturesque ruin which once served the purpose of a sentry box; remains which have an ancient appearance, and are all of granite, but have been built since the use of gunpowder. Beyond this defence the stranger finds himself upon a platform supporting a handsome cross of granite, and armed with two batteries, the guns bearing the arms of St. Aubyn. An open flight of steps leads to a small saluting battery of brass guns, commanding the harbour, and to the portal of the castle. The principal rooms are the hall, the chapel, and the dwelling-rooms. The *hall* was the refectory of the monks, and is now called the *Chevy Chase Room*, because surrounded by a cornice representing the chase of the boar, stag, bull, fox, ostrich, hare, and rabbit. At the upper end of this room are the royal arms and date 1660; at the lower end the escutcheon of the St. Aubyns. The door is old and of Perp. date; the roof and furniture modern, but in good taste. The *chapel* is of Dec. and Perp. date, with a tower on the N. side; but the stained glass and fittings are modern. During the repairs a low Gothic doorway was discovered in the S. wall. It was closed by masonry, and had been concealed by a platform, but upon being opened, revealed a flight of steps leading to a vault, in which were found the bones of a large man, but no traces of a coffin, a mysterious circumstance which gave rise to many conjectures as to the fate of the individual who had been there immured. From the chapel a staircase leads to the top of the tower, which should be ascended for the sake of the prospect, and also for a view of the stone lantern, on its S. W. angle. This is popularly called *St. Michael's Chair*, since it will just allow of one person sitting down in it; but this, a common feat, is not

devoid of risk, as the lantern projects over the precipice, and it requires a dexterous movement of the body to return to the tower; however, ladies not unfrequently find courage for the adventure, as there is a conceit that the husband or wife who first obtains a seat in this chair will acquire the ascendancy in the marriage state. It is supposed to have been originally used as a lantern by which the fishermen were guided to their port in the winter. The dwelling-rooms are principally remarkable for the wild sea views they command, and for their retirement, which is alone disturbed by the deep murmur of the sea, or the noise of the howling wind. They contain no pictures, but are furnished in the style of a hundred years back, and the drawing-room is surrounded by an elevated and broad terrace with an open granite parapet. These apartments were erected by the late Sir John St. Aubyn upon the site of the ancient convent.

With respect to the natural, ecclesiastical, and military history of this interesting spot, the following brief particulars must suffice. Its old Cornish name, according to Carew, was *Caraclowse in Cowse*, or in British *Carreg Lúg en Kúg*, the *Hoar Rock in the Wood*, and seems to favour the tradition that at a remote period the Mount was clothed with trees and situated some distance from the sea. This is further corroborated by a charter of Edward the Confessor, in which the rock is mentioned as *nigh* the sea, and by the full statement of Florence of Worcester, who informs us that it was "originally enclosed within a very thick wood, distant from the ocean six miles, affording the finest shelter to wild beasts." With respect to the catastrophe which is supposed to have inundated this shore, see ante, p. 155. From a remote period this romantic eminence has been consecrated to superstition, and from the Norman to comparatively recent times, occu-

plied by an anomalous establishment of nuns, monks, and soldiers. Old legends describe an apparition of St. Michael, as appearing to some hermits upon one of its crags; and tradition points to a large rock on the western side, as the spot where this vision was seen, and has given it the appellation of *St. Michael's Chair*, a name erroneously transferred to the lantern on the tower. Milton, in his "Lycidas," has alluded to this apparition in the following lines:—

"Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded
Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's
hold,
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt
with ruth,
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless
youth."

We have notices of the Mount having been a hallowed spot 500 years before Edward the Confessor founded upon it a monastery of Benedictines, and there is a legend that in the 5th century St. Keyne, a damsel of royal birth, came with cockle-shell and staff, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of its tutelary saint. At the Conquest, Edward's monastery fell to the share of Robert Earl of Cornwall, who annexed it to the Cistercian establishment of St. Michael on the coast of Normandy. A small nunnery was afterwards added, and this, together with the monastery, continued subject to the foreigner, until the confiscation of the alien priories (Edward III.), when they were both forfeited to the crown. The establishment was, however, shortly afterwards restored to the monks, on the condition of their paying rent to the king, but was subsequently granted by Henry VI. to King's College, Cambridge, and again by Edward IV. to the great nunnery of Sion House, to which it belonged at the general dissolution. After that period the families of Arundel, Milliton, Harris, Cecil, and Basset, *became successively* its proprietors,

and about the time of the usurpation, it passed to the St. Aubyns, and is at present in the hands of trustees for the young heir of that family.

The military annals of the Mount commence with King Richard's captivity, when Henry de la Pomeroy, a fugitive from justice, gained possession of the place, and reduced it to the service of John, who was aspiring to his brother's throne. Upon the return of the king, however, the garrison surrendered, and Pomeroy, despairing of pardon, is reported to have caused himself to bleed to death. In the reign of Edward IV., the Earl of Oxford, and some companions, having fled from the field of Barnet, approached the Mount under the disguise of pilgrims, and thus effecting an entrance, massacred the garrison. This cruel act was, however, of little avail to them, as they were shortly besieged by the king's forces, and obliged to capitulate. In the reign of Henry VIII. Lady Catherine Gordon, the wife of Perkin Warbeck, here found a temporary asylum, from which she was taken by Lord Daubeny, and delivered to the king. Again, during the Cornish riots (Edward VI.), the Mount attracted the notice of the country, when its Governor, Humphrey Arundel of Lanherne, having joined the rebels, it was taken by a party for the king, but retaken by the rebels, who, passing the sands at low water, stormed the base of the hill, and then the summit, by carrying trusses of hay before them to deaden the shot. The last event of a military nature which occurred at the Mount, was its reduction by the parliamentary troops, under Colonel Hammond. Upon this occasion the garrison made a stout defence under the command of Sir Francis Basset, and upon capitulation obtained permission to retire to the Isles of Scilly. For the antiquary the Mount of St. Michael possesses additional interest as being considered

the *Iltis* of Diod. Siculus, to which the Greek merchants traded for tin.

The *Land's End* is 9 m. from Penzance by the direct road. The second route given below is about 13 m., but circuitous for the purpose of including various objects of interest in one view. The usual course is to proceed direct to the *Land's End*, and return by the *Logan Rock*, *Lamorna Cove*, *Paul Hill*, and *Newlyn*; or *vice versâ*. *Lamorna* and the *Logan Rock* can be made the objects of a separate excursion; or lastly, *Botallack Mine*, the *Land's End*, and *Logan Rock*, may be all visited in one day's ride. In the first place, the notable points of the direct road may be thus enumerated.

1 rt. *Trereiffe*, seat of *Day Le Grice, Esq.*

½ To the rt. (1 m. distant) *Sancreed*, with a *holy well*, and a *cross* in the churchyard.

1 The road ascends *Tregonebris Hill*, remarkable for its musical name.

1 l. A celebrated *Druidic circle* on the farm of *Boscawen Un*. Rt. *Caer Bran Castle* and the remains of *Chapel Euny* near *Sancreed Well*.

1 The village of *Crowsan wra*, a name which has been interpreted "the Wonderful Cross." Rt. are the hills of *Bartinney* and *Chapel Carn-brea*.

1 The *Quaker's Burial-ground*.

2 *Sennen Church-town*.

½ The *Land's End*.

Secondly, the points of interest which may be visited in this excursion are the following:—

1 rt. *Trereiffe* (200 years old), the seat of *Day Le Grice, Esq.*, commanding, from the lawn, through an opening in the foliage, a view perfectly unique—a single block of *Tol Carn* (by *Newlyn*), with a patch of blue sea. The hedge by the road-side, is the habitat of several rare ferns, and of the *Sibthorpia*

Europæa, an elegant plant, which was discovered by *Ray* about the year 1675. An oak, just beyond *Trereiffe*, was known a few years ago as the last tree towards the *Land's End*.

½ Take the lane to the l., which leads to

3 *Lamorna Cove*, formerly one of the most romantic spots on the coast, but now unfortunately selected as the site for granite works. On the eastern side of the cove are excellent examples of granite veins traversing granite, and at the head of the valley, on an estate called *Trowve* or *Trewoofe*, a triple entrenchment provided with a subterranean passage, in which it is said a party of Royalists successfully concealed themselves from the troopers of *Fairfax*. From *Lamorna* our route proceeds to the hamlet of *Bolleit*, or *Boleigh*, near which, in a field l. of the road, and on the estate of *Rosemodris*, is a celebrated circle known as the *Dawns Mén* or *Dawns Myin*, the *Stone Dance* or *Dancing Stones*, and popularly as the *Merry Maidens*. This remarkable monument once consisted of 19 stones, 16 of which are now upright, and is supposed to have originated the name of the farm on which it is situated, the old word *modereng* signifying an orb, ring, or circle. The whimsical title is said to be derived from a tradition that these stones were once young women, who were thus transformed for dancing on the Sabbath. *Mr. Lhuud*, however, has given a more rational view of its origin, and says that the stones "are so called by the common people, on no other account, than that they are placed in a circular order and so make an area for dancing." About 50 yards N. of the *Dawns Mén* are the two holed stones mentioned by *Borlase*, and to which that antiquary considered the *Druid* priests were wont to tie their victims, while they went through the ceremonies preparatory to sacrifice. In *Tregwra*

Croft near New Town, a village between the Dawns Mén and Boleigh, the traveller may find another ancient circle which has escaped the notice of Borlase and the numerous writers on the county.

1 *Bolleit* or *Boleigh*, the *Place of Slaughter*, or the *House of Blood*, traditionally the scene of the final overthrow of the Britons by Athelstan (936). *The Pipers*, rt. of the road, are two large upright stones, 12 and 16 ft. in height, standing about a furlong apart, and perhaps mark the burial-place of those slain in this fight. They have received their present appellation from their vicinity to the Merry Maidens, but are also known as the *Giant's Grave*, a name which is certainly more appropriate, if we consider them as marking a place of sepulture. It may, however, have originated in their resemblance to the head and tail stones of a grave.

Carn Boscawen is a headland 1 m. S. of Bolleit, remarkable for some rocks so placed as to form an archway through which a person can pass. Their arrangement has been attributed by Borlase to the Druids. *Boskenna*, the seat of Thomas Paynter, Esq., is in the vicinity of this headland, and as wild and secluded a place of residence as can well be imagined.

1½ *St. Buryan*, now consisting of a church and a few wretched cottages, was once a place of note, and the seat of a college of Augustine canons, founded by Athelstan after his conquest of the Scilly Islands. The remains of this building were destroyed by Shrubshall, the iconoclastic governor of Pendennis Castle under Cromwell. The church (date Hen. VII.) is situated in a wild exposed position, 415 ft. above the sea, and commands from the summit of the tower a vast prospect over the Atlantic, extending in a westerly direction to the Islands of Scilly, which are distinctly seen by the gleam of a setting sun.

The traveller will remark the two time-worn crosses which stand, the one by the roadside, and the other elevated on steps in the churchyard; truly venerable objects, with their rude sculpture and grey stones corroded by the salt winds from the sea. The antiquities of the church were, with few exceptions, destroyed in 1814, when the building was repaired, and particularly a fine screen, the loss of which is to be much deplored. Yet the church should be visited, as it contains a curious coffin-shaped monument, which was found under the soil of the churchyard, and bears an inscription in Norman-French to the following effect: "Clarice, la femme Cheffrei de Bolleit, git icy: Deu de l'alme eit mercy; E ke pur l'alme punt, di ior de pardun averund."—Clarice, the wife of Geoffrey de Bolleit, lies here: God on her soul have mercy; and whoever shall pray for her soul shall have ten days' pardon. Buryan is a deanery and a royal peculiar, and is 4 m. from the Land's End, 1 m. S.E. of the church, on the estate of Bosliven, is a part of the wall of an ancient chapel.

2 *Treryn Castle* (pronounced Treen), or *Treryn Dinas*, the *Fighting Place* (an inn, the Logan Rock), a magnificent headland of granite, which by itself would amply repay any fatigue attendant on an excursion from Penzance; but besides the interest attaching to so vast and lonely a fabric reared by nature on the shore of the ocean, this promontory has claims on the attention of the traveller as the site of the celebrated *Logan Stone*, a block of granite weighing upwards of 60 tons, and so shaped of a spheroidal figure, that poised on the crest of the headland, it oscillates when subjected to a succession of impulses. In 1824, however, this rocking-stone was deprived of much of its former interest, when a lieutenant in command of a revenue cruiser — perhaps incited to

the feat by the confident assertion of Borlase, that "it is morally impossible that any lever, or indeed any force however applied in a mechanical way, can remove the Logan Rock from its present situation,"—overturned it with the assistance of his boat's crew. It was a sailor-like but expensive frolic, as the Admiralty ordered the officer to replace the stone, which arduous duty was accomplished at the end of the same year, with the aid of scaffolding and powerful machinery, the government supplying the timber which was required for the purpose. This headland, like many others, is isolated by an entrenchment, which at some distant period was thrown across the narrow isthmus connecting it with the mainland; and hence the prefix of *castle*. The granite, shaggy with *bryssus*, is weathered into rhomboidal masses, and assuming in places a porphyritic character, is marked by vivid colours. A cavern at its base (W.) rivals those in *serpentine* for the brilliancy of its tints. The botanist will find among the rocks the common thrift, wild carrot, *Sedum Telephium*, *Saxifraga stellaris*, and *Asplenium marinum*, or *sea spleenwort*; and the mineralogist crystals of felspar, veins of red felspar, and schorl, which is principally distributed among the *joints* of the granite. A descent should be made into *Trerryn Cove*, on the western side of the headland, the sand of which, consisting entirely of microscopic shells, affords specimens of *Patella pellucida*, *P. fissura*, *Mytilus modiolus*, *Trochus conubus*, *Turbo cimex*, and *T. fasciatus*. On the E. side are the recess called *Gampen seaz*, i. e. a crooked bay with a dry rock in it, and *Penberth Cove*, a most romantic spot.

From Trerryn Castle the pedestrian should proceed along the coast to the Land's End, since the cliff-scenery between these two headlands is considered the finest in England. The distance is about 5 m., and the

following are the old Cornish names of the most remarkable promontories, coves, and rocks which he will encounter by the way.

Pedn Vounder (a lane), a narrow cove.

Por Selli, the *Cove of Eels*.

Porth Kernow, the *Port surrounded by carns or hills of rock*.

Manach Point, the *Monk's Point*.

Pedn Mean an Mór, the stone headland in the sea.—Half a mile distant is the village of *St. Levan*, containing an ancient baptistry, erected over the well of *St. Levan*, and, in the churchyard, one of the old crosses, rudely sculptured.

Carn Vessacks, the *Outside Rock*, so called from a rock lying off the headland.

Pol Ledan, the *Broad Pool*, is the name of the next bay.

Carn Scathe (a boat), i. e. a projecting carn for boats.

Porth Gwarra, the *Higher Port*.

Hella Point, the *Point of hard rock*.

Polostoc, the *Headland in the form of a cap*, now called *Gwennap Head*. Note its likeness to the Phrygian cap, and fisherman's cap.

Tol Pedn Penwith, the *Hole in the Head, which is the head of the breach*. This magnificent promontory forms the western boundary of the Mount's Bay, and derives its name from the *Funnel Rock*, a deep well-like chasm in the granite, the bottom of which, opening to the sea, may be visited by a circuitous path, but only about the time of low-water. Vestiges of an entrenchment show that this headland was at one time a *cliff-castle*. It is well known to geologists as affording fine examples of granite veins in granite, and is the nearest point of land to the dangerous rock called the *Rundlestone*, which lies off the shore at the distance of a mile.

Carn Brawse, the *Great Carn*.

Carn Mellyn, the *Yellow Carn*.

Carn Barra (a loaf), *Carn resembling a loaf*.

Zawn Kellys, the Fallen Cavern.

Carn Pendower, Carn at the head of the water.

Zawn Pyg, Cave resembling the beak of a bird.

Mill Bay, or Nanjissel (probably Nans Isal) Cove, the Cove beneath the dale. Here descend to the beach and examine the granite cavern called *Zawn Reeth*, and the vast rounded masses of this rock which are scattered along the shore. At the W. side of the bay a picturesque machine has been erected at the edge of the cliff for the purpose of raising sand by buckets from the beach. This is effected by an ingenious contrivance. The ascending bucket, loaded with a certain quantity of sand, is drawn up by the greater weight of the descending bucket, which is filled with water from a stream conducted to the spot with that object. In a mine near Merthyr Tydvil in South Wales the coal is raised to the surface by a similar contrivance.

Carn Gravar, or Cravak (a barrow).

Zawn Reeth, the Red Cave, so named from the colour of the granite.

The Pludn, the Pool, a deep place. Mozrang Pool, the Maid's Pool. Adapted for bathing.

Carn Voel, the Bleak Carn.

Carn Sperrn, the Curn of Thorns.

Carn Bean, the Little Carn.

Pardenick (very hilly). This is a headland of remarkable grandeur and beauty, and has particularly excited the admiration of Turner the distinguished artist, who sketched what the tourist will see by a downward glance from the summit. The granite is here weathered into rectangular blocks, which are so piled one upon the other, as to resemble rude columns. The most striking group of these rocks is called *Chair Ledder*. A few yards E. is a *logan stone* (40 tons), which is easily moved, and not generally

known in the neighbourhood. The cliff-scenery between this headland and Tol Pedn Penwith is the finest in Cornwall, and probably in Great Britain.

Enys Dodnan, the Island having soil upon it.

Carn Turk, Rocks in the form of loaves.

Carn Enys (island).

Carn Greab (the comb of a cock). Several rocks called *Guela* or *Guelas* (easily seen or distinguished) lie off this headland. They are sometimes called *High Seen*. The most striking of the group is the *Armed Knight*, a pyramidal mass of granite, divided in such a manner by "joints" as to bear some resemblance to a huge Egyptian idol seated among the waves.

Carn Cowall, so named from a cavern in the headland, viz. Zawn Cowall, a cave full of water.

Carn Kez, Rocks having the appearance of cheeses.

South Carn and Dollar Rock. — The latter has derived its name from the circumstance of some dollars having been dredged up in its vicinity.

Pedn an Laaz, or Von Láz, the Furthest Land, or Land's End.

From Treryn Castle to the Land's End, by road, 4 m.

3 *Sennen Church-town*, 387 ft. above the sea. (*Inn*: whimsically called the First and Last inn in England.) Some marshy land in the neighbourhood bears the appropriate name of *Hâl Hagar*, or the *ugly moor*. The Land's End is distant about 1 m.

‡ *Mayen, or Maen* (i. e. a stone), a village close upon the promontory. Here, behind the blacksmith's shop, is a stone called *Table Maen*, concerning which there is a tradition that three Saxon kings once dined upon it when excursing to the Land's End. From this place a sheep-walk, strewed with disintegrated granite, is traversed for a short distance, when a

rapid slope conducts the traveller to the

Land's End.—This celebrated promontory, the *Belerium* of the ancients, and the most westerly point of England, is wholly composed of granite, which, darkened by the spray of the sea and the mists driven past it from the Atlantic, is weathered into tabular masses, heaped one above the other in the likeness of basaltic columns. Its extreme point, which is pierced by a natural tunnel, is not above 60 ft. in height, but the cliffs rise on either hand to a much greater elevation, and below them, in most gloomy recesses, lie huge rocks, rounded like pebbles, and eternally buffeted, and the dark mouths of caverns in which the voice of the sea is never hushed. The view from so commanding a point necessarily includes a vast expanse of ocean, which, when the winds are abroad, and huge billows sweeping to the shore, presents a spectacle of grandeur which is truly sublime. The line of coast, as seen from this promontory, terminates on the N. with *Cape Cornwall*, alt. 230 ft., and between that point and the Land's End is indented by *Whitesand Bay*, which occasionally affords shelter to a homeward-bound vessel when the winds are adverse in the Channel. It is said, but the tradition appears improbable, that this bay was the landing-place of King Stephen in 1135, of King John when he returned from Ireland, and of Perkin Warbeck, in his final attempt upon the crown in 1497. Some rare microscopic shells are to be found upon its sands, and on its western side, near Sennen Cove, the geologist will observe a patch of slate entering the granite. A rock called the *Irish Lady* is situated in the sea between this bay and the Land's End; and S. of the promontory the *Pele* (a spire) *Rock*; the *Armed Knight*, cased in solid stone; and that water-worn fragment which is whimsically denominated *Dr.*

Johnson's Head. 1½ m. from the shore the *Longship's Lighthouse* rises from a cluster of rocks. It was erected in 1797, by a Mr. Smith, who was rewarded for his enterprise by a toll to be levied upon shipping for a limited number of years. It is now under the jurisdiction of the Trinity House. The tower is built of granite, and the stones are trenched in a similar manner to those of the Eddy-stone Lighthouse. The circumference of the structure at the base is 62 ft., the height from the rock to the vane of the lantern 52 ft., and from the sea to the foot of the building 60 ft., and yet the lantern has been frequently shivered by the waves. The patch of slate which runs out from Sennen Cove constitutes the rock upon which the lighthouse stands, the rest of the cluster consisting of granite. At the edge of the precipice to the left of the Land's End, the mark of a horse-shoe imprinted on the turf, was long cleared out from time to time to perpetuate the memory of a frightful incident which occurred on the spot. An officer quartered at Falmouth, on a visit to Penzance, laid a wager that he would ride to the extreme point of the Land's End. He was attempting this rash and silly enterprise when the feather which at that time formed part of the military costume alarmed the horse, which commenced backing towards the precipice. The rider hastily alighted, but the bridle caught the buttons of his coat, and he was dragged to the very brink before his companions could disengage him. The horse fell over the cliff and was dashed to pieces. In clear weather the *Islands of Scilly*, about 9 leagues dist., may be distinguished upon the western horizon. They are plainly seen by a setting sun, when their appearance is eminently beautiful. There is a tradition that these islands were once connected with the mainland by a tract of country called the

Lionnesse, which is said to have contained no less than 140 parish churches, and to have been swept away by a sudden inundation (see page 155.). At the present day the sea which flows between Scilly and the mainland is known by the denomination of *Lethowsow*, or the *Lioness*; the *races* between the Longships and the Land's End being distinguished by that of *Gibben*, or the *Kettle's Bottom*, names which distinctly mark the character of this turbulent ocean. A dangerous rock of greenstone called the *Wolf*, is situated 8 m. from the shore, and is geologically interesting for containing veins of white limestone. An attempt was once made to fix upon it the figure of an enormous wolf, which, constructed of copper, was made hollow within, that the mouth receiving the tempest should emit sounds to warn the mariner of his danger. The violence of the elements, however, frustrated the project. It is an interesting but rough walk along the shore to Cape Cornwall and Botallack Mine, the latter of which is about 5 m. distant. Below are the old Cornish names of several striking points on this part of the coast.

Pedn Mên Dhu, the *Head of Black Rock*. The *Shark's Fin* lies between this headland and the Longships, and the *Irish Lady* rises from the waves at the foot of the cliffs. A very perfect specimen of a *cliff-castle* may be found between the Land's End and *Pedn Mên Dhu*.

Sennen Cove, and its little village, boasting a pilchard fishery and fish cellars. Here the traveller has entered *Whitesand Bay*. Observe the junction of the granite and slate.

Carn Olva, the *Carn at the head of the Breach*: the breach being called

Vellan Dreath, the *Mill in the Sand*. The origin of the name of this sandy hollow was ascertained a few years ago, when the remains of a *tin stream-work*, together with the skeleton and

horns of a deer, and an oak tree with its branches and leaves, were discovered about 30 feet beneath the surface. The shore scene here is of singular beauty.

Carn Towan, the *Carn in the Sand*.

Carn Barges, the *Kite's Carn*.

Carn Crease, the *Middle Carn*.

Carn Kei, the *Carn by the Hedge*.

Aire, the *Inner Point*. — As inside Cape Cornwall. This headland is the northern boundary of Whitesand Bay.

Carn Venton, the *Carn near the Well*.

Carn Kreigle, the *Carn from whence to call or cry*; probably so named as a station of the *huers* in the pilchard fishery.

Carn Mellyn, the *Yellow Carn*.

Polpry, the *Clay Pit*.

Carn Leshez, the *Carn of Light*, which was so called, says Borlase, from the Druid fires which were kindled on it. The lowermost *carn* is called

Carn e Wethan, the *Carn of Trees*, and there, remarks the same author, "an oak tree is still (1769) to be seen growing among the cliffs of the rocks."

Carn or Carreg Glos, the *Grey or Hoary Rock*, an appropriate name on account of the quantity of moss and lichens with which the headland is covered.

Cape Cornwall. [See p. 169.] About 1 m. beyond it is *Botallack*, one of the most wonderful of the Cornish mines. [P. 168.]

In this excursion you should search along the shore for *raised beaches*, which are numerous, and very striking from the large size of their rounded stones.

Upon leaving the Land's End on his return to Penzance, the traveller should direct his steps to *Chapel Carn-brea*.

3½ The *Quaker's Burial Ground*, a wild unsheltered spot, exposed to the full brunt of Atlantic storms. Observe a curious tomb to *Phillis Ellis*,

1677. From this place the traveller should ascend *Carn-brea*, for the sake of the prospect, which, from the elevation of the hill, 640 feet, and the small girth of this part of the peninsula, includes a wonderful expanse of water. Three seas roll in sight, and the eye ranging round twenty-eight points of the compass, reposes during the interval upon their azure surface. The mining-field of St. Just, and the rough hill of *Kanidgeak* (alt. 640 feet) to the N., present a dreary scene, but the view of the Mount's Bay (E.) is extremely beautiful. From this point it assumes the appearance of a lake, in which the rock of St. Michael is islanded. A few stones scattered about the summit of Carn-brea are the only remains of the ancient chapel. The traveller can now strike across the intervening hollow to *Bartinney*, the *hill of fires*, 1 m. N. E. alt. 689 feet, and the highest eminence in the vicinity of the Land's End, or descend again to the road and visit the following curiosities.

1½ Here, right of the road, on the farm of *Boscawen Un* (*gún* or *goon*, a down), is a celebrated *circle*, 21 ft. in diam., once consisting of 19 stones, which stood apart from each other in a circle, round a single one in the centre. 16 are now upright; but it is to be regretted that this interesting old monument has been abandoned to the tender care of the farmer, as much of its effect is injured by a hedge which bisects it. Another curious relic, but of less ancient date, is to be found about 1 m. to the l. of the road; the ruins of a baptistry dedicated to St. Euius, and known by the name of *Chapel Euny*. It stands near a well, to the waters of which are attributed many wonderful properties.

The remains of *Caer Bran Castle* or *Round* (*Brennus' Castle*), are situated on the hill above this chapel. The castle is thus described by Borlase. "It is a circular fortification, consisting first of a deep ditch 15 ft. wide, edged

with stone, through which you pass to the outer *vallum*, which is of earth 15 ft. high, and was well perfected towards the N. E., but not so towards the W. Within this vallum, passing a large ditch about 15 yards wide, you come to a stone wall, which quite rounded the top of the hill, and seems to have been of considerable strength, but lies now like a ridge of disorderly stones. The diam. of the whole is 90 paces, and in the centre of all is a little circle." No less than seven of these *hill-castles* may be seen within 5 m. of Penzance.

4 *Penzance*, in p. 152.

Botallack Mine is 8 m. by the direct road from Penzance. The following route is a little longer, and includes some objects of interest, which might be made the subjects of another excursion. Omnibuses run daily from Penzance to St. Just.

1½ *Madron Church-Town*. — Observe the view from the churchyard, and the fine old *cross* by the blacksmith's shop, and visit the ruins of the Baptistry. [Ante, page 156.] Beyond Madron the road passes through the plantations of *Trengwainton* (Lewis Stephens, Esq.), the seat of the late Sir Rose Price, Bart. On this estate, a few yards l. of the road, is a *carn*, which should be visited for a view of the Mount's Bay. It is popularly known as the *Bull's Look-out*, a name which has originated in the propensity of cattle to select the highest spot on their pasture ground as a place to stand upon and chew the cud.

2 Here, situated upon the wild moor of Boswas, is the celebrated *Lanyon Cromlech*, a most lonely time-worn monument, well calculated to awaken in the mind a feeling of reverence connected with the recollection of past ages. It is called by the country-people the *Giant's Quoit*, and consists of a large table-stone, 47 ft. in girth, and 12 ft. in length, pointing nearly N. and S., and supported in a horizontal position by

three rude pillars, which are inclined from the perpendicular. This stone, which is at such a height from the ground as to allow a man on horseback to pass beneath it, was overturned some years ago by a violent storm, but was replaced by means of the powerful machinery which restored the Logan Rock to its position. At all times this cromlech is grand and impressive; but it appears to the greatest advantage when looming from the sea-mist which so often envelopes this part of the country.

‡ *Lanyon farm-house.*—In a field $\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. is another cromlech nearly as large as that of Lanyon, with the table-stone resting on the ground, but otherwise uninjured. *Mén Scryffen* or *Screpha*, the *Written Stone*, lies in a cleft under Carn Galva (*Gwn mén Screpha*, the *Downs of the Written Stone*), about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. of Lanyon, and is considered one of the most ancient sepulchral monuments in Cornwall, and to date from a period antecedent to the departure of the Romans from the country. Its dimensions are 9 ft. 10 in. by 1 ft. 8 in., and it bears an abbreviated inscription of “*Rialobran Cunoval Fil.*” which, being interpreted, is, *Rialobran the son of Cunoval lies buried here.* It is stated by Mr. Lhuyd, whose researches formed the basis of Pryce's Cornish dictionary, that the reading of this inscription in British would be *Rhiwalhran map Kynwal*, and that such names are not uncommon in our old Welsh pedigrees. He also remarks that the neighbouring parish of *Gubal* is probably called after this *Kynwal*, as he has found many such instances in Wales. The *Mén-an-tol*, or *Holed Stone*, is close to *Mén Scryffen*, and is one of 3 stones which are disposed in a triangle. Dr. Borlase has attributed their arrangement to the Druids, and asserts that the *Holed Stone* was deemed in his time to have the power of healing those who would crawl through it. Both these monuments, however, if not

already destroyed, appear to be doomed by the farmer.

Chun or *Chywoon Castle* crowns a hill in *Morvah* (the land by the sea) parish, about 1 m. W. of Lanyon, and is similar in its construction to *Caer Bran Round*. [See page 167.] Immediately W. of it is *Chun Cromlech*, but which is far inferior to that of Lanyon. *Morvah Church* also merits notice for its small size, and the wildness of its situation.

‡ *Pendeen Cove.*—The objects of curiosity here are the granite veins penetrating the slate at the junction of the two formations, and, in a garden at the village of Pendeen, an excavation called *Pendeen Vas*, in which it is supposed the ancient Britons concealed themselves in times of danger. At the present day it serves a very different purpose, as pigs have made it their habitation. The old seat of *Pendeen* was the birthplace of *Dr. Borlase*, the antiquary.

2 The *Levant Mine*, one of the most celebrated of the submarine mines. The *levels* run under the sea for a distance of 40 fath., and to a point at which the roof is calculated not to be above 10 ft. in thickness. The hill of *Kanidgeak*, 640 ft. in alt. and S.E. of this locality, is crowned with an old entrenchment.

1 *Botallack Mine* (about 15 m. from St. Ives).—The traveller having reached the main object of his excursion, must betake himself to the cliff, and rest awhile in admiration of the scene which is there unfolded, and which exhibits one of the most singular combinations of the power of art and the sublimity of nature that can be imagined. Gloomy precipices of slate, which have successfully defied the ocean itself, are here broken up by the operations of the miner, and are hung with all his complicated machinery. The *Crown Engine*, so well known for the wild exposure of its position, was lowered down a cliff of 200 ft.

to the ledge it now occupies, for the purpose of enabling the miner to penetrate beneath the bed of the Atlantic. The first level of this mine is 70 fath. from "grass," and extends upwards of 400 ft. under the sea, and the traveller who should venture to descend into its dreary recesses, may be gratified by hearing the booming of the waves and the grating of the stones as they are rolled to and fro over his head. The *lode*, consisting of the grey and yellow sulphuret of copper, *crops out* in the *Crown Rocks* below the engine. The cliffs are composed of hornblende alternating with slate, and contain a store of curious minerals, as jasper, jaspery iron ore, arseniate of iron, sulphuret of bismuth, peach-blossomed cobalt, specular iron ore, hæmatitic iron, hydrous oxide of iron, veins of garnet rock (in the *Crown Rocks*), epidote, axinite, thallite, chlorite, tremolite, and a crystallised schorl. Beautiful specimens of arborescent native copper have been also found in them.


½ *Cape Cornwall* (alt. 230 ft.), S.W. of Botallack, is the site of another submarine mine, — *Little Bounds*, the engine of which appears as if it were hung on the face of the cliff. In a part of these works, significantly called *Saveall's Lode*, the avarice of the miner has actually opened a communication with the sea, and the breach, which is covered every tide, is protected by a platform caulked like the deck of a ship. The noise of the waves is distinctly heard in every part of the mine. In the 40 fath. level a curious crop of stalactites (specimens of which may be seen in the museum at Penzance) has been formed by the dripping of the water through the roof of the mine. The *Brisons*, or the *Sisters*, 2 dangerous rocks between 60 and 70 ft. in height, are situated about a mile off this headland. A reef nearer the shore is called *the Bridges*. *Carrickgoose Head*, immediately S.

Dev. & Cornw.

of Cape Cornwall, should be visited as it commands a most interesting view of the coast. In *Pornannon Cove*, just S. of it, is a fine example of a *raised beach* 15 ft. above high-water mark. In the stormy winter of 1850–51, the *Brisons* were the scene of a remarkable shipwreck. Before daybreak of the 11th of Jan., during a gale from the S.W., the brig "New Commercial," bound from Liverpool to the Spanish Main, struck upon a ledge of rocks between the Great and Little Brison, and as the sea ran very high, went speedily to pieces. The crew, consisting of nine men, with one woman, the wife of the master, succeeded in landing upon the ledge; but the tide was rising, and their position became momentarily more perilous. At length a tremendous wave broke amongst them; the whole party were swept into the sea, and seven out of the ten sank at once to rise no more. Of the remaining three, one, a mulatto, reached a portion of the floating wreck, and by using a plank for a paddle, and a rag of canvas for a sail, contrived to keep clear of the broken water, and was eventually rescued by the Sennen fishermen. The other two, the master and his wife, were washed upon the Little Brison, where they gained a footing, and climbed above the reach of the waves. Whilst these poor people were thus struggling for their lives, efforts were being made for their rescue. Her Majesty's cutter, *Sylvia*, was working gallantly round the Land's End, and soon her boat was lowered, and a most dangerous attempt made to approach the *Brisons*, but the sea was so terrific, it was found impossible to get near them; and the night soon closed in wet and stormy. When day dawned on the morrow, the man and his wife were still seen upon the rock; and as the wind had slightly abated and changed in direction, another attempt was made for their rescue. Captain Davies, the superintendent of the coast-guard,

provided a number of rockets, and, in company with other boats, pushed gallantly from the shore; but it was found impracticable to approach the fatal spot within 100 yards. The rockets, however, were promptly discharged, and at length a line fell in the desired direction across the Brison. The man tied it round the waist of his wife, and after some hesitation she plunged into the sea, whilst a succession of heavy breakers rolled over the rocks, perilling the safety of all. The rope was, however, drawn speedily into the boat; but the unfortunate woman, although she breathed when taken from the water, shortly afterwards expired. The man had sufficient strength to survive the immersion; he was dragged into one of the other boats, and though greatly exhausted, finally recovered.

1. *St. Just Church-town (in Penwith).*

— The objects of curiosity are an ancient cross; the remains of an amphitheatre, or round, 126 ft. in diam., originally with 6 tiers of stone steps, and until lately the scene of wrestling matches during the holidays of Easter and Whitsuntide; in the church a Roman Christian monument with ; in the neighbourhood, near Tregaseal, a stone circle called the *Merry Maidens*, and near Bosworlas, 1 m. S. E., *rock basins* on some masses of granite called the *Giant's Quoits*. *Balleswidden* in the parish of St. Just is one of the largest tin mines in Cornwall.

7 *Penzance.*— On his return to this town the traveller will pass *Botrea*, a thriving farm of 500 acres, which has been reclaimed from the moor by the enterprise of Colonel Scobell of Nancealvarne. The farm-buildings contain stabling for 100 head of cattle, apparatus for steaming their food in the winter, and a mill for grinding bones which are used with great effect as manure.

The *Gurnard's Head*, or *Treryn Dinas*, is a promontory on the N. coast about 7 m. from Penzance. The most interesting way of reaching it is to proceed to *Lanyon*, and then turn to the rt. over the moor and cross *Carn Galva*. This is the finest hill in the Land's End district, being literally covered with granite, which crests it in a very beautiful manner. From the summit of this eminence the grey head of *Treryn Dinas* is in sight, and the tourist having descended the opposite slope, soon reaches the promontory. Like *Treryn Castle* it has evidently been fortified as a cliff-castle, and projecting far into the waves commands an excellent view of the neighbouring coast. E. and W. this huge barrier dives sheer down into deep water, so that the heaviest seas roll in unchecked and burst upon it with terrific violence. The background of the shore is also most interesting. Hills of rock and heather sweep round in the form of a crescent, which, terminated on one side by *Carnminnis*, on the other by *Carn Galva*, encloses a great terrace extending to the cliffs. The *Gurnard's Head* exhibits to those who will scramble round the base of it (a feat practicable at low water) a splendid section of the strata, and is composed of slaty felspar, hornblende, and greenstone. In its vicinity the romantic *sea-cliffs* of *Zennor* (E.) run for nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ m. on the junction line of the granite and slate; and *Porthmear Cove*, 1 m. W., is well known to geologists for the large size of the granite veins which there penetrate the slate. The tourist should return from the *Gurnard's Head* to Penzance by *Trye Valley* and *Gulval*. In the parish of *Gulval*, about 4 m. from Penzance, is *Boskednan circle* an ancient monument, originally of 19 upright stones, similar to those of *Dawns Myin* and *Boscawen Un*. The country between *St. Ives* and *Penzance* is roughened by a

number of wild isolated hills, which afford a variety of prospects. Of these the grandest is that obtained from the summit of *Carnminnis* (E. of Zennor: alt. 805 ft.), a view extending in an easterly direction as far as Trevoze Head near Padstow; the most beautiful, that from *Trink Hill* (S. E. of Towednack: alt. 652 ft.), an eminence which hides *Trecroben Hill* (S. E. of Trink Hill: alt. 550 ft.) and *Carnminnis* from each other.

The *Islands of Scilly* are about 30 m. from the Land's End, and may be reached from Penzance by sailing-packet every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, the voyage with a fair wind occupying from 5 to 8 hours. The inducements to this trip are the remote and wild position of these islands, the beauty and grandeur of the rock scenery, and some antiquities. Lodging houses and good inns are to be found at St. Mary's. The group consists of about 40 islands bearing herbage, but only six are inhabited; the others, with a number of islets of rock, are tenanted only by gulls and rabbits.

The names of those meriting notice by their size, are,—

	Acres.
St. Mary's -	about 1600
Tresco -	700
St. Martin's -	550
St. Agnes -	350
Bryher -	300
Samson -	80
St. Helen's -	40
Annette -	40
Tean -	35
Great Ganniley -	35
Arthur -	30
Great and Little Ganniornic	10
Northwithial -	8
Gweal -	8
Little Ganniley -	5

The islands of Scilly were known to the Greeks under the name of the *Cassiterides*—*The Islands*. Ausonius is the first writer who describes them as the *Sillina Insula*, and this appel-

lation, now changed into Scilly, is differently said to be derived from *Silya*, the Cornish for *conger*, and *Sulléh*, a British word signifying *the rocks consecrated to the sun*. The latter derivation will be probably adopted by the traveller who has beheld these islands from the Land's End by sunset, when they appear as if they were embedded in the setting luminary. With respect to their history, they were occasionally used by the Romans as a place of banishment; and in the 10th cent. annexed to the English crown by Athelstan: in the great civil war they were long held for the king. In 1645, after the defeat of the royal cause in the West, they sheltered Prince Charles; but a hostile fleet having formed a cordon round the islands, the prince fled to Jersey when the first opportunity occurred. The most memorable event of which these isles have been the scene was their fortification in 1649 by Sir John Grenville, the royalist who took so active a part in the restoration of Charles II. He converted these lonely rocks into a stronghold for privateers, and with these he swept the neighbouring seas, and so crippled the trade of the Channel that the Parliament at length fitted out a powerful fleet under Blake and Sir George Ayscue, and to this Grenville was forced to surrender in June 1651. At an early period in our history the isles of Scilly belonged to the crown, but on the endowment of the Abbey of Tavistock were granted in part to that establishment, the remainder, in the reign of Edw. I., being held of the king at a rent of 300 puffsins. They are now included in the Duchy of Cornwall, but how they became merged in it is not well understood. In the reign of Elizabeth they appear to have been divided among a number of proprietors, from whom they were bought up by the crown; and from that period to the year 1830 they were rented by the family of Godolphin. At present Augustus Smith.

Esq., is the lessee, or Lord Proprietor, of these lonely isles, and a most kind and beneficent ruler, continually studying the welfare of his subjects. The inhabitants, who are principally sailors, fishermen, and pilots, are a long-lived race, when spared by the boisterous sea which surrounds them; but the frequency with which this element demanded a victim previously to recent improvements in their pilot and fishing craft, is denoted by a saying, that *for one who dies a natural death nine are drowned*.

The isles of Scilly are wholly composed of granite, and form an outlying member of that series of granitic highlands which extends through Cornwall to Dartmoor. They are traditionally said to have been once united to the mainland — as the other granite districts are with each other — by a tract of slate, which is mentioned by early writers under the name of the *Lionnesse*, and is said to have been overwhelmed by a sudden irruption of the ocean. But it is far more probable — if such a district ever existed — that it was worn down by the abrading action of the waves continued through long periods of time. The granite of Scilly consists in general of a coarse-grained mixture of felspar, quartz, and mica, often stained by iron, and therefore of little economical value; but hornblende, schorl, and chlorite are in some localities found in it; and in Taylor's Island prisms of tourmaline occupying the place of the mica. As a feature of the scenery it is highly interesting. Its principal ingredient, the felspar, is often of a deep red colour, which beautifully contrasts with the tints of the sea; whilst the rocks of the coast, continually battered by storms, present impressive pictures of natural decay, and the most fantastic resemblances to works of art. In different places the granite will be found to vary in composition, structure, and condition. In *Watermill Bay, St. Mary's*, it is seamed by

numberless joints, which give it the appearance of a stratified rock: the caverns of Piper's Hole in St. Mary's and Tresco, are roofed by a secondary, or regenerate granite. Holy Vale, in St. Mary's, contains a china-clay, or decomposed granite; and the beach of Porth Hellick is strewn with stones of a binary compound of quartz and felspar. The destruction of the felspar in these granite rocks has served to decorate the shore with the liberated quartz and mica. The southern beaches of Tresco are mainly composed of pure white quartz, and the sands of Permellin, near Hugh Town, streaked by curved lines of black mica. With respect to the climate and the botany, the mean temperature of the summer is 58°, of the winter 45°; the chief botanical feature, the fern tribe, and in particular, *Asplenium marinum*, or Sea-spleenwort, which grows to an uncommon length in the damp caverns of the coast. The following rarer species are enumerated by Mr. North: —

Osmunda regalis	}	Royal or flowering fern.
Asplenium Adiantum		Black maiden-hair.
nigrum	-	Wall-rue fern.
A. Ruta muraria	-	Hudson's spleenwort.
A. lanceolatum	-	wort.
Aspidium Filix femina	-	Lady fern.
A. Filix mas	-	Male fern.
A. recurvum	-	Bree's fern.
A. dilatatum	-	Broad-shield fern.
A. spinulosum	-	{ A variety of the preceding.

The botanist, as he rambles round the islands, will also notice the *Archill* (*Rocella tinctoria*), a lichen which yields a valuable red dye, and grows abundantly in Scilly. He will find the flora, as well as the topography of these islands, fully described in Mr. North's "Week in the Isles of Scilly," published by Rowe, of Penzance, and Longman, of London, in 1850. The geology forms the subject of a most interesting paper by Joseph Carne, Esq., printed in the Report of the R. Geol. Soc. of Corw. for 1850.

St. Mary's (pop. 1500, circumf. about 9 m.) is the principal island, and *Hugh Town* its capital. (*Inns*: Mumford's and Bluett's.) *Hugh Town* is built on a sandy isthmus which connects a peninsula with *St. Mary's*. This peninsula is crowned by *Star Castle*, at an elevation of 110 ft. above the sea, and was probably the origin of the name of the town, as *Borlase* tells us that *heugh* signifies a high piece of land projecting into the water, and the word has that meaning in Scotland. The town has a pier constructed in 1835-8, and an excellent harbour called *the Pool*, bounded N. by *Carn Morval*, and entered between the *Cow* and the *Calf* rocks. The most prominent and interesting building on the island is *Star Castle*, a fortress erected in the reign of Elizabeth, and probably so named from the star-like form of its walls, which project in eight salient angles. Over the entrance is the date 1593, and the letters E R; in the vicinity of the castle *the Garrison*, with its batteries, park, and delightful promenade. At the E. end of the main street stands the *New Church*, built in 1835, and chiefly at the expense of the present Lord Proprietor. The *Old Church* is situated $\frac{1}{4}$ m. from the town, and, though partly a ruin, is still used for the burial service. In the *New Church* are memorials of those who perished with Sir *Cloudesley Shovel* in Oct. 1707. This was a melancholy disaster. A fleet, on its return from *Toulon*, came unexpectedly upon *Scilly* in thick and tempestuous weather. The admiral's ship, the *Association*, struck the *Gilstone Rock*, and went to pieces in a few minutes. The *Eagle* and *Romney*, line-of-battle ships, shared a similar fate, and only one man was saved out of these three ships. He was thrown upon a reef called the *Hellwethers*, where he was obliged to remain for some days before he could be rescued. The fire-ships *Phoenix* and *Firebrand* ran ashore; the *Royal*

Anne passed the *Trenemer Rock* so closely that it carried away her quarter gallery; and the *St. George* had even a narrower escape. She and the *Association* struck the *Gilstone* together, but the wave which stove in the one floated the other into deep water. 2000 persons perished on this memorable occasion.

In a walk round *St. Mary's* (keeping the sea on your rt.) the following points of interest will successively present themselves. — The bay of *S. Porcrasa*. — *Buzza Hill*, commanding a beautiful view. The curious name is rendered *Bosow* by *Borlase*, and is said to have been derived from a family so called. S. W. of the windmill you will observe a *barrow*. — *Dutchman's Carn*, and beneath it *the Bluff*, a bold rock in the sea. — *Peninnis Head*, a magnificent group of rocks, and by far the finest headland in the islands. Here you will particularly notice, on the higher ground, the *Kettle and Pans*, the largest rock-basins in the W. of England; the *Monk's Cowl*, a mass of granite above an amphitheatre 100 ft. high; the *Tooth Rock*, or *Elephant's Tusk*, S. of the *Kettle and Pans*, with a rock-basin on its vertical side, a puzzle to those antiquaries who maintain that such cavities were made by the *Druids*, and once held holy water; *Pitt's Parlour*, a small recess under the *Tooth Rock*; and beneath the *Parlour* a deep cleft, into which the sea is perpetually plunging. Here, too, the geologist should observe the structure and the weathering of the granite. On the W. side of the headland the joints are so closely arranged as to resemble the cleavage of slate rock; at *Pitt's Parlour* the granite has been divided into cubical blocks by the action of the weather in the vertical and horizontal joints; and at another place separated at the vertical joints alone, detached slabs having been formed, which stand on end, and are in some instances united by the centres. — *Piper's Hole*, a small

cavern, containing a spring of fresh water, and roofed with regenerate granite, and which the islanders absurdly represent as passing under sea to Piper's Hole in Tresco.—The *Pulpit Rock*, a fine example of decomposition in the horizontal joints, with a *sounding-board* 47 ft. in length by 12 in breadth, to the top of which you should climb. Below, in the sea, is a lonely rock called *Carrick-starne*, and on the high ground, the *Tower*, used as a station in the trigonometrical survey, and 140 ft. above the level of mean water.—*Carn Lea*, the W. point of *Old Town Bay*, decorated with pillars of granite. At *Old Town* are some fragments of an ancient castle, and in the neighbourhood some remains of the *Old Church*. Ascend *Maypole Hill* for a view of *Holy Vale*.—*Tolmen Point*, the E. termination of *Old Town Bay*, and so called from a *tolmèn*, or holed stone upon it.—*Porth Minick*, with a white quartzose beach and rocks of red granite.—*Blue Carn*, the S. point of the island, a wild group of tabular rocks, indented with basins.—The *Giant's Castle*, a carn anciently fortified as a cliff-castle. Here there are numerous rock-basins, and on the W. side of the promontory, near the edge of the cliff, a *logan stone*, 45 tons in weight, so exactly poised that a child can move it. N., several barrows on the neighbouring hill.—*Porth Hellick* (i. e. cove of willows), the bay in which the body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was washed ashore. On the W. side is the *Drum Rock*, a reputed *tolmèn* of the Druids, and on the beach some stones of a binary granite (quartz and fel-par). On the S. E. side, *Dick's Carn*, a fine example of decomposition in the horizontal joints of the granite; and S. E. of *Dick's Carn* the *Clapper Rocks*, on which may be found many of the largest and most curious rock-basins in the island, some formed on the vertical sides, and others on surfaces which are nearly in contact with upper rocks.

In Oct. 1840, *Porth Hellick bay* was the scene of an extraordinary escape from shipwreck, when the brig *Nerina*, of Dunkirk, drove into it keel uppermost, having been capsized in the Atlantic two days previously. During this interval four men and a boy, by crouching close to the keelson of the vessel, had contrived to keep their heads above water, though immersed to the waist, but fearing that they would be suffocated for want of air, one worked incessantly for some time to make a hole in the roof. Fortunately this purpose, which would have sealed their fate, was prevented by the knife breaking. It is not the least remarkable part of the narrative that two pilot boats, on the afternoon of the second day, fell in with the wreck and took it in tow for an hour, when night approaching, and a heavy sea running, they were obliged to abandon it. Had it not been for this circumstance, the unfortunate Frenchmen entombed in this floating sepulchre, would have been drifted by the current clear of the islands. S. of this bay, on *Sallakee Hill*, are two ancient crosses, now part of a stone hedge; and E., on the high ground, the *Giant's Chair*, from which, it is said, the arch-Druid was accustomed to watch the rising sun; and the *Sun Rock*, N. of which ($\frac{1}{4}$ m.) are three large rock-basins in a cavity where a tool could by no possibility have been used.—*Deep Point*, the easternmost point of the island.—*Pellew's Redoubt*, named after Lord Exmouth, who, when Capt. Pellew, commanded at the Scilly Islands.—*Newquay*, on the S. side of *Watermill Bay*; and between it and the stream, which here flows to the sea, the *porphyritic beds of St. Mary's*, a mass of granite which has excited much discussion among geologists, as apparently displaying a distinct stratification. "The question at issue," says Mr. Carne, "is whether the apparent strata are joints, or whether the whole is of slaty structure."—*Pendrathen Quay*, and off the

shore, the *Crow Rock*, a mark for vessels entering Crow Sound.—*Insidgen Point*, the N. E. extremity of the island, crowned by a stone-covered barrow, and interesting for its rocks.

On this part of the island is the *Telegraph*, commanding a panoramic view, the top being 204 ft. above the sea; N. E. of it the *Longstone*, a rock-pillar 9 ft. high; N., *Bant's Carn*; and S. W. of this carn a barrow roofed with stones.—*Carn Morval*, N. E. of St. Mary's Pool, a point of view which should not be neglected.

—*Porthloo Bay*, with two island rocks, the northernmost, *Taylor's Island*, remarkable for a beautiful variety of granite containing prisms of tourmaline in the place of the mica.—*Permellin Bay* (formerly Porth Mellyn), where the beach is almost wholly composed of fine particles of quartz, and near low-water mark streaked by bands of black mica, which was once collected for writing sand. On the hill above the bay are *Harry's Walls*, the remains of a fortification commenced in the reign of Hen. VIII., but never finished; and an isolated rock which has been termed a Druidic idol. The W. point of this bay is *Carn Thomas*.

Having completed his survey of St. Mary's, the stranger will be ready to embark for the other islands, which will be now described in the order in which they naturally occur. They may be conveniently divided into three separate groups, each of which will be sufficient for one day's excursion. Thus, 1. St. Agnes, Annette, and the rocks further W., commonly known as the *Off Islands*: 2. Samson, Bryher, Tresco, and St. Helen's; 3. St. Martin's and the Eastern Islands.

St. Agnes (pop. 260) is separated from St. Mary's by St. Mary's Sound, and at high water, spring tides, divided by the sea into two parts, that on the N. E. being termed the *Gugh*. Upon this there are several stone-covered barrows; near the centre a rock-pillar, 9 ft. in length, called the

Old Man cutting turf; off the N. W. point the *Kittern*, deserving notice for its picturesque form; and at the S. extremity, between the Gugh and St. Agnes, the *Cove*, in which the islanders often capture in a single night as many as 40,000 fish. In St. Agnes, properly so called, are several interesting points. Proceeding from the Gugh round the S. end of the island, the stranger will be delighted by the beautiful carns of granite, decked with emerald turf, adorning the slopes of the shore. Above St. Warna Bay he should notice the *Nag's Head*, an example of the fantastic effects produced by the abrasion of the prevailing winds. Beyond this bay is the carn of *Castlebean*, and then *Camberdril Point*, remarkable for its pointed rocks. In St. Nicholas or Priglis (Port Eglise) Bay stands the *church*, which some 40 years ago was erected to supply the place of a smaller building, which is said to have been built with salvage money, paid to the islanders for rescuing a French ship from the rocks in 1685. Beyond Priglis Bay is the *lighthouse*, 72 ft. high, commanding a beautiful view, and displaying a revolving light, which is seen by mariners in connection with the lights on the Seven Stones and Longships; and, lastly, S. E. of the lighthouse, on Wingletang Downs, the *Punch-Bowl Rock*, so called from its rock-basin, which is nearly 4 ft. in diam.

Annette (uninhab.) is separated from St. Agnes by Smith's Sound, which contains the *Great Smith* and *Little Smith*. The leading feature of the island is *Annette Head*, its N. W. extremity. In a westerly direction the rapid tides surge and eddy amongst innumerable rocks, objects picturesque and pleasing to tourists wafted round them by a summer breeze, but as terrible when beheld white with foam and cataracts of raging water from the deck of some luckless vessel driving towards the

land. S. of the island is the reef of the *Hellwethers*; S. W. of this reef, *Meledgan*, and beyond *Meledgan Gorregan*; W. of *Gorregan*, *Rosevean* and *Rosevear*; and S. W. of these the *Gilstone*, on which Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked. N. W. of *Rosevear Great* and *Little Crebawethan*, memorable for the loss of the *Douro*, with all hands, in Jan. 1843; and between *Crebawethan* and *Rosevear*, *Jacky's Rock*, the scene of the destruction of the *Thames steamer* in 1841, when only four persons were saved out of 65. N. of *Crebawethan* are the *Gunner*, *Nundeeps*, and *Crim Rocks*, treacherous ledges, which have abruptly closed the career of many a gallant seaman; and W. of all the *Bishop Rock* (7 m. from H. Town), standing sentinel, as it were, to this formidable host, but at high water immersed to the chin. It has lately been the scene of a bold attempt made by Messrs. Walker and Burges to cap it with a lighthouse. This was to have been formed of cast-iron columns, sunk in the rock, and stayed to each other by rods of wrought iron; and had been nearly completed in 1850, when it totally disappeared in a terrible gale which arose on the night of Feb. 5, simultaneously with an eruption of *Vesuvius*.

Samson. In his passage across the Road the voyager will observe the *Nut Rock*, the mark for the principal anchorage. On the W. side of *Samson* are several rugged islets, and, in particular, *Scilly*, which gives name to the whole archipelago. W. is *Mincarulo*; further W. *Mäulen Bover*; N. of *Mincarulo*, *Scilly*, divided in two parts by a chasm; and S. of *Mincarulo Great* and *Little Minalto*. Nearer the shore are *Gweal*, an islet of eight acres, with a tenantry of gulls; and *Castle Bryher*, some 90 ft. high, a rock rising conspicuously above all the others. The only act incumbent on a visitor to *Samson* is to ascend to its highest point for the sake of the view; but those who delight in

cliff-scenery will of course ramble round the island and peer into its numerous cavernous recesses.

Bryher (pop. 119), a wild and rugged island, derives its name from *bré*, an old Cornish word, signifying a hill. Its highest lands are happily on the W. side, for they add much interest to the deep romantic bays which the stormy Atlantic has excavated on that side. On the S. is *Gweal*, to which you may walk dryshod at low tides; on the N.W. a spring of fresh water on the shore; and N. the promontory of *Shipman Head*, one of the finest among the islands; it is about 60 ft. high, and separated from the mainland by a deep and fearful chasm, hedged in by precipices. The N. E. side of the island forms with *Tresco* the harbour of *New Grimsby*, whose leading features are a rock in mid-channel, called *Hangman's Isle*, and *Cromwell's Castle* on the opposite shore. Before you leave *Bryher* you should ascend *Watch Hill*.

Tresco, second only to *St. Mary's* in point of size, is the first island in dignity, being the residence of the Lord Proprietor, whose mansion occupies the site of the ancient *abbey of Tresco*, which was founded as early as the 10th cent., and annexed to *Tavistock Abbey*, in the reign of *Hen. I.* In front of the house is a delightful terrace, and above it a hill which commands a panoramic view of the islands. With Mr. Smith's permission the stranger should visit the gardens, which strikingly illustrate the genial and equable nature of the climate, and contain, in addition to their rich store of plants, some remains of the old *Abbey-church*, consisting of walls of granite, and arches of a red arenaceous stone supposed to have been brought from *Normandy*, the whole mantled with geraniums. Here, too, are the *Abbey ponds* covering 50 acres. The road from the abbey to the village — which is, in part, called *Dolphin*, probably a cor-

ruption of Godolphin, after the name of the family who so long rented these islands — commands a beautiful view of Shipman's Head, and, on a stormy day, of the huge billows leaping its rocks. This headland is well seen, too, from *Charles's Castle*, a ruin on the W. side of the island, 155 ft. above the sea, and immediately over *Oliver Cromwell's Castle*, a circular tower with walls 12 ft. thick, and a battery of 9-pounders on its roof. At the N.E. point of the island is *Piper's Hole*, a deep cavern, whose recesses may be explored for a distance of 600 ft.; but a torch and a boat will be required, for the cavern contains a pool of fresh water which varies in size, but is often nearly 200 ft. across. The roof is extremely interesting. It is formed entirely of regenerate granite, and in this are imbedded large boulders of the original rock. There are other caverns in the vicinity of this Hole, and particularly the *Gun*, which contains a spring or well of fresh water. Off the N. side of Treco lie *Northwithial* and many picturesque rocks. *Menavawr* is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the islets of Scilly (especially when seen from the N.), rising in three distinct peaks, 159 ft. above the sea. *Round Island* also presents an imposing group of crags. It is 18 ft. higher than *Menavawr*, and the chosen haunt of puffins. On the E. side of Treco are the harbour of *Old Grimby* and the battery of the *Old Block-house*; and off the S. side of the island a rock called the *Mare*, bearing some resemblance to the head and neck of a horse.

St. Helen's (called *St. Elid's* by *Borlase*) adjoins Treco, and is an uncultivated island stocked with deer and goats, the only building upon it being the *Pest House*, which has seldom an occupant. You should make the circuit of this island. The rocks are fine, and on the N. side is a long and deep chasm, perpetually reverberating the dismal sound of the sea.

Tean, between *St. Helen's* and *St. Martin's*, is a warren of white rabbits, and principally remarkable for the beauty of its bays. You will notice a rock called *Pentrose* to the N. of it.

St. Martin's (110 inhab.) has several points of interest. At its S. E. extremity are the *Higher Town*, *Cruther's Bay*, and *Cruther's Hill* some 70 ft. above the sea; and on the S. and W. coasts *St. Martin's Flats*, which should be diligently searched for shells. At the W. end *Tinckler's Point*, bearing a so-called Druidic idol, and near it the remains of two sacred circles. On the N. W., *Pernagie Isle*, and *Plumb Island*, and the *Lion Rock*, all accessible from the land at low water. N., *St. Martin's Bay* and *White Island*, which is connected with *St. Martin's* at low tide, and has a deep cavern (or old tin mine) on its E. side. E., *St. Martin's Head*, 160 ft. high, crowned by the *Day Mark*, and commanding the most beautiful and extraordinary sight in these seas — the whole cluster of those numberless, fantastic, many-coloured rocks which are known as the *Eastern Islands*. The most northerly of these is *Hanjague*, or the *Sugar Loaf* (due E. of *St. Martin's Head*), rising abruptly to a height of 83 ft. from a depth of 25 fath.; the next to the N., *Nortor*, an islet of three acres, distinguished by as many rocky points. *Great Ganniley* is the largest of the group, 107 ft. high, and connected at low water with *Little Ganniley*, and with *Great* and *Little Inisvols*. Near them is *Ragged Island*, of a wasted form; and *S. W. Menewethan*, a noble granite pile, 47 ft. above the mean level of the sea. *Great* and *Little Arthur* are further interesting for their ancient barrows, protected by slabs of granite; and *Great* and *Little Ganniornic* of some importance for their size. From the heights of these islands, or from *St. Martin's Head*, you will observe to the N. a line of foam, which marks

the dangerous reef called the *Seven Stones*; this is situated about 9 m. from Scilly, and is pointed out to mariners by a lightship.

ROUTE 16.

LAUNCESTON TO PENZANCE BY CAMELFORD, WADEBRIDGE, ST. COLUMB, TRURO, REDRUTH, CAMBORNE, AND HAYLE.

Mail by this road daily.

Launceston (Rte. 15.).

A wild and dreary road, skirting *Laneast* and *Wilsey Downs*, hills traversed by the junction line of the carbonaceous and grauwacke formations, leads to

12 *Davidstow* (pronounced *Du-stow*), a wretched village, in one of the bleakest districts of Cornwall. The sterile expanse of *Davidstow Moor* stretches S. to *Rowtor* and *Brown Willy*, the two Cornish mountains. About 3 m. N., on *Wilsey Down*, is *Warbstow Barrow*, an ancient fortification of considerable size.

3½ *Camelford*. (*Inns*: *King's Arms*; *Darlington Arms*.) A town situated in an elevated and hilly part of the county, on the skirt of the moors, and on the *Camel*, or *Alan*, here but a rustic stream, which, rising in the parish of *Davidstow*, flows by *Wadebridge* and *Padstow* to the sea. The figure of a camel crowns the town-hall, as a weathercock, placed there by the corporation, in happy ignorance, it is to be presumed, that their town has derived its name from *cam-alan*, the crooked river. The *Camel* abounds in peal and trout. The parish church, called *Lanteglos*, is ¼ m. W. of the town. It was dedicated to *St. Thomas à Becket* by *Richard*, Earl of Cornwall, son of *King John*, and contains monuments of several old Cornish families, and the arms of *Coryton*, *Trelawny*, and *Trecarrel* carved on the roof. The neighbourhood, ac-

ording to tradition, has been the scene of two sanguinary battles. One between *King Arthur* and his rebellious nephew *Mordred* (date 542), in which, it is said, *Mordred* was slain, and *King Arthur* wounded mortally; the other between the Britons and the Saxons under *Egbert* (date 823). Several excursions of high interest can be made from *Camelford*. It is the nearest town to *Rowtor* and *Brown Willy* (Rte. 15.), the former of which has a magnificent appearance from this neighbourhood, as it rises in a craggy ridge over intervening hills. In his route to this mountain, the tourist will cross a cart-track on the moor, bordered by upright stones, which are ranged along it at regular distances. It will give him an idea of the dreary character of this district. It extends from a place called *Watergate* to *Fivelanes*, near *Launceston*, and the stones were erected by the minister, who had to traverse the waste on Sundays. They are intended to serve as guides in misty weather; a long post occurs at intervals of half a mile, and is marked on the *Watergate* side with the letter W., and on that fronting *Fivelanes*, with the letter F. The traveller can also make an excursion to the wild valley of *Hanter-Gantick*, by the *Devil's Jump* (both described in page 137.). His shortest route is by the church of *St. Advent* (commonly called *St. Teyne*). In the third field beyond this church, by the side of the path, stands a venerable, time-worn granite cross, about 9 ft. in height. In this excursion he will notice the effects of a flood, which occurred on the *Camel*, in the summer of 1847. It was occasioned by a singularly heavy rain, which, accompanied by thunder and lightning, fell without intermission, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. It swept away a number of bridges and destroyed much valuable property. Fortunately an engine happened to be at *Wenford Bridge*, near *St. Mabyn*,

the terminus of the Wadebridge railway, when the head of water was seen rushing down the valley, and the engineer starting off, gave the alarm to the farmers living along the banks, so that many had time to drive away their cattle, and remove their most valuable effects. To the N. of Camelford lies one of the most interesting districts in Cornwall, since it comprehends *Boscastle*, the ruins of *King Arthur's Castle of Tintagel*, the magnificent line of coast between these points, and the celebrated slate quarries of *Delabole*. In a visit to the sheep-market the stranger will be reminded of his vicinity to slate quarries, since the partitions are each formed of a single slab of that material.

On his road to Boscastle or Tintagel the traveller can proceed by *Slaughter Bridge* (1 m. N., and now corrupted into *Sloven's Bridge*), which lies on the road from Delabole to Launceston, and is said to have been named as the spot where King Arthur, of heroic memory, received his death-wound.

4½ *Boscastle*. (*Inn*: The Commercial Inn, a mean public-house. There is a far better inn at Trevena, near Tintagel.) This village is situated upon a steep hill, sloping to a valley, which, at a short distance, is joined by another, each coursed by a sparkling stream, when they are together deflected towards the little harbour and inlet of Boscastle. The scenery in this neighbourhood is romantic, and the country broken by deep furzy bottoms. Of the grandeur of the coast, it is impossible to speak too highly. The village derived its name from a baronial mansion, a residence of the noble family of De Bottreaux, by which it was once dignified. A green mound is now the only mark of that castle. In the reign of Henry VI. the heiress of the family was married to Robert Lord Hungerford, and as the possessions of that nobleman were situ-

ated at a distance of 100 miles in an easterly direction, it is probable that at this period the castle fell into decay. From the Hungerfords it descended to the Earls of Huntingdon, who retained it till the reign of Elizabeth, and whose heir in the female line, the Marquis of Hastings, is still Baron Bottreaux. The herald will remember the "3 toads" and the "griffin segreant," the arms of the Lords Bottreaux, in the ample quartering of the house of Hastings. The parish church of *Bottreaux*, or *Forrabury*, the distant or beautiful burying-place, with its "silent tower," from which it is said the merry peal has never sounded, is situated above Boscastle, and close to the soaring headland of Willapark Point. An ancient granite cross, resting upon a pedestal of limestone, stands outside the churchyard. The following legend is connected with the church. Upon its erection, the inhabitants, long envious of the musical bells of Tintagel, determined to have a peal of their own. Lord De Bottreaux, then residing at his castle, aided the project, and a celebrated founder in London was directed to cast the bells. They were despatched by sea. The vessel freighted with them arrived safely off Boscastle, when the bells of Tintagel were swinging with sullen roar. The sound boomed over the waves to the ear of the pilot, who, elated by the welcome of his native village, piously thanked God that he should be ashore that evening. "Thank the ship and the canvass," exclaimed the captain, "thank God ashore." "Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God at sea as well as on land." "Not so," quoth the captain, "thank yourself and a fair wind." The pilot rejoined; the captain, after the manner of captains, grew choleric, swore and blasphemed. The ship meanwhile had closed the land, and the dark headland of Willapark and the precipices of the Black Pit were seen crowded by the inhabitants.

eagerly expecting the precious freight. Suddenly a heavy bank of clouds having gathered in the west, darkened the entire sky; a furious wind arose, and lashed the sea into mountainous billows. The vessel became unmanageable, and driving towards the coast, was struck by a sea, capsize and foundered, when all on board perished except the pilot, who alone, supported by a part of the wreck, was washed ashore, unhurt. The storm continued with extreme violence, and, it is said, that during the pauses of the gale, the clang of the bells was distinctly heard, tolling from the ocean depths, and to this day the inhabitants recognise these solemn sounds during the storms which so frequently assail this part of the coast.

The harbour of Boscastle is $\frac{1}{4}$ m. from the village. It has been excavated by the waves, and is truly romantic—a little winding inlet, not a stone's throw in breadth, and opening under the headland of *Willapark*. The sea is here in constant agitation, and the cove itself affords no security to shipping; but a small space at its extremity, of size sufficient to admit two or three vessels at a time, is enclosed by a diminutive pier, and this, properly speaking, is the harbour of Boscastle. Every thing about this place denotes the boisterous seas to which it is exposed; boats are made fast by cables which would ordinarily hold a ship, and, stretched along the pier, lie enormous hawsers, thicker than a man's thigh, which are employed in checking the impetus of vessels when they enter the harbour. Immediately beyond the pier is a seat, from which the stranger can view at his leisure an interesting phenomenon. A fissure in the opposite rocks, passing underground about 50 ft., communicates with the open sea, and from this, at intervals, a column of water is violently projected across the harbour, accompanied by a loud report. But the effect is pro-

duced only within an hour of low-water, and when the sea is agitated. From the same spot may be observed another, but more distant phenomenon of a similar kind. A hole pierces an island-rock called *Meachard*, lying outside the harbour, and as the waves roll by, the spray is occasionally blown from it like a jet of steam. (The phenomena of *blow-holes* are explained at p. 208.) During the summer a number of seals are taken by the Boscastle fishermen. The coast is everywhere undermined by deep caverns, which, when the sea is smooth, the fishermen enter in their boats and explore with torches. The seals, which are fond of lying on ledges in these gloomy retreats, are confounded by the light, and fall an easy prey. They are killed for their oil and skins, which are considered of sufficient value to repay the risk of the adventure.

Immediately W. of the harbour rises *Willapark Point*, a magnificent headland, crowned with a low tower, erected as a prospect-house. On its W. side the cliffs recede and form a gloomy chasm, appropriately called the *Black Pit*, since the rock is here so singularly dark that it may be easily mistaken for coal. This headland should be viewed from a point W. of it, whence it probably forms the finest cliff-scene on the coast; its huge and sombre flanks of slate being contrasted by the light-tinted slope of *Resparvell Down*, a barren ridge which fills in the back-ground, and is in keeping with the desolate cliffs and boisterous ocean. Standing upon this point W. of Willapark, the stranger is upon the boundary of two great formations,—the carbonaceous and grauwacke groups, which respectively prevail in Devonshire and Cornwall. The boundary-line passes from Boscastle across the county in the direction of Launceston, and is tolerably well marked as far as S. Petherwin. Northwards, to the extremity of the county, the coast in

every part exhibits the singular contortions of the carboniferous strata. From this point the traveller will observe immediately W. of him, a slate-quarry, called *Grower*, worked in the face of the grauwacke cliff. The *guide-chains*, by which the stone is raised, are actually fastened to the bottom of the sea, and on as wild a shore as can well be imagined. From the character of the rocks in this neighbourhood the soil is perfectly black.

A delightful excursion can be made from Boscastle to *Crackington Cove*, a romantic spot $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. The road passes over *Resparvell Down* (alt. 850 ft.), which is terminated towards the sea by *High Cliff* (alt. 735 ft.). This down commands a fine view over the Bristol Channel, and along the coast, embracing headland after headland, in magnificent perspective. A quarry for slate is situated on the cliff $\frac{3}{4}$ m. W. of the cove. *Crackington Cove* is a recess on the E. side of a small bay, which is bounded on the W. by the picturesque promontory of *Carnbeak* (alt. 333 ft.), and on the E. by *Penkinna Head*, which rises above the sea-level about 400 ft. The latter is an imposing mass of dark slate, varied by white lines of the rock the quarrymen call *harder*, which show, even at a distance, the contortions of the strata. The general direction of the beds may be observed at low-water, when parallel ridges, among many which are contorted, stretch along the beach towards the W. N. W. At the head of the bay the cliffs slope to the shore in imposing curves, forming inclined planes from 100 to 150 ft. in length; and the retreat of the tide leaves dry under *Penkinna Head* a rugged bed of rocks, among which are several beautiful stones variously coloured green, white, and brown, and marked by a net-work of white or yellow quartz veins, which the wear of the sea has brought into prominent relief. This bay appears intended by nature for a harbour, and

a company who are working a slate-quarry about a mile up the valley, have contemplated throwing out a pier from *Carnbeak*. The slate of the cove was some years ago quarried on the face of the cliff; but the stone proving of an inferior quality the works were abandoned.

Minster Church, a small antique building 1 m. N. of Boscastle, deserves notice as situated in a secluded nook among the hills.

The distance from Boscastle to *Tintagel* is about 3 m., the intermediate country, though hilly, bearing some resemblance to a natural terrace, bounded on the seaboard by precipices, and on the land side by a range of elevated hills, the reputed border of the old Saxons and Britons. Proceeding from Boscastle towards *Tintagel* (you should walk by the coast) —

2 *Longbridge*. — At this spot the road crosses a deep *bottom*, through which a brawling stream flows to the sea, and a mile up the valley falls nearly 40 ft. in a cascade called *St. Nighton's Keeve*. Owing to a thick growth of brake it is a difficult task to walk through the valley to this waterfall. The better plan is to turn off the road at a farm-house called *Trethevey*, standing at the top of the descent into the bottom. From this place by crossing three fields the cascade may be reached without trouble. The valley is abruptly terminated by a barrier of rock, through a chasm of which the stream is hurried to a fall, and tumbles about 30 ft. into a circular basin, or *keeve*. From this it passes through a natural arch, and gushing under and over a large slab of stone, which is curiously fixed in the opening, is precipitated again 10 ft. into a dell dark with foliage. Altogether the scene is romantic and interesting, and will well repay a scramble even up the valley. A few yards below the fall the water is confined by a dam, and here there is a large rectangular

mass of schist, about 20 ft. long by 6 ft. broad, of so uniform a shape, that it might be imagined to be a monumental stone raised over the remains of some solitary giant who had haunted the spot. The genii loci were, however, of less ponderous bone, for a story is told of two mysterious old ladies, who here lived the hermits of the dale, and in such secret retirement, that they actually died with their names unknown by the gossips of the neighbourhood. Many a tale now circles at their expense, and among others, that they lived upon snails, which are particularly numerous in this part of the country. One on foot should walk down the valley from the bridge to the sea. This is the prettiest part of it; it is roughened by schistose rocks, and contains Trevillet water-mills, which are proper subjects for the pencil, and have been painted by Creswick, under the title of "The Valley Mill." You should proceed by the cliffs to Tintagel. On the W. side of the bay into which the valley opens, is a dark little recess, called *Bossiney Hole*, shut in by lofty precipices. During the autumn, at low-water this spot, is a scene of singular bustle, as a number of donkeys are then employed in scrambling up and down the rocks, carrying bags of sand which are sold to the farmer as a top dressing for the land. A headland called *Willapark*, from its resemblance to the point at Boscastle, juts out to the W. of it, and opposite to the village of *Bossiney*. As seen from the W. it presents a sheer precipice of a very striking and beautiful appearance, a perfect wall, tinted with yellow lichens. *Bossiney* is remarkable for being built round a large barrow, on which it was the custom to read the writ for the election of M. P.s before the borough was disfranchised. It is a saying of the inhabitants that this barrow was "made at the same time as the world."

1 *Trevena.* (*Inn*: the Stuart

Wortley Arms.) This village is in the immediate vicinity of the headland of *Tintagel*, which, celebrated as the most romantic scene in Cornwall, derives additional interest from being crowned with a ruinous castle of high antiquity, the reputed birthplace and residence of King Arthur. The promontory strikingly illustrates an action of the sea, which tends to separate headlands from the mainland and convert them into islands [see p. xlviij.], and consists of a peninsula, united to the coast by a neck of broken rocks, pierced by a long dark cavern, or rather tunnel, which may be visited at low-water. A wild hollow, commencing at *Trevena*, opens to the sea in the rocky recess under *Tintagel*, and the stream which flows through it falls over the precipice in a cascade. So abrupt is the cliff at this spot, that vessels were formerly brought alongside for the purpose of shipping slate. This hazardous practice is now discontinued, but a wooden stage, projecting over the cliff, and other machinery employed in loading the vessels still remain, and are a happy addition to the picturesque. The ruins of the *castle* are situated partly on the mainland and partly on the peninsula, being separated by the deep chasm or gap occasioned by the partial destruction of the isthmus. Considering the exposure of the locality, and the number of years which must have elapsed since the erection of the building, it is surprising that any portion should exist. The ruins, however, occupy an area of some extent, and consist of dark disintegrated walls, which are pierced by small square apertures and arched entrances. The different parts of the castle are said to have been once connected by a drawbridge, and this is not improbable, as the neck of land is continually diminishing under the repeated assaults of the sea, so that the chasm, if indeed it ex-

isted, must have been inconsiderable when the castle was built. In addition to the ruins which stand on the heights, the remains of an ancient landing-place, called *Porth Hera* (the Iron Gate), may be seen at the base of the promontory. These consist of a massive bastion and gateway, which, like the outer walls of the castle, are considered to date from the time of the early Britons; the rudeness of the masonry, and the use of china-clay for mortar, being evidence of great antiquity. The work is firmly bound together; for the S. wall of the castle with its coping of stone remains to this day at its original height. The peninsula is crowned by some fragments of a chapel, and will be visited by every intelligent traveller, the ascent now presenting little difficulty, as a winding path has been cut in the face of the cliff, although, it must be admitted, the remark of Norden still applies—"he must have eyes that will scale Tintagel." The early history of Tintagel Castle is to be gleaned only from tradition. There is no authentic record of its origin, but common report has handed down the name which invests it with such peculiar interest, and we shall perhaps not err in hailing it as the birth-place and residence of the British king Arthur. In Domesday Tintagel is mentioned by the name of *Dunchine*, signifying Chain Castle. Soon after the Conquest it was a residence of the Earls of Cornwall, and in 1245 Earl Richard, the son of King John, entertained in it his nephew, David Prince of Wales. Subsequently it became the property of the crown, and was occasionally used as a prison, until the reign of Elizabeth, when Burleigh, considering the cost of keeping it in repair too onerous, allowed it to fall into ruins, which now belong to the Duchy. Such in a few words is all that we know of Tintagel, but the stranger, as he con-

templates its mouldering time-worn stones, will probably recall the romantic stories of King Arthur and his stalwart knights, and re-erect the castle "in the air," gay with a pageant of ancient days, and echoing the sounds of chivalry; for, in truth, the solitude and magnificence which now characterise the spot are well calculated to encourage a truant fancy. The ruinous walls of this old castle are remarkable for their dark and sombre hue, which is unrelieved by the usual white patchwork of lichens, and the stones, worn to sharp edges by the weather, being laid on the bare rock, the direction of their laminae coinciding with those of the cliffs, can be scarcely distinguished from the ground at a little distance. The slate of the promontory well merits notice. Where removed from the more destructive influence of the waves, it has been singularly weathered by wind and rain into a multitude of little basins and ridges, presenting an appearance similar to that of a body of snow or ice which has been for some time exposed to the sun's rays. Some of these slate "rock basins" are whimsically called *King Arthur's cups and saucers*. On the W. side a grotesque mass of slate rises in a jagged pillar, about 40 ft. high, and appears as if it had been acted upon by a corrosive acid. A spring of fresh water rises on the summit of the promontory, and a few sheep pasture on the turf, and occasionally fall into the sea. The flavour of the island mutton is considered particularly fine. The botanist will observe that the cliffs are hung with *samphire*, and may procure specimens of *Trifolium stellatum* from their rocky crevices. The character of this iron-bound coast is well seen at Tintagel. The sea front, mostly composed of slate, presents a series of inaccessible headlands and gloomy recesses, illustrating the influence of the "Atlantic drift," which is especially directed into the Bristol

Channel. The sea is here ever heaving in long undulations, and the water being deep to the land, the base of the cliffs is worn by the roll of the waves into a concave surface, which presents an effectual barrier to escape in shipwreck.

With respect to the legends of *King Arthur*, so calculated to exert an influence on the imaginative visitor to this coast, they represent the hero as born at Tintagel in the year 452, and elected king of the Britons in 508, and as having long previously succeeded his nominal father Gorlous, at the age of fifteen, in the chieftainship of Danmonium. (Cornwall and Devon.) These particulars are all soberly told by the chroniclers of those ancient times; but from this preface they discourse into regions of romance and fancy, and dwell upon the divine wisdom and prowess of their favourite hero; and ring changes on his exploits when battling against the Saxon, and his loves with his three queens whom he married in succession. Of Gueniver, his second wife, Rapin informs us that dying childless, the women of the country fancied that all who walked over her grave would be barren, and for this reason great care was taken to hinder young damsels from approaching it. His third wife, like another Helen, fired the brand of discord, when Arthur, having crossed the seas to Armorica, confided the government to the hands of his nephew Mordred, who, conceiving an affection for the queen, espoused her publicly, and seizing Arthur's lordship of Danmonium, formed a defensive alliance with his mortal enemy Cerdic the Saxon. For seven years this civil war waged with varying success in the western part of Britain, but at the end of that period, when Arthur had attained the good old age of 90, terminated with the decisive battle of Cambalon, in which Mordred was slain and Arthur wounded mortally. From this fatal

field the heroic Arthur was carried to the Abbey of Glastonbury, and there, it is said, he died, and was buried by the side of his wife Gueniver. Many years afterwards, in the reign of Henry II., it is pretended that his body was found entire in his tomb, and showed the marks of ten wounds, of which one only appeared to have been mortal, and a stature so remarkable that the space between the eyebrows measured a span. Such, however, was the affection which the Britons entertained for their prince, that they would never believe him dead, and for ages expected his return from foreign countries, to which they said he had retired; and hence the many tales of his exploits and travels in distant lands, but to which also the titles of Germanicus, Gallicus, and Dacius, assumed by this prince, may have served as a foundation. His weapons of war were personified by the romantic genius of those early times: his shield was called *Pridwin*, his lance *Rou*, his sword *Caliburn*; and the latter, it is said, was long preserved in memory of the strong hand which had wielded it, and was presented to Tancred of Sicily by our Richard the First.

The *Church of Tintagel* stands on an exposed spot above the lofty cliffs W. of the castle. It once belonged to the Abbey of Fontevrault in Normandy. Edward IV. bestowed it upon the collegiate church at Windsor, and at present the dean and chapter of that establishment attach the great tithes, and are the patrons of the living. It contains an old font. The stranger will notice in the churchyard some ancient tombstones commemorative of a family of the name of Arthur. It is a curious circumstance that this name is common in the country round King Arthur's Castle.

1 m. S. of Trevena is *Trebarreth Strand*, the sandy shore of a bay about a mile in width, and deservedly a

favourite spot with artists; for not only is it intrinsically beautiful as a coast-scene, but it offers facilities for the study of the sea in its greatest purity, the billows being unsoftened by earthy particles held in suspension. The rocky cliffs of this part of Cornwall have, in particular, been painted by Creswick, and their features, thus faithfully portrayed by so clever a pencil, have recalled to the memory of the traveller Italian coast-scenery; and it is worthy of notice that the "pietra forte" of Florence—although little older than the London clay—has been so modified by subterraneous heat, that it was once considered a very ancient formation, and was classed with the Cornish killas under the name of *grauwacke*.

From Tintagel the traveller should return to Camelford by the *Delabole Slate Quarries*, which are 4 m. from Trevena and 2 m. from Camelford. They are celebrated for producing the best slate in the kingdom. On the road he will pass another large quarry called *Bowethick*, or *North Delabole*, situated in a valley rendered picturesque by intruding rocks, and opening to the sea at the little cove of *Port William*. Two villages owe their origin to the Delabole quarries, *Pengelley* and *Medrose*; the best accommodation is to be found at

4 *Pengelley*. (*Inn*: The Old *Delabole Inn*.) The quarries present one of the most astonishing and animated scenes imaginable. The traveller suddenly beholds three enormous pits, which, excavated by the uninterrupted labour of more than a century, are encompassed by dark blue hills of rubbish, which are continually on the increase, and slowly encroaching upon the domain of the farmer. The scene is enlivened by a throng of men busily engaged in various noisy employments, while waggons and horses are everywhere in rapid motion, and steam-engines are lifting with a harsh sound their ponderous arms, and raising loaded trucks from

the deepest parts of the pits, or masses of slate of several tons' weight, which are seen slowly ascending *guide-chains* to stages which overhang the quarries. The stranger should obtain the services of one of the "captains,"—superintendents, who are always willing to act as guides, and to explain the different operations to which the slate is subjected. The quarry nearest *Pengelley* is perhaps the most interesting of the three. This is about 260 ft. in depth, and divided by a ridge, no broader than a cartway, from the middle pit, which is now considered the most valuable, as it has not yet been excavated to any considerable depth, and the slate is of a prime quality. The third, or upper pit, is the largest. It has been worked for a period of about 140 years, and is now nearly exhausted, and the machinery being old, and the sides of the quarry loose and unstable, this pit is often the scene of melancholy accidents. Upon the edge of each quarry is the *Papote Head*, a projecting platform, from which a number of *guide-chains* are stretched like the shrouds of a ship to the base of the pit. The slate is first loosened by small charges of gunpowder; it is then torn up by wedges and crow-bars, and placed in trucks which, being attached to a wheel which traverses a *guide-chain*, are drawn up by the steam-engine some feet above the *Papote Head*. Moveable stages, called *hatches* or *tables*, are then run out under the trucks, which being lowered upon a framework on wheels, are drawn away by horses to the different workshops, where the slate is split into various sizes, according to the purpose it is intended to serve. The water is pumped from the quarries by water-wheels into an adit, and the slate is shipped at the little harbours of *Port Gavorne* and *Boscastle*, the former being the principal port in the summer, the latter in the winter, as affording the best

shelter to the vessels. About 1000 men are employed in these works, who raise, on an average, 120 tons of slate per day, which, manufactured on the spot into roofing slates, cisterns, and other articles, are exported to various parts of the United Kingdom, and to France, Belgium, the West Indies, and America. If the stranger should be desirous of comparing the different slates which are procured in this neighbourhood, he can ascertain their qualities by the *sound* when the stone is struck, which should be clear and sonorous; by the *colour*, since the light blue is always the firmer and closer stone, the blackish blue of a loose texture, and apt to imbibe water; and lastly by the *feel*, a good stone being hard and rough to the touch, and a bad one smooth and oily. The best slate from any quarry is called the *bottom-stone*, and at Delabole is found at and below a depth of 24 fath. from the surface, being there remarkable for its lightness and durability. The name *Delabole*, or *Dennabowl* (sometimes corrupted into Dilly-bolly), is in Cornwall often associated with patches of barren soil, and there are furze-crofts on many estates which are thus denominated. On the eastern edge of the Bodmin Moors we find a *Dennabowl* in close proximity to *Stonyford*, a name which sufficiently denotes the character of the district. The country in the vicinity of *Pengelly* bristles with hedges of slate, and the sides and roofs of out-houses are there frequently formed of single slabs of that material. The neighbourhood is a convenient one for the builder, as the proprietors of the quarries are too happy to have the *deads* removed, since their accumulation involves the sacrifice of much valuable land.

Proceeding from Camelford towards Wadebridge—

3 *St. Teath*. In the church see a *curious pulpit*, carved and coloured.

It was presented to the parish in 1630 by the family of Carminowe, who claimed descent from King Arthur. The windows bear the arms of Hen. VII.

3 *rt. St. Kew*: the church is ornamented with old painted glass, illustrative of the lives of Christ and of Jesse. On the same side of the road, at a distance of about 5 m., is *Endellion*. 1. *St. Tudy*. *Hengar House*, seat of Captain Onslow, is enriched by some tapestry and paintings. In the church are monuments of the Nicols family, one dated 1649.

2 l. *St. Mabyn*, and near it an earth-work called *Kilbury* or *Kelly Rounds*. The church-tower of *St. Mabyn* is one of the loftiest and most beautiful in the county.

2 *Wadebridge*. (*Inns*: the *Molesworth Arms*; the *Commercial Hotel*.) A town remarkable only for its bridge, which is the longest in the county. It is a fine old structure of 17 arches, and nearly 320 ft. in length, built in 1485, and said to have originated in the exertions of a Rev. Mr. Lovebone, vicar of Eglosheyl, who, affected by the continual loss of life at the ferry, raised by subscription a fund sufficient to pay the cost of its erection, and at his death bequeathed an annual sum of 20*l.* to be applied towards its maintenance. A fig-tree, which has fixed its roots in the interstices of the stone, grows above one of the arches. A railroad runs from this town to Bodmin, and a branch extends, in the direction of Camelford, to Wenford Bridge, near the rocky valley of *Hanter-Gantick*. (Rte. 15.) The trains carry passengers, but are principally employed in bringing copper and iron ore from the Lanescot and other mines, and conveying imports, and sea-sand for manure, up the country. The valley through which it passes contains the prettiest scenery in the neighbourhood. The situation of *St. Breock Church* is especially pleasing. The

parish church of *Egloskayle*, the church by the river, stands on the right bank of the Camel, and may be seen from the bridge. The old stone pulpit is an object of curiosity. About 5 m. on the road to Bodmin is *Pencarrow*, seat of Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M. P.; and 5 m. N. by E., in an elevated unfrequented part of the country, *Endellion*, with a weather-stained church, dating from the reign of Hen. VI.; and, on an opposite hill, some remains of *Roscarrock House*, once a ponderous building, castelated and loop-holed, and entered through a heavy arch of granite.

An excursion can be made from Wadebridge by a wild bleak road, or by the river to

Padstow (by road 8 m.). (*Inns*: Commercial Hotel; Golden Lion.) This is one of those antiquated unsavoury fishing-towns which are viewed most agreeably from a distance. It is situated about 1 m. from the sea, near the mouth of the Camel estuary, and is said to derive its name from the circumstance of St. Patrick having resided in it during his stay in Cornwall. The Saxons called it *Petroc Stow*, as the head quarters of St. Petroc, one of St. Patrick's missionary bishops; but on the conquest of the county by Athelstan, the name of that monarch was given to it, and it was thenceforward known as *Athelstowe* to Leland's time (1552), after which it was re-christened as *Padstow*. It appears to have been a sea-port of some consequence in early days, and is mentioned as having contributed two war-ships fully equipped for the siege of Calais (Edw. III.). Its prosperity, according to a tradition, declined in the reign of Hen. VIII., in consequence of an accumulation of sand at the mouth of the harbour.

The Church is a Gothic edifice dedicated to St. Petroc. It has been lately repaired, but contains an interesting font, constructed of a kind

of slate called *catacleuze*, and decorated with figures of the twelve apostles. The pulpit is modern, but ornamented with ancient panels which deserve notice. The font was once regarded by the inhabitants as endued with a marvellous property, which was held in high esteem by the *mauvais sujets* of the town. This was nothing less than the virtue of preserving those who had been baptized in it from the gallows. About fifty years ago, however, much to their discomfiture, a man named Elliot, who had been duly christened in it, was convicted of robbing the mail and hanged.

Place House (Charles Prideaux Brune, Esq.), the ancient seat of the family of Prideaux, stands, encircled by trees, upon the high ground above Padstow. It was erected in 1600 upon the site of a monastery said to have been founded by St. Petroc, and destroyed by the Danes in 981. It contains numerous pictures, including several of the youthful productions of the Cornish artist Opie. Among the portraits are those of Humphrey Prideaux, the learned Dean of Norwich, who was born here, and Harriet Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. There is a large painting of Jupiter and Europa, some good landscapes, cattle-pieces, and a Madonna and Child. In the neighbouring parish of St. Merryn is *Harlyn*, the seat of the Peter family; and in that of St. Issey some slight traces of *Halwyn*, where, according to the tradition, a Champenowne and his lady lived in separate establishments on opposite sides of the estuary. The church of *Little Petherick*, on the Wadebridge road (3 m.), contains a valuable copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs, 3 vols. folio, pub. in 1684.

Padstow Harbour, though much obstructed by sand, with an entrance narrow and dangerous, and a bar called the *Dunbar* within its mouth, is the only place of shelter on the N.

coast of Cornwall; and during gales from the N. W., when a refuge on this iron-bound shore is particularly required, its entrance is attended with considerable risk, as at these times there is an eddy of wind within the point, by which vessels are likely to be taken aback and driven upon the sands. A capstan has, however, been lately placed on *Stepper Point* (227 ft. above the sea), and when a vessel is expected, a pilot boat waits within the headland, so as to carry a hawser on board in time to prevent these fatal effects. The sands are thought to be now on the decrease, owing to the amazing quantity which is annually taken from the Dunbar, and despatched for manure up the country. The amount thus carried away in the year has been estimated at no less than 100,000 tons. A *raised beach* may be seen at the mouth of the harbour. The E. shore of the estuary is desolated with sand which, piled in a series of naked hills, gives great wildness to the view from Padstow, but has rather a cheerful appearance on an overclouded day, when it delusively appears brightened by sunshine. This sand has partly buried an ancient chapel, dedicated to *St. Enodock*, and situated under the E. side of *Bray Hill*, a barren eminence 209 ft. above the sea, lying a short distance N. of Padstow, but on the opposite side of the harbour. The sand is piled around this building to the level of the roof, and has been excavated to allow a passage to the door, but is now fixed by turf. Its accumulation appears to have been arrested at a distant period, as there are several ancient tombstones upon the surface. Observe one on the N.E. side of the churchyard with a quaint inscription and date 1687. This little church was built about the year 1430, to supply the place, it is thought, of an ancient oratory, traces of which were revealed about 50 years ago, but only for a short time, by the shifting of the

sand on Bray Hill. On approaching it little else is seen than its crooked spire of slate stone, blackened by the salt breezes and encrusted with yellow lichens. The seats in the interior are worm-eaten, and ornamented with carving so rude that it might be imagined coeval with the ark. The antiquary, however, will regret that repairs are now in progress, by which it is probable that the most interesting features of this little fane will be obliterated. Its Norman font is another indication of the existence of a church prior to the present structure. Connected with this building, a story is told, that some years ago, the clergyman, in order to preserve his emoluments and fees, was in the habit of descending into the pulpit by a sky-light. Service is now performed in it once a fortnight. On the opposite side of the estuary, and near *Trevoze Head* (4 m. W.), the stranger will find the tower of another old church, dedicated to *St. Constantine*, which the sand invaded with more fatal effect. In its vicinity the *Feast of St. Constantine* used to be annually celebrated, and has been discontinued only a few years. Its celebration consisted in the destruction of limpet-pies and service in the church, which were followed by a hurling match.

Near the mouth of the harbour are three *island rocks*, which are visited in the summer by parties of pleasure, or persons in search of gulls' eggs. There is risk, however, in the excursion, as a ground-sea sometimes rises without warning, and cuts off the retreat.

At *Porthqueen* and *Kellan Head* (alt. 209 ft.), situated on the coast between Padstow and *Port Isaac*, are fine specimens of trap dykes. At *Kellan Head* the intrusive rock has caught up fragments of slate, which appear to have been much altered by the heat of the igneous mass.

Trevoze Head (4 m. W.) is a good point for a view of the coast, since it

is situated about midway between Hartland and St. Ives, and projects boldly into the Channel. In 1847 a lighthouse was erected upon it, which exhibits two fixed lights, one upon the summit of the tower (alt. 204 ft.), the other at the base, and 129 ft. above high-water mark. Between *Pentire Point* and *Trevoise Head* the cliffs show the effects of considerable disturbance. On the W. side of the latter headland tæpæan rocks are singularly mixed with arenaceous beds and argillaceous slates. Organic remains occur abundantly in the slates and calcareous beds near *Dinas Cove*, S. of *Padstow*.

Proceeding from *Wadebridge* towards *St. Columb*:—

2 Before reaching this milestone a small stone cross l. on the roadside.

1 The traveller enters the dreary district of *St. Breock Downs* (alt. 739 ft.), which has a particularly black and gloomy aspect, even at a distance.

2 Here, l. of the road, may be seen 3 or 4 upright stones, the remnant of 9, which once stood in a row, and were known as the *Nine Maidens*. They are generally considered sepulchral monuments. A rock, called the *Druids' Altar*, stands on *St. Breock Downs*, about 1 m. in an easterly direction from this part of the road.

3 *St. Columb Major (Inn*: Red Lion, kept by Polkinhorne, the celebrated wrestler). This town is situated about 5 m. from the sea, and derives its name, according to the tradition, from *St. Columb*, one of the missionary bishops whom *St. Patrick* consecrated and sent into Cornwall to preach against *Druidism*. It is seated upon an eminence, the reputed site of a Danish fortification. The date of the *Church* is assigned by *Hals* to the 12th century, but the greater part of the original building was accidentally destroyed by gunpowder in 1676.

The timber used in its construction is said to have been grown upon *Tregoss Moors*, the fabled hunting-ground of *King Arthur*, and the Cornish word *gosse* signifies a wood; but the traveller will admit that there is nothing to countenance the tradition in the present appearance of this district, which is as bald as a desert, and even in *Leland's* time (Hen. VIII.) was described as "a morish ground al barren of woodde."

Trewan, property of the *Vyvyans*, stands on an eminence above the town, of which it commands a fine view in connection with a long distance of hill and valley. The house is a battlemented granite building of the 15th cent., but now untenanted and fallen into ruins. *Carnanton*, seat of *H. Wilyams, Esq., M. P.* for *Truro*, inherited from *Noye*, the attorney-general of *Charles I.*; and *Nanswhyden*, *Miss Brune*, are near *St. Columb*. The latter formerly belonged to *Mr. Hoblyn*, who published an edition of the *Stannary laws*. He was speaker of the *Stannary parliament*, and died in 1756. His monument may be seen in the church.

In the neighbourhood you should visit the vale and village of *Mawgan*, the watering-place of *Newquay*, and the coast between *Piran Sands* and *Trevoise Head*. (Walk to *Mawgan* through the *Carnanton* woods, or drive by the lodge through the grounds, permission being given).

The *Vale of Mawgan*, situated between *St. Columb* and the sea, is prettily enclosed by wooded hills, and opens to the shore between two rocky cliffs. The secluded village of *Mawgan* is 3 m. from *St. Columb*. The church contains a screen, and several ancient brasses and monuments to the memory of the "Great *Arundels*" of *Lanherne*; the churchyard one of the most interesting sculptured crosses in the county, and the stern of a boat, painted white.

and erected in the place of a tombstone on the grave of 10 unfortunate fishermen who, on a winter's night of 1846, were drifted ashore in their boat, a ghastly crew, frozen to death. Adjoining the church is the old manor-house of the Arundels—*Lanherne*, for the last fifty years a Carmelite convent. It originally belonged to a family named *Pincerna*, and became the property of the Cornish Arundels in 1231. On their extinction in 1700 it passed to Lord Arundel of Wardour, and in the beginning of the present century was assigned by its proprietor to a sisterhood of nuns, who, driven from France to Antwerp by the Revolution, had emigrated to England when the French entered Holland. It has always belonged to a Roman Catholic; and in one of the walls, it is said, there is a secret chamber in which a priest was concealed for 18 months in the reign of Elizabeth. One side of the house is very ancient; the other 150 years old. The inmates are an abbess and 20 nuns, 18 English and 2 French women, who inhabit the modern portion of the building. The chapel is the only room to which strangers can gain access. It is situated in the ancient part of the house, and contains some copies from the old masters, and a silver lamp burning perpetually before the high altar. The nuns occupy a gallery closely boarded and curtained, for even the officiating priest is denied a view of them. Strangers may here attend mass, but they are not allowed to advance from beneath the gallery whilst the nuns are in the chapel. The convent gardens, surrounded by high walls, are used for exercise and burial, the cemetery containing an ancient sculptured cross which originally stood in the parish of Gwinear. From Mawgan you should walk down the valley to the coast, and visit *Mawgan Porth*, and the romantic little bay called *Bodrothan Steps*, about 1 m. to the N. of it.

St. Columb Minor is 5 m. from *St. Columb*, near the sea, in a valley W. of *Mawgan*. In its vicinity are the ruins of *Rialton Priory*, which are now, however, rather a subject for regret than admiration, as they have been much mutilated within the last few years. This religious house was founded about the end of the 15th century, by Thomas Vivian, then prior of Bodmin. On the coast is the little harbour of *Lower St. Columb Porth*, where the traveller may witness the phenomenon of a *blow-hole*, through which, at intervals, the sea is forcibly driven, when the tide is at a certain height.

Newquay (Inns: Old Inn; Red Lion), 7 m. from *St. Columb*, and 2 m. W. of *St. Columb Minor*, is a small watering-place where the pilchard fishery is pursued on a considerable scale. It is situated at the W. end of *Watergate Bay* under the shelter of *Towan Head*, and its firm sandy beach runs 3 m. E. beneath a range of romantic cliffs, which are particularly fine at a place called *Filorey* between *Newquay* and *Mawgan*. In a W. direction, between *Towan Head* and *Piran Bay*, the coast presents the following series of sandy coves which are girded by cavernous cliffs:—*Fistal Bay*, bounded on the W. by *Pentire Point* and the *Goose rock*:—*Cranstock Bay* with the estuary of the *Gannel*, which is little else than sand; the islet called the *Chick* is off the W. point:—*Holywell Bay*, so named from a spring of fresh water in a cavern accessible only at low tide; the bay terminates on the W. with *Penhale Point* and the outlying rock termed the *Carters*.

Newquay is to be the northern terminus of a railroad commenced by the late Mr. Treffry, of *Place House*, *Fowey*. It is at present unfinished, but is to be completed according to the directions contained in the testament of its projector. It will run from one coast of the county to

the other in a line from Par to Newquay.

The neighbourhood of Newquay has much interest for the geologist. He may find a bed of fossiliferous limestone, resting on variegated slates, in the small island lying off Lower St. Columb Porth; and in the cliffs of Watergate Bay a very excellent section of these slate beds, and a fine example of an elvan (about 2 m. W. of Mawgan), which cuts the grauwacke cliff nearly at right angles to the strike of the beds. At Newquay the blown sand is consolidated into a very interesting rock—a recent sandstone, which is still in the course of formation, owing to the infiltration of water holding iron in solution. It is sufficiently compact to be quarried for building purposes, and when ground and burnt forms an excellent cement, and has been used as such in Newquay pier. As a building stone it has been employed in the construction of the neighbouring church of *Crantock*. When first raised it is somewhat soft, but becomes hard by exposure, in consequence of the evaporation of the water previously contained in it. The cliffs between Newquay and Trevoze Head illustrate, in a striking manner, the destruction of a coast by heavy breakers.

2 m. S. E. of St. Columb is the eminence of *Castle an Dinas* (alt. 729 ft.), crowned with an elliptical doubly-entrenched camp of 6 acres, which some have attributed to the Danes and others to the Romans. The ramparts are formed of earth and stones. The alteration of slate by the proximity of granite, is well seen on this hill. Observe the schorl, which has been introduced among the laminae.

The *Roche Rocks* (Rte 15.) are about 5 m. distant, in the same direction. 4 m. S. W. is the village of *Colan*, of interest for its church, which is supposed to have been built in 1250 by Bishop Branscombe.

For the remainder of this route, see Rte. 15.

ROUTE 17.

PLYMOUTH TO PENZANCE, BY LISKEARD, LOSTWITHIEL, ST. AUSTELL, TRURO, HELSTON, AND MARAZION.

From Plymouth our road into Cornwall passes through Devonport and its fortifications to the ferry across *Hamoaze*, where the carriage and horses are placed upon the *steam-bridge*, in the centre of which is an engine working a drum, upon which are two turns of a chain stretching from shore to shore. The ferry passes under the stern of the old *Foudroyant* (in which Earl St. Vincent won his baronetcy), and on each side of it are numerous ships laid up in ordinary, having much the air of tigers with their teeth drawn and claws pared.

3 *Torpoint*. From the ferry the road skirts more or less closely for about 8 m. the *Lynher Creek* or *St. Germans River*, crossing several considerable arms which are tributary to it. Beyond the town it passes, on the rt., *Thankes*, a seat of Lord Graves.

1 *Antony*. The church is said to have been built in 1420. It contains monuments in memory of Richard Carew, author of the "Survey of Cornwall," who died in 1620; of Lady Margery Arundel, dated 1420; and of Captain Graves, R. N., who played a gallant part in the attack on St. Jago in the reign of Geo. II.

3 *Sheviock*. Here, as at Antony, the church is the most notable object; indeed, it is, in part, one of the oldest in the county. Carew gives us the legendary history of its foundation, recounting how it was built by one of the Dawneys, lords of the manor of Sheviock, whilst the dame of this Dawney was at the same time erecting a barn; and how the

cost of the barn exceeded that of the church by 3 half-pence; "and so," says our author, "it might well fall out, for it is a great barn, and a very little church." In the building are memorials of the Dawneys, and a costly monument, with effigies, to Edward Courtenay and his lady. *Trethill*, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. E. of the church, belonged to the family of Wallis, one of whom discovered Otaheite.

$\frac{1}{4}$ The hamlet of *Pulbathick*, prettily situated under a wooded hill at the head of the estuary. St. Germans and *Port Eliot* (Earl of St. Germans) are about 1 m. to the rt.

2 l. *Catchfrench*, F. Glanville, Esq.: about 1 m. beyond it, *Coldrinick*, C. Trelawny, Esq.

$\frac{2}{3}$ l. The old camp of *Blackaton*.

1 rt. The eminence of *Clicker Tor*, geologically remarkable for being of serpentine. The white Cornish heath, *Erica vagans*, grows upon it.

$\frac{1}{2}$ *Menheniot*, encompassed by hills and valleys. Here is a long-deserted mansion of the Trelawnys, which served for many years as the poor-house.

$\frac{2}{3}$ *Liskeard*, anciently *Liskerret*, the *Fortified Place* (*Inns*: Webb's Hotel; Bell Hotel; Commercial Hotel), situated in an elevated, but rich and well cultivated country. The monuments of antiquity in the neighbourhood are the objects of interest; the town itself contains nothing worth notice. At its eastern end is the site of a castle which gave Liskeard its ancient name. It is now laid out as a public walk, and has, in the centre, a small mean building, called a grammar-school, in which Dr. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, received the rudiments of his education. A walk leads from this spot over fields which were once the castle park, and whence a good view is obtained of the surrounding country, particularly of *Caradon Hill* (alt. 1208 ft.), cavernous with *mines*, and bounding the wild dis-

trict of the Bodmin Moors. A battle was fought on Bradock or Broadoak Down near Liskeard in 1643, in which Ruthen, the governor of Plymouth, was defeated by the royalists under Sir Ralph Hopton, who, without the loss of an officer, took the enemy's cannon and colours and 1250 prisoners. The stranger will find the following objects and excursions in this neighbourhood very interesting; and if a botanist, may look for *Anchusa sempervirens*, or *Evergreen Alkanet*, a rare plant, on heaps of rubbish in the lanes.

A walk to *Looe*, along the towing-path of the canal, 9 m., which passes down a valley very prettily wooded. The canal begins at a place called *Moorswater*, 1 m. W., and there communicates with a railway, which runs a circuitous and inclined course of $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the *Caradon Copper Mines*, and of $8\frac{1}{2}$ to the granite quarries of the *Cheesewring*. Persons are allowed to walk along the rail, but it is a round-about way of reaching the moor. Towards evening the produce of the mines and quarries is brought down to *Moorswater*, in detached trucks, which follow one another in succession, under the control of breaksmen, and are drawn back the next day by horses. The copper and granite are here transferred to barges, in which they are forwarded to *Looe* to be shipped.

St. Keyne's Well ($\frac{1}{3}$ m. E. of the interesting church of the same name, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of Liskeard), a spring of rare virtues, in the belief of the country people, and covered in by old masonry, upon the top of which grow five large trees, a Cornish elm, an oak, and three antique ash trees, on so narrow a space, that it is difficult to imagine how the roots can be accommodated. According to a legend, St. Keyne presented this well to the inhabitants in return for the church which they had dedicated to her; and it is said to share with *St. Michael's Chair* at:

the Mount a marvellous property, by which the husband or wife who can first obtain a draught of water from the spring will acquire the ascendancy in domestic affairs. This mystical well is the subject of a ballad by Southey, which concludes with the following lines:—

“ I hastened as soon as the wedding was
o'er,
And left my good wife in the porch,
But !' faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church ! ”

At *Duloe*, 2 m. beyond the village of *St. Keyne*, on a farm opposite the church, and in a field, a gun-shot l. of the road, the remains of an ancient *circle* of large upright stones, about 30 ft. in diameter. The old monument, however, is in a very mutilated condition. A hedge bisects it, one stone lies prostrate in the ditch, five only stand upright, and three appear to be wanting to complete the circle. The stones, which are rough and unhewn, are principally composed of white quartz, and one is about 9 ft. in height. *Duloe church* contains numerous old tombs and brasses. Between it and the village of *Sandplace* (on the canal) is a celebrated spring, sacred to *St. Cuby*, and commonly called *St. Kiby's Well*.

Clicker Tor, 2½ m. on the road to *St. Germans*, an eminence well known to the geologist as consisting of dark green *serpentine*, which is traversed by veins of amiantoid asbestos. The white Cornish heath, *Erica vagans*, which grows only on a soil of serpentine, may be found on the hill.

St. Cleer, 2 m. N., in the vicinity of several curious monuments of ancient days, and also interesting for its situation in a wild mining district at the foot of the moors. The road from *Liskeard* crosses *St. Cleer Down* (alt. 753 ft.), a stony height commanding a fine view, and then enters the church-town of *St. Cleer*, so called after the founder of the order of *Poor Clares*. She was an Italian by

Dev. & Cornw.

birth, and follower of *St. Francis*, who promised his disciples riches in the next world if they adhered to a vow of perpetual poverty in this. Out of *Cornwall* she is known as *St. Clare*. The stranger will notice the tower of the church, 97 ft. high, and, on the N. side of the building, an arch with zigzag moulding, now closed by masonry; and then proceed in search of the following curiosities.

The *Half Stone*, a mutilated granite pillar in a field about ¼ m. W.N.W. of the church. A few years ago some curious person excavated the ground at the foot of this monument, and discovered in it a mass of stone which was supposed to be the part that had been broken from the *Half Stone*, and it was accordingly named the *Other Half Stone*. The fragment still lies in the hole in which it was found, and is said to bear the following inscription: “ *Doniert rogavit pro animâ.* ” The traveller will be puzzled to decipher the words, but he may feel inequalities on the surface of the stone. *Doniert* is supposed to have been *Dungerth*, traditionally a king of *Cornwall*, who was drowned in 872. The *Half Stone*, now exposed to its base, is about 12 ft. long, and 7 ft. in height from the ground: it is doubtless a sepulchral monument, and old writers mention the discovery of an arched vault at the foot of it.

The *Well of St. Cleer*, the ivy-mantled ruin of the *baptistry*, or chapel, by which it was enclosed, and an ancient *cross*, about 9 ft. high, forming a group by the road-side, 100 yards below the church;—“ *memorials*,” says the author of “ *Notes in Cornwall*,” “ of the innocent and reverend custom of the ancient church to connect close together the beauty of Nature and the beauty of Religion by such means as the consecration of a spring or the erection of a road-side cross.” The chapel was destroyed by fanatics in the civil war, but appears to have been similar to

size and construction to that which now stands by Dupath Well near Callington (Rte. 20.). The great slabs of granite, which once formed the roof, and now lie heaped in a confused ruin, are very striking. The well is said to have been once used as a *bowsensing*, or *ducking pool*, for the cure of mad people. Having proceeded from this spot into the valley $\frac{1}{4}$ m. distant, the traveller will observe, opposite to the road by which he has descended, a narrow horse-path. This leads up the hill to the

Trevethy Stone, or the *Grave-house*, about 1 m. E.N.E. of the church, a monument consisting of a slab about 12 ft. in length by 10 ft. in breadth, supported in a slanting position by 6 upright stones, forming a kistvaen, or stone chest, and raised upon a tumulus. Another block has fallen within, so that a person can enter the enclosure, which is now used as a tool-house by the neighbouring outtagers. The height from the ground to the upper point of the table-stone, near which is a small circular hole, is about 16 ft. At the base of one of the upright stones is a square aperture, from which the stone appears to have been cut to form an entrance. The *Trevethy Stone*, if considered as a cromlech, is the largest memorial of the kind existing in Cornwall, and derives additional interest from its elevated position, which commands the country for many miles. A short distance W. of it the railway crosses the foot of a down, which was formerly covered with blocks of snow-white quartz, and of which many still remain.

Caletha Rock, in the bed of a stream, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. below Drains Bridge (on the road to the Jamaica Inn), originating a small but pleasing cascade.

The *Caradon Copper Mines*, at present yielding a considerable return. They are excavated in solid granite, and situated at the foot of *Caradon Hill* (alt. 1208 ft.), which should be ascended for the view. From these

mines a branch of the railway climbs a steep hill to the moor. At the summit is *Huel Gonomena*, and at a short distance beyond it, by the side of the railway, the ruin of a cottage. From this spot you will strike over the moor to the l. for about a hundred yards to

The Hurlers, formerly three large Druidical circles, placed side by side, with their centres in a line, and named in accordance with a tradition that they were once men who, amusing themselves by hurling on the sabbath, were transformed into stone. Hals, a writer on Cornish antiquities, adverting to this legend, quaintly remarks, "Did but the ball which these hurlers used when flesh and blood, appear directly over them immoveably pendent in the air, one might be apt to credit some little of the tale; but as the case is, I can scarcely help thinking but the present stones were always stones, and will to the world's end continue so, unless they will be at the pains to pulverize them." It is to be regretted that the possibility of their conversion has been fully demonstrated, and that many of these unfortunate hurlers have been long since reduced to their original dust, or been cut in twain or embowelled to serve the purpose of the farmer. One circle is destroyed with the exception of two of the stones, and the others are very imperfect. $\frac{1}{4}$ m. beyond the ruined cottage at which the traveller turned aside, the railroad ends at a granite quarry excavated in a hill bristling with rocks, from the midst of which rises that wonder of the moors — the

Cheesewring. This remarkable object consists of tabular blocks of granite heaped one upon the other after the manner of cheeses to the height of 24 ft., but has probably acquired its name from its supposed resemblance to the press employed in the preparation of cider, in squeezing out the liquor from the *cheese* or pounded

apple. It derives its extraordinary appearance from the circumstance of the stones at the base being only half the size of those they support, which are 10 and 12 ft. in diameter. Hence the shape of the pile is that of a huge fungus, with a stalk so slenderly proportioned for the weight of the head, that the spectator will find it hard to divest himself of the idea of its instability. Borlase was of opinion that this wonderful rock had been worshipped as an idol by the Druids; and it is certainly well calculated to impress the fancies of untutored men, and in early times must, indeed, have been a striking object, when encompassed by a pathless moor, most desolate and lonely. A few years ago it was unfortunately discovered that the granite which formed the substance of this hill was of a superior quality; a railway was conducted to the spot, buildings were erected, and the destructive quarryman is now at work within a few feet of the Cheesewring itself. By a lease recently granted by the Duchy, bounds have been set to the quarry, in order that this famed curiosity should escape the general havoc; but the ground about it is strewn with rubbish, and the neighbouring rocks, which add so much to the effect of the scene, are daily diminishing in their numbers. The eminence commands an imposing prospect. Two seas form the horizon N. and S., and Brown Willy lifts his head in the N.W., and offers a landmark to those wishing to proceed to the Jamaica Inn. On a clear day you may see from Hartland to Plymouth, and both Dartmoor and Exmoor enter into the view. About the middle of the last century a rock near the Cheesewring was the retreat of a very singular character — one Daniel Gumb — who, locally known as the Mountain Philosopher, was born of poor parents in the parish of Lezant, and brought up as a stone-cutter. As a mere boy he showed

a fondness for books, and at a more advanced age directed his studies to mathematics and astronomy, and was oftener seen mapping the stars upon the granite than labouring at his vocation. He abandoned all idea of making a fortune by stone-cutting, and taxed his ingenuity for the reduction of his expenses, which pressed sorely on his time to the exclusion of his favourite pursuits. With this object he searched upon the moor for a rock which might be converted into a house, and finding a mass of granite in the vicinity of the Cheesewring well adapted to his purpose, he so excavated the ground beneath it, as to form a rude dwelling, in which, with his wife and family, he lived rent and tax-free for many years. As a result of his studies, he left the slab, which had served him for a roof, scored with diagrams illustrative of some of the most difficult problems of Euclid. His cavern is now called *Gumb's Rocks*. It is near the foot of the hill. The roof has fallen, but the "bed room," bearing the date 1735, and the stone from which the philosopher was accustomed to star-gaze, are still pointed out.

Several rocky tors are situated in this neighbourhood. *Sharpitor*, or *Sharp Point Tor* (1200 ft.), rises in a beautiful cone immediately N. of the Cheesewring, and bears upon its western slope the remains of those ancient enclosures called *hut circles*, and lines of stones. *Kilmarth* (1277 ft.), directly N. by W. of Sharpitor, and the grandest of the group, stretches E. and W. in a ridge which is nearly precipitous on its N. flank. The granite heaped upon this hill presents the most fantastic forms, and the solitude of the spot is as yet undisturbed by the quarryman. A pile of rocks, starting upward from its crest, and W. of the summit, presents the appearance of a leaning tower, the upper surface outlying the base. Two other hills,

rising N. of Kilmarth, will strike the attention by the grandeur of their irregular outline. These are *Hawk's Tor* (the easternmost) and *Trewartha Tor* (1050 ft.). Some *hut circles*, remains of *avenues*, lines of stones, and vestiges of ancient stream-works, may be found between Kilmarth and the Jamaica Inn.

Those who are fond of wild scenery will derive much pleasure from a walk from Liskeard, by the Jamaica Inn and Brown Willy, to Camelford, from which they can visit Tintagel, on the N. coast (Rte. 16.).

The *Church of St. Neot* (Perp. date 1480), about 4 m. N.W. of Liskeard, contains some of the finest painted glass in the kingdom. It fills 14 windows, and has been recently restored at a great expense by the Rev. R. G. Grylls, patron of the living. One of the windows illustrates the legend of St. Neot, another that of St. George; a third and a fourth contain a representation of the events recorded in the Old Testament, from Adam to Noah; and a fifth the nine grades of the angelic hierarchy, viz. Archangeli, Cherubim, Potestates, Principatus, Throni, Angeli, Seraphim, Dominatus, and Virtutes. At the E. end of the building is a stone coffin, which is said to have once held the remains of St. Neot, and to have been pillaged by the founders of St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, who, according to the legend, carried off the bones of the saint, and deposited them in that church. In the burial-ground is the tomb of one Robins, who bequeathed a sum of money to the poor of this parish on a condition recorded on the stone —

“ If this stone be not kept in repair,
The legacy devolves unto his heir.”

About 2 m. W. of this village, in the parish of Warleggan, is *Treved-doe tin stream-work*, which is well worth seeing, and noticed at page 138. Between Liskeard and Lost-

withiel ground, *Viola lactea*, a rare plant, which is also found in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells.

11½ *Lostwithiel* (corrupted from *Lestwithiel*, i. e. the lofty palace, its name till lately) (*Inn*: the Talbot), situated upon the river Fowey, in a romantic position. It is fancifully said to be *lost-within-the-hill*. The *Church*, date 14th century, was used as a barrack by the Parliamentary army under Essex. It has an E. Eng. tower, and a Dec. octagonal lantern and spire. The E. window is fine, and the old font ornamented with a strange medley of devices. Here is the *Stannary Prison* for the county, and the original *Stannary Court* in the adjoining Shire-hall, which was built by Edmund, Earl of Cornwall. In the neighbourhood an iron-lode, contained in a cross-course, is extensively worked in *Restormel Mine*, which the queen entered when she visited Cornwall.

The interesting ruins of *Restormel Castle* crown the right bank of the river, 1 m. N. This building was originally one of the palaces of the Earls of Cornwall, and doubtless gave name to the town. It is described by Leland as “unroofed and sore defaced” in the time of Henry VIII., and appears to have been a ruin in the days of Norden and Carew. It was garrisoned in the civil war by the Parliament, and taken by Sir Richard Grenville, Aug. 21st, 1644. The walls are 9 ft. thick, and encompassed by a moat now filled with briars.

Lanhydrock House (T. J. Agar Robartes, Esq., M. P.), 2½ m. N.W., is a granite edifice, partly in its ancient condition, and was formerly the seat of the Robartes, Barons Truro and Earls of Radnor, but now belongs to the Hon. Mrs. Agar, and is occupied by her son, Mr. Robartes. The N. and S. wings bear date, respectively, 1636, 1642; the gateway 1651. The house is approached by an avenue planted in 1642, and contains a gallery 116 ft. in length, the ceiling of which

is adorned by a rude stucco relief of the Creation. It was garrisoned for the Parliament in the civil war, and surrendered in 1644 to the king, who bestowed it on his general Sir Richard Grenville, but the Parliament restored it to its original owner. Close to the house is the church of Lanhydrock, in which are monuments to the Earls of Radnor, and in the churchyard a granite cross.

Boconnoc (the residence of the Hon. G. M. Fortescue), 4 m. E., was purchased by Governor Pitt, the grandfather of the great Earl of Chatham, but is now the property of Lady Grenville. In the mansion are some good paintings by Kneller, Lely, and Reynolds, and a bust of Lord Chatham. In the park an obelisk, erected in 1776, to the memory of Sir Richard Lytton. It stands in an entrenchment which is supposed to have been thrown up in 1644, when the king made Boconnoc headquarters after the capitulation of the army of the Earl of Essex at Fowey. The grounds of Boconnoc are generally considered the most beautiful in the county. The lawn consists of 100 acres, and the woods stretch far over hill and valley watered by tributaries to the little river Lerrin. A carriage road, 6 m. long, runs through them.

The valley of the river between Lostwithiel and Fowey (7 m. S.), is remarkable for some of the most delightful scenery in Cornwall.

$\frac{1}{2}$ l. *Pelyn House*, seat of the Kendall family.

$\frac{1}{4}$ rt. The fine tower of *Lanlivery* church may be seen from the road.

2 *St. Blazey*. (*Inn*: the Pack-horse.) This town is named after St. Blaise, the patron of woolcombers, who was bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, but has the honour of a place in the Church of England calendar. He is said to have landed at Par (3d century) on a visit to England, and to have been subsequently tortured with iron combs, and martyred during the

persecution of the Christians by the Roman emperor Licinius, A. D. 316. His memory is to this day perpetuated at St. Blazey, and in the manufacturing districts in the N. of England, by a festival on the 3d of Feb. The effigy of this bishop, and also the tomb of a Saxon chieftain, may be seen in the church. Close to the town is *Prideaux*, the seat of Sir Colman Rashleigh, Bart., an ancient quadrangular mansion with stairs of granite. The most interesting object in the neighbourhood is

The *Treffry Viaduct*, 2 m., a magnificent granite structure, erected at the sole cost of the late Mr. Treffry, of Place House, Fowey. It spans the romantic *Valley of Carmeirs*, at an elevation of more than 100 ft., and carries a railway — another work begun by Mr. Treffry, and which he had contemplated extending to the N. coast, — and a stream for mining purposes across the valley, the latter flowing in a passage below the roadway.

Near the turnpike you will find an *inscribed stone*, about 7 ft. in height, remarkable for being inscribed on both sides. On the heathery ground in the vicinity of the town *Betula alnus* (alder) grows in profusion.

Luxulian, N. of St. Blazey, possesses an ancient church, with a Gothic porch and handsome ceiling, but principally known as the depository of the Stannary records during the civil war. The moors in the neighbourhood are wild and rocky, and contain some of the most important of the tin stream-works.

At *Par*, S. of St. Blazey, an active pilchard fishery is pursued, and a great quantity of ore, china-stone, and china-clay shipped to Swansea and the potteries. This was Mr. Treffry's harbour, and it is mainly formed by one of those great works which will immortalise his name — a *break-water*, 450 ft. in length, constructed entirely at his expense. Par is known for its quarries of *white*

granite, a very beautiful material, of which the lighthouse and beacon on Plymouth breakwater were built; and also for its group of copper mines, now worked as one concern under the title of *Par Consols*, in which the various operations are conducted on a gigantic scale. The condition of this concern is at present very flourishing, and mainly to be attributed to the enterprise of the late Mr. Treffry, who was one of the principal proprietors. The country in which the mine is excavated is slate, and the engine a very colossus in size and power.

5 *St. Austell.* (*Inn*: White Hart.) This town, named, it is said, from St. Austol, a hermit, has a place in history as having been taken by Charles I. in 1644. The Church, a large Perp. building, with fine tower, nave, and aisles, an E. Eng. chancel, and three cradle roofs, is worth notice. It contains an ancient font and much fanciful sculpture. The ladder, spear, nails and hammer, implements and emblems of the crucifixion, but which pass with the vulgar for miners' tools, are represented on the walls and seats, and over the S. porch is an inscription, which has proved a sore puzzle to antiquaries, but is generally deciphered as the Cornish words *Ry-du, Give to God*. The figures on the tower represent God the Father supporting the crucified Saviour, Joseph and Mary, and the 12 apostles. A flat stone in the pavement near the market-house is known as the *Menegew* or *Men-gu Stone*, and is a relic of antiquity for which the inhabitants entertain a feeling of respect; but it is a mooted question what purpose it originally served. It seems the most probable conjecture that it once formed a boundary-mark of the manor, as there is a custom that impounded cattle should be brought to the Men-gu Stone, and publicly exposed, before they can be legally sold. *Proclamations* are read from it at

this day, and there is a tradition that an unfortunate witch was once burnt upon it. $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of the town is *Perrice*, Sir J. S. Graves Sawle, Bart., and near *Mevagissey*, at a distance of 5 m., *Heligan*, the seat of J. H. Tremayne, Esq. There are some interesting points in the neighbourhood, viz.:—

Charles Town, one of the largest tin mines in the county. The name also attaches to *Polnear*, the port of St. Austell, 2 m. distant.

Pentuan, 4 m. S., formerly known for its stream-works, which in some places have been carried on at a depth of 50 ft. below the level of the sea. In the tin-bed were found the roots and stumps of oak trees in their natural position, showing clearly that a considerable change in the relative level of land and water must have here occurred. Pentuan also gives its name to an excellent building-stone, quarried in a fine-grained elvan, which, composed of felspar, quartz, and crystals of mica, is remarkable for containing fragments of the slate rock which it traverses.

A small chapel, or baptistry, at *Menacuddle* ($\frac{1}{2}$ m.) enclosing a well which is said to possess very extraordinary virtues; and, in its vicinity, a small waterfall in a wood. Another old baptistry, like this of *Menacuddle*, may be found at *Towan* in the same parish.

Carclaze, however, is the greatest curiosity,—an immense tin-quarry, which, from time immemorial, has been worked open to the day. The stranger will find it by proceeding along the road to *Lostwithiel* as far as the china-clay works, about 1 m., and by then ascending the hill to the right by a cart road. *Carclaze* is at the summit (alt. 665 ft.), on a solitary moor, commanding a fine prospect along the coast.

The view of the mine is truly astonishing. The traveller suddenly discovers an enormous excavation, about 1 m. in circumference, and

more than 130 ft. in depth, containing streams and stamping mills, and a number of miners and labourers employed in extracting and dressing the ore. But the circumstance which renders Carclaze (the *grey rock*) so eminently imposing, is the whiteness of the cliffs as contrasting with the brown surface of the moor and the black coast in its vicinity. It requires, indeed, no great stretch of the imagination to fancy Carclaze a work of enchantment, and a chasm which has been opened by some potent magician in a mountain of silver. The country here consisting of a disintegrated schorlaceous granite, of the consistence of mortar, the mine has been necessarily worked open to the day, but at a certain depth the granite becomes more compact, and allows of *mining*. The white sides of the quarry are marked by black strings of schorl, oxide of tin, and quartz, which, unconnected with any lode, but filling the joints of the granite, appear to separate the cliffs into rectangular divisions. The ancient and present condition of the granite is a curious consideration. The material was once a solid rock, traversed by cracks, in which hard crystalline substances were gradually deposited. By the decomposition of the felspar, the ancient rock has been reduced to a pasty consistence, and has crumbled to pieces, while the original fissures have been filled with mineral matter, which stands out in prominent relief.

2 m. N. of Carclaze, on the E. flank of Hensbarrow, is *Beam Mine*, which, like Carclaze, was originally quarried, but is now mined.

Before the stranger leaves this neighbourhood he should visit the *China-clay works*. The granite which he has seen in Carclaze is locally known as *soft growan*, and abounds in the parishes of St. Stephen's, St. Dennis, and St. Austell. It often contains talc in the place of mica, and is characterised by the partial

decomposition of the felspar. In some localities this *growan* is tolerably firm, when it resembles the Chinese *kaolin*, and, quarried under the name of china-stone, is extensively employed in the potteries. This is ready for the market when cut into blocks of a size convenient for transport; but the softer material, which is dug out of *pits* and called *china-clay*, or *porcelain-earth*, requires a more elaborate preparation, for the purpose of separating the quartz, schorl, or mica from the finer particles of the decomposed felspar. This clay is dug up in *stopes*, or layers, which resemble a flight of irregular stairs. A heap of it is then placed upon an inclined platform, under a small fall of water, and repeatedly stirred with a *piggle* and shovel, by which means the whole is gradually carried down by the water in a state of suspension. The heavy and useless parts collect in a trench below the platform, while the china-clay, carried forward through a series of *catchpits*, or tanks, in which the grosser particles are deposited, is ultimately accumulated in larger pits, called *ponds*, from which the clear supernatant water is from time to time withdrawn. As soon as these ponds are filled with clay, they are drained, and the porcelain earth is removed to the *pans*, in which it remains undisturbed until sufficiently consolidated to be cut into oblong masses. These are carried to a roofed building, through which the air can freely pass, and dried completely for the market. When dry they are scraped perfectly clean, packed in casks, and carried to one of the adjacent ports to be shipped for the potteries. China-clay is used in bleaching paper and calico, as well as in the manufacture of china and the finer kinds of earthenware.

Upon St. Austell Downs is an upright block of granite called the *Giant's Staff*, or *Longstone*, to which

the following legend attaches. A giant, travelling one night over these hills, was overtaken by a storm which blew off his hat. He immediately pursued it, but being impeded by a staff which he carried in his hand, he thrust this into the ground until his hat could be secured. After wandering, however, for some time in the dark without being able to find his hat, he gave over the pursuit and returned for his staff; but this, also, he was unable to discover, and both were irrecoverably lost. In the morning, when the giant was gone, his hat and staff were both found by the country-people about a mile asunder. The hat was found on Whitehouse Down, and bore some resemblance to a mill-stone, and continued in its place till the autumn of 1798, when some soldiers having encamped around it, they fancied, it is said, as it was a wet season, that this giant's hat was the cause of the rain, and therefore rolled it over the cliff. The staff, or *Longstone*, was discovered in the position in which it remains; it is about 12 ft. high, and, tapering towards the top, is said to have been so fashioned by the giant that he might grasp it with ease.

The *Roche Rocks* (p. 140.) are $4\frac{1}{2}$ m., and *Hensbarrow* about 4 m. N. of St. Austell. The summit of Hensbarrow is 1034 ft. above the level of the sea, and therefore commands a view which will well reward you for its ascent.

Mevagissey. (Inn: the Ship.) This fishing-town, 5 m. S. of St. Austell, and noted for dirt and pilchards, derives its name from two saints, St. Mevie and St. Issy. It is situated in a hilly district upon the shore of a beautiful bay which, bounded on the N. by the *Black Head* (alt. 153 ft.), on the S. by *Chapel Point*, commands a view of the coast as far as the Rame Head. The harbour is capacious, with a depth of 18 ft. within the pier at high-water spring tides, and of 12 during the neaps. There has long

existed a jealousy between the fishermen of this place and their neighbours of *Gorran Haven*, a village 3 m. S. Mevagissey Church has lost its tower, and the men of Gorran affirm that the inhabitants sold their bells to pay the cost of pulling down the tower; a joke which, in Mevagissey, is retorted by asking, "Who cut up their own seine?" This is in allusion to a story, that some years ago the fishermen of Gorran and Mevagissey having enclosed a shoal of pilchards in their respective seines, anchored the nets for the night and returned home, when the Gorran men went out a little before daylight and destroyed, as they thought, the net belonging to their rivals; but the tide had drifted and altered the relative position of the two seines, so that they had, indeed, cut their own to pieces. There are several old monuments in the Church. In 1849, Mevagissey was so severely visited by the cholera, that the fishermen, with their families, embarked in their boats and sought safety in Fowey Haven. One good resulted — a thorough cleansing of the town; the inhabitants encamping on the neighbouring fields, while the necessary operations were being effected.

A delightful road runs near the cliffs from Mevagissey to *Portmellin* (i. e. yellow port), a fishing cove distant about 1 m. S. Here are remains of a double entrenchment, and a mound called the *Castle Hill*; in the neighbourhood, a farm-house, once part of a splendid mansion which belonged to an old Cornish family named Bodrigan. A rock on the coast near Chapel Point (the S. horn of Mevagissey Bay) still bears the name. It is called *Bodrigan's Leap*, from a tradition that Sir Henry Bodrigan, having been convicted of treason in the reign of Henry VII., hersprang down the cliff when flying from his neighbours Edcumbe and Trevanion, who were endeavouring to capture him. He is said to have been

so little injured by the fall, as to have gained a vessel sailing near the shore, and to have escaped into France. The mansion of the Trevanions once stood in the parish of St. Michael Carhayes, N. W. of the *Dodman Head* (which is S. W. of Gorran Haven, and 379 ft. above the sea). A Gothic building, by the architect of Buckingham Palace, now occupies the site, and the only thing to interest the antiquary in the present *Castle of Carhayes* is a stone sculptured with the royal arms (it is supposed in the reign of one of the Edwards), which is fixed on the wall of the entrance gallery. The parish church is hung with the rusty helmets, swords and gauntlets of the old family of Trevanion, including a sword wielded by Sir Hugh Trevanion in the battle of Bosworth field. *Gorran* is 2 m. from Mevagissey. The tower of the church dates from 1606, and the body of the building contains a monument to Richard Edgcumbe of Bodrigan, 1656.

The cliffs of *Veryan Bay*, W. of the *Dodman*, afford an excellent section of various grauwacke rocks, associated with trap and conglomerates, as the coast-line cuts the strike of the beds, which is S. W.

Proceeding from St. Austell towards Truro:—

½ Here to the l. is the ancient tin-mine of *Polgooth* (the *old pool*), a most extensive excavation. It contains no less than 50 shafts, and a single lode has been worked the full length of a mile. 17,000l., however, were expended before the speculation yielded any return, when the profits are said to have averaged 1500l. a month. The lodes of *Polgooth* are remarkable for intersecting each other in a very uncommon manner. In the tin-mine of *Hewas*, W. of *Polgooth*, specimens of gold, and some remains of the furnaces of the Jews, who formerly worked the mine, have been discovered.

rt. *St. Mewan's Beacon*, 385 ft. above the sea, a hill bristling with

greenstone rocks. The tower of *St. Mewan's Church* is wanting in the usual ornament of pinnacles, a defect accounted for by a legend, which attributes their removal to supernatural agents, who never allowed them to be replaced.

5 *Grampound* (Grand Pont), a village of great antiquity, supposed to have been the *Voliba* of Ptolemy, situated upon the river Fal, here only a small stream. It was once a borough, so notorious for venality that it lost its right of returning 2 M. P.'s before the Reform Bill. An old chapel, market-house, and granite cross, are the only curiosities; but *Grampound* is the nearest point on the high road to *Giant Tregearle's Quoits*, about 9 m. distant. These consist of a number of huge blocks of quartz rock, which lie scattered upon the coast W. of *Penare Head* (338 ft. above the sea). It would be passing strange in Cornwall if the presence of such striking objects were not accounted for by a legend. Accordingly we hear that *Giant Tregearle*—the melancholy monster who frequents *Dozmare Pool*—hurled them to this locality from the N. coast. On the shore there is a cavern called *Tregearle Hole*, and in the immediate vicinity of the headland an enormous, barrow, called *Carn Beacon* (372 ft. in circumf. and 370 ft. above the sea), which by popular accounts is the burial-place of one *Gerennius*, a traditional king of Cornwall (date 589). The name of this potentate is still preserved in that of the village of *Gerrans* (8 m. from *Tregony*), where an earth-work called *Dingerein*, N. of the church, and communicating with the shore by an underground passage termed the *Mermaid's Hole*, is pointed out as the remains of his palace. The peninsula W. of *Gerrans* is called *Roseland*, from *Eglos Rôs*, the *Furze Church*,—an old name for the parish of *Philleigh*.

You may find upon the shore on the eastern side of *Gerrans Bay* a remark-

ably fine example of a *raised beach*, composed of pebbles cemented together by oxide of iron; and in *Cuby Church* at *Tregony*, 2½ m. from *Grampound*, an interesting old font. In this village, also, are some trifling remains of a *castle* which is said to have been built by Henry de Pomeroy when Richard I. was in the Holy Land. *Trewarthenick*, belonging to the Cornish family of Gregor, is a handsome seat on the neighbouring hills.

3 m. W. of *Tregony* is *Ruan Lanihorne*, of which Whitaker the antiquary was for 30 years rector, his remains being interred in it; and 5 m. S. W. *Lamorran*, with a church and ivied tower of a priory, washed by the waters of *Lamorran Creek*, and opposite the church an ancient granite cross.

Proceeding again by high road from *Grampound* —

1½ *Trewithen* (*the place of trees*), the seat of C. H. T. Hawkins, Esq. This old house stands on high ground, and commands an extensive panorama of wild hills. It contains among other pictures a genuine sketch of Charles I. on horseback by Vandyke. Part of this estate has a poetical name — the *Golden Valley*, — which, however, is not derived from the autumnal tints of the woods, or the treasures of a stream-work, but from an old Roman Catholic family. There are remains of an ancient *encampment* at *Golden*.

2 *Probus*, a small village, situated on high ground, 305 feet above the level of the sea. It is well known for its *Church* (date about 1550), the tower of which is considered the most beautiful in the county, and is a very perfect specimen of the Late Perpendicular style of architecture. It is built entirely of wrought granite, and is everywhere covered with sculptured devices. The height is 125 feet, and the angles are supported by buttresses which, as they ascend, diminish in size, and terminate in clusters of *foliated pinnacles*. There are also

intermediate pinnacles, which give extreme lightness and elegance to the structure. The church is dedicated to Saints *Probus* and *Grace*, a married pair, and the front of the gallery, constructed of panels taken in 1723 from the old rood-screen, bears the following legend, which has, no doubt, a reference to the names of these founders of the building: — “Jesus hear us, thy people, and send us *Grace* and *Good* for ever.” The 5th of July was probably dedicated to these saints, as from time immemorial a fair called *Probus* and *Grace* has been annually held here on the first Monday after this day, and the following Sunday has been celebrated as a feast Sunday. The antiquary will find two ancient brasses, with an inscription, in good preservation in the *Golden Aisle*. A font and pulpit in the Perpendicular style, and a small window near the S. W. door, have been lately added to the church as memorials. The family vault of the Hawkins's is in this church.

Proceeding on our course from *Probus*: —

To the rt. is *Trehane*, seat of the Rev. William Stackhouse. The road traverses a picturesque valley, resembling those of Devonshire, to *Tresilian Bridge*, 2 m., where the entrance lodge of *Tregothnan* (Earl of Falmouth) is passed on the l. The scene here is pretty, and the woods of *Pencalenick* (*the head place of the holly trees*), the seat of John Vivian, Esq., one of its principal ornaments. *Tresilian* was the property of Justice *Tresilian*, and is historically interesting as the place where the struggle between Charles and his parl. was brought to a close in Cornwall by the surrender of the royal army to Fairfax, 1646. *Pencalenick* is on the l., and *Penair*, Admiral Reynolds, R. N., on the same side of the road. *Tresawsen*, a farm-house in the parish, was the seat of the Hals family, and for some time

the residence of William Hals, author of the Parochial History of Cornwall.

3½ *Tyuro* (Rte. 15.). Upon entering it, *Tregolls*, the residence of the Spry family, will be observed on the l.

l. Tin smelting-houses at *Calenick*.

2½ *rt. Killiow*, seat of William Dabaz, Esq. In the adjoining church of *Kea* are a chalice and paten which belonged to Cardinal René d'Amboise, and an altar-piece painted by a niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The mineral *ochre*, used in the preparation of paint and in staining paper, is procured in the parish of *Kea*.

1½ l. *Killiganoon*, seat of the late Admiral Spry.

½ *Carnon*. The traveller will observe that the valley is everywhere furrowed by mining operations. The *Carnon tin stream-works*, which for the present are abandoned, were here conducted on a large scale, and in a very spirited manner; the water having been actually banked from the works, which were carried on for some distance in the bed of the estuary. The space of ground thus streamed exceeded a mile in length, by 300 yards in width. In this the tin stratum, which varied in thickness from a few inches to 12 ft., was found at a depth of from 40 to 50 feet below the surface, under accumulations of marine and river detritus, consisting of mud, sand, and silt. One of these beds contained the trunks of trees, and the horns and bones of deer; and in the tin-ground grains of gold and pieces of wood-tin were occasionally discovered. In the village of *Carnon* are extensive works for the preparation of arsenic from arsenical pyrites.

The *Great Adit*, which, passing from mine to mine through the Redruth and Gwennap districts, is calculated, with its branches, to pursue a subterranean course of nearly 30 m., discharges its waters, sometimes to the amount of 2000 cub. ft. in a

minute, through *Carnon valley* into *Restronget Creek*.

½ *Perran Arcothral*, or *Perran Wharf*, a village romantically situated in a deep bottom or dell, at the head of *Restronget Creek*, which is here joined by the *Kennal*, a small stream rising near *Carn Menezes*, and working 39 water-wheels in its course of 5½ miles. This dell presents a delightful contrast to the rough hills in the neighbourhood. It is densely clothed with trees, through which protrude the harsh features of the country, rugged rocks, but here graced by a varied vegetation. A large *iron foundry* imparts an additional charm to this picturesque scene. *Piran Well* is a strong chalybeate spring a short distance from the village. The *Church* is small and ancient, and dedicated to *St. Piran*, the patron of tanners, of whom see ante, p. 142. The woods rising on the opposite side of the stream belong to

Carclew, the seat of Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., M. P. for W. Cornwall, the liberal and distinguished patron of science, and president of more than one learned society in this county. The park is extensive, enlivened by deer, and adorned by some of the finest timber in the county. The botanist will notice, growing under the trees, *Erica ciliaris*, a heath which is confined to the extreme south of the kingdom, and is rare except on this estate. He will be delighted with the gardens, so richly are they stored with curious plants. For many years Sir Charles Lemon has cultivated a collection of trees and shrubs, and as the climate is peculiar, the result of his experiments on exotic trees is most interesting. Here is the original *Lucombe oak* (*Lucombe* was gardener at *Carclew*), an accidental hybrid between the *Ilex* and the *Turkey oak* (a small dusty specimen may be seen by the *Ride* in *Kensington Gardens*). There are about a dozen large trees of this variety in the gardens at *Carclew*.

besides a number of hybrids between other oaks. Of the genus *pinus* the most remarkable are the Indian, Mexican, and Californian specimens, and they show the nature of the Cornish climate, which is favourable to the coniferæ. Loudon, in his *Encyclopædia*, describes many plants flourishing at Carlew as either quite irregular or in a state of growth not to be seen in other places.

3½—1. of the road, at a distance of 2 m., the traveller will find a celebrated rock called the *Tolmèn*, *Meantol*, or *Holed Stone*, a block of granite, shaped like an egg, and raised aloft conspicuously on a dreary hill, 690 feet above the sea. Its dimensions are, length 33 ft., depth 14 ft., and greatest breadth 18 ft., and it is computed to weigh about 750 tons. This enormous block has been regarded by some antiquaries as an idol of the Druids, and Borlase attributes its spheroidal figure to the handiwork of that priesthood, referring to the circumstance of its major axis pointing N. and S. as a proof that it was raised to its present position by mechanical means. At the present day the elements are considered to have been the only agents employed in rounding blocks of granite, but it is not improbable that such imposing masses as the *Tolmèn* were regarded in remote times with a feeling of superstition, and employed by the Druids in their religious rites. This rock, which is also called the *Cornish Pebble*, is supported by the points of others, so that there is a hole beneath it through which a person can crawl, and hence the name of *Tolmèn*, or the *Holed Stone*. "A pebble," again, is a technical term of the miner, who applies it to any mass of solid rock which may obstruct him when excavating such ground as disintegrated granite. The upper surface of the *Tolmèn* is indented with numerous circular basins formed by the action of the weather. In the neighbourhood are

the *Mabe quarries*, and the country for some distance round the *Tolmèn* is covered with surface granite and roughened by carns. One of these is likened to the head of a man, surmounted by an old-fashioned wig, and a spring of water gushes from the summit of another.

6½ *Helston*. (*Inns*: the *Angel*; the *Star*.) This old town is pleasantly situated on a hill, and above a picturesque valley opening to the sea. In *Domesday* it is called *Hemiston*, and in other old records *Hellas*, and the following legend attributes the origin of the name to a block of granite, which for many years lay in the yard of the *Angel Inn*, but in 1783, when the assembly room was erected, was broken up and used as part of the building materials. This stone, says the legend, was originally placed at the mouth of hell, from which it was one day carried away by the devil, as he issued forth in a frolicsome mood on an excursion into Cornwall. There he traversed the county, playing with his pebble: but it chanced that *St. Michael* (the guardian saint of *Helston*, and who figures conspicuously in the town arms) crossed his path; a combat immediately ensued, and the devil being worsted, dropped the *Hell's Stone* in his flight. It is added, that the inhabitants were spectators, and instituted the *Furry-day* in commemoration of the event. This is a festival which from time immemorial has been annually held in this town on the 8th of May, and has been traced by antiquaries to so high a source as the Roman *Floralia*. *Polwhele*, however, derives the name from the Cornish word *feur*, a *fair* or *holiday*, and is of opinion that it was instituted in honour of a victory obtained over the Saxons. The day is celebrated in the following manner: "the morning is ushered in by music, the shops are closed, and so strict is the observance of the holiday, that any person who can be detected at

work is instantly seized, placed astride upon a pole, and then hurried to the river, when, if he does not commute his punishment by a fine, he is constrained to leap the stream at a wide place, in which he is sure to fall into the water. About 9 in the morning the people assemble at the Grammar School, and demand a prescriptive holiday, after which they collect contributions to defray the expense of the revels, and then proceed into the fields, when they are said to *fade* into the country (*fade* being an old English word for *go*), and about noon return, carrying flowers and branches, and from this time until dusk dance hand in hand through the streets, and in and out of the different houses (a privilege established by prescription), preceded by a fiddle playing an ancient air, called the *furry tune*. They also occasionally chaunt in chorus a traditional song, involving the history of Robin Hood, the King of the May, The higher classes of the inhabitants assist in these rites, and in the evening repair to the ball room, where, with the assistance of the neighbouring families, they prolong the festivities to a late hour of the night.

Helston is an ancient place, and had formerly a castle which is mentioned by William of Worcester as a ruin in the reign of Edw. IV. The Bowling-green at the W. end of the principal street is supposed to have been its site. There is nothing worthy of particular notice in the town, but in general it is the starting-point for an excursion to the *Lizard*, and the neighbourhood can boast some pretty scenery. One of the most agreeable walks is to the *Loe Pool* ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the head of the lake, 2 m. to the bar at the lower end), the largest sheet of water in the county. A stream called the *Cober* (from *cobra*, an old word signifying serpentine or sinuous), rising near Carn Menezes (alt. 822 ft.), and flowing by Helston, meanders towards the sea. This

stream being obstructed at the shore by a bar of small pebbles, has spread over the lower part of the valley and formed a lake about 7 m. in circumference. During the summer the water gradually filters through the barrier; but in wet seasons it cannot pass off with a rapidity equal to its influx, when it frequently rises 10 ft. above its usual level, and accumulates so as to stop the mills which are situated upon the tributary streams. When this occurs the corporation, according to an ancient custom, present the lord of the manor with a leathern purse, containing three halfpence, and solicit permission to open the bar. This being of course granted, the mayor of Helston engages workmen for the purpose, and a small trench being cut in the sand, the pent-up waters rapidly enlarge it, and ultimately sweep the entire obstruction into the sea. The spectacle is one of the grandest that can be imagined. The rush of the emancipated element, the conflux of the waves and the contents of the lake, and the numerous cascades and eddies, often glistening with the beams of the moon, altogether form a scene of singular wildness and beauty, whilst the roar of the troubled water lends its aid to impress the mind of the beholder. The bar thus removed for a time is in a few days thrown up as before. In 1807 the Anson frigate was wrecked upon it, with the loss of Captain Lydiard the commander, and many of the crew. Legendary lore has attributed the origin to Tregeagle, the Cornish bugbear, of whom so many stories are told in the county. This person is said to have been a steward, who tyrannised over the poor, and rendered himself so generally unpopular as to have acquired the posthumous notoriety which he now enjoys. In relation to the Loe Bar he is reported to have received a certain sum of money from a tenant, and to have died before he had entered it in the

receipt-book. His successor, ignorant of the transaction, applied for the money, and on the tenant's refusing a second payment instituted proceedings against him. At the trial, however, the supposed debtor, having contrived to raise the spirit of Tregeagle, brought this singular witness into court, and by its evidence established the fact of the previous payment. The proceedings were thus terminated: but a fresh difficulty arose; the spirit of Tregeagle remained behind in the court, and the defendant being requested to dismiss it, replied, that since he had been at the trouble of bringing the witness, those who had driven him to that expedient might remove it. To dispose of this spirit became now a matter of consideration, and it was resolved that some impracticable task should be given it as an employment. Tregeagle was accordingly sentenced to remove the sand from a certain cove to another, from which the sea was always sure to return it, and whilst employed in this labour, it is said that he accidentally dropped a sackful at the mouth of the river, in consequence of which the bar and the pool were immediately formed. The lake is a pretty object, embosomed as it is in trees, and abounds in a peculiar trout and other freshwater fish. On its shingly banks the botanist will find *Corrigiola littoralis*, or *strawport*, a rare plant. The woods of *Penrose*, a seat once belonging to a family of that name, but now the property of the Rev. Canon Rogers, are the principal ornament of the Loe Valley, and afford a delightful walk from the bar to Helston. At one spot the park wall returns a remarkable echo, by which, in serene weather, a sound is repeated six or seven times. On the opposite side of the lake is *Nansloe House*, the seat of the Robinsons.

The village of *St. John's*, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. W. of *Helston*, is named after a hospital of *St. John's* which once dignified the

locality. Some architectural relics are occasionally discovered on the site.

S. of the town lies the district of the *Lizard*, sometimes denominated the Cornish Chersonesus, and remarkable for containing a large area of *serpentine*, a rare and beautiful rock of an eruptive character, which has derived its name from the supposed resemblance of its streaks and colours to those of a serpent's skin, and which constitutes, with *diallage*, half the district under consideration. Serpentine contains a large share of magnetism, and for this reason the soil upon it is poor and ungrateful, but characterised by the growth of the *Erica vagans*, the rarest and most beautiful of the English heaths. The Lizard district would be comprehended within a line drawn from the mouth of the Helford river E. to the Loe Bar W., and when viewed from the granite ridge near Constantine, presents the appearance of a bald and dreary table-land elevated a considerable height above the sea, and from the neighbourhood of Penzance its surface appears so exactly horizontal as to resemble an artificial terrace. In a picturesque point of view the interior of the district possesses little interest, but the coast is both grand and curious. It has been very agreeably described by the Rev. C. A. Johns, in a little work entitled "A Week at the Lizard," pub. by the Soc. for promoting Christ. Knowl. 1848.

Visitors to Helston commonly content themselves with an excursion in this direction to the *Lizard Point*, distant by the direct road about 11 m., diverging from that road to the far-famed *Kinance Cove*, which they contrive to reach at low water, and returning home by the *Frying-pan* at Cadgewith. Those who have time will, however, do well to devote some days to the examination of the coast between Mullion Cove and the Black Head; but if limited as to

time, you should depart from the usual lazy course by walking along the cliffs from Kinance Cove, or, if possible, from Mullion Cove to the Lizard Lights, and from the Lizard Lights to Cadgewith, sending on your horse or carriage to await you at that village. If unequal to this, you should at least walk the short distance (2 m.) from Kinance to the Lizard Point by the cliffs. Those who can content themselves with the common excursion should refer to the heads *Kinance Cove*, *Lizard Point*, and *Cadgewith* in the following description. At a distance of about 6 m. from Helston they will enter the area of serpentine, and behold this rock protruding through the turf in sharp ridges. It constitutes the basis of *Goonhilly Down*, a bare waste which derives its name (*goon*, a down; *haller*, to hunt) from the circumstance of its having been once famous for a breed of small horses. The traveller will observe that the boundary of the serpentine is very clearly defined by the growth of the white heath *Erica vagans*; for so essential would a magnesian soil appear for the production of this beautiful plant, that not a single specimen is to be found beyond the line which defines the limit of the serpentine. It will be also seen that the cottages are built of this stone.

Commencing a survey of the coast at the western termination of that long shingly beach which extends from Porthleven to the fishing village of *Gunwalloe*, the tourist will pass the precipitous *Halzaphron* (i. e. Western Sea) *Cliffs*, and the *Church of Gunwalloe*—a lonely old structure, continually sprinkled with the spray of the sea, and having a belfry detached from the rest of the building—to

$\frac{1}{2}$ *Poljew*, a sandy cove, where the coast assumes a character of grandeur. A short distance from *Poljew* is

1. *Bellurian Cove*, known to geo-

logists for its conglomerate which, containing fragments of grauwacke limestone, appears to support the hornblende slates. The descent to it commands a striking view of *Mullion Island*, which is about a mile in circumference, and bears a whimsical resemblance to the figure of a huge animal crouching in the sea. The passage between this island and the mainland is called *the Gap*. The cliffs to the l. are crowned by the *Cathedral*, a pinnacled group of rocks, to which the stranger should climb for a prospect over the Mount's Bay. He can then descend to that romantic recess

1 *Mullion Cove*, or *Porthmellin*, which should be visited at low water, as the shore is adorned by picturesque rocks, and a huge chink in the cliffs, a little way to the l., is accessible from the land when the tide is out, and will admit the adventurous explorer to one of the finest serpentine caverns in the district. "It is a striking object," says Mr. Johns, "when seen externally, yet the view from within it is yet more so—impenetrable gloom above—brilliant light streaming in through the fissures, but revealing nothing behind—the smoothest of all possible sands—little pools of crystal water, so still that not even a sunbeam is seen to dance on them—richly dark rocks, so polished as to reflect the light with a splendour scarcely to be endured—the blue sea with its curled edging of snow-white lace, and St. Michael's Mount, the fabled tower in the sea, in the extreme distance." A mile inland of the spot is *Pradanack Cross*, a time-honoured memorial about 5 ft. high, and a mile up the valley from the cove the village of *Mullion*, with its venerable church built in 1500, containing some carving in wood, ancient paintings in the windows, and a curious inscription on the Flavel monument, 1682, in the chancel. Proceeding again along the brow of the cliffs, the tourist

will observe below him the *Mullion Gull Rock* detached from the shore; and then visit in succession the grand promontory of *Pradanack Head*, and *Vellan Point*, from which the cliffs sink to a sheltered recess called

3 *Gue-graze*, but better known by the name of the *Soap Rock*, which is situated in the ravine leading down to the cove, and consists of serpentine traversed by large veins of *steatite*, a dull white substance which, being unctuous to the touch, has originated the name of this rock, and is considered by some to be felspar, by others serpentine itself in a state of decomposition. *Steatite* has been employed in the potteries, and largely quarried at this spot, but at the present day its extraction is no longer profitable, as the china-clay of *St. Austell* and other parts of the county answers the same purpose and is prepared at a much less expense. *Steatite* is soft when first taken from the rock, gradually hardening on exposure to the air, but it never loses that peculiar *soapy* feel by which it is characterised. The botanist may find that rare plant *Genista pilosa* in this valley.

Just S. of *Gue-Graze* is a sheer precipice of 250 ft., pierced at the base by a cavern called *Pigeon's Hugo*, accessible only from the water and during the finest weather. *The Horse*, a narrow ridge slanting to the sea, is the next feature of interest; and then the bold headland of *the Rill*, commanding a superb prospect over the *Mount's Bay* and of the clustered rocks of *Kinance Cove*. On its summit is *the Apron-string*, a heap of stones which the country people aver were brought to this spot by the devil. He came hither, they say, with an apron full of stones to build a bridge across the Channel for the convenience of smugglers, and was hurrying with his load to the edge of the cliff, when his *apron-string broke*, the stones were thrown to the ground, and in despair he

abandoned his enterprise. $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the *Rill* is the far celebrated

1 *Kinance Cove*, one of the most extraordinary spots on the Cornish coast. A steep descent will lead the traveller to the shore among wild and shaggy rocks, where, in the scene which will open before him, he may find realised some of the glowing descriptions of fairy-land. The rocks appear as if they had been purposely grouped; and by their dark but varied colours pleasingly contrast with the light tints of the sandy beach and azure sea. The predominant colour of the serpentine is an olive green, but this is diversified by waving lines of red and purple, while many of the rocks are encrusted by the yellow lichen, or seamed by veins of *steatite*. The picturesque fragments into which the cliffs have been dismembered, are pierced by caverns which are beautifully polished by the waves, and the beach is strewed with gorgeous pebbles. From the centre of the cove rises a natural pillar, but the most prominent object in the scene is a pyramidal rock which, insulated at high-water, is called *Asparagus Island*, as the habitat of *Asparagus officinalis*. At a certain state of the tide it exhibits a curious phenomenon. A deep chasm, whimsically denominated the *Devil's Bellows*, pierces the island, and from this at intervals a column of water is violently projected, its passage through the chasm being indicated by a rumbling noise like thunder. "This singular effect is produced by a quantity of air which, disengaged from the waves as they are dashed into the aperture, and confined by the perpetual entrance of the sea, becomes highly compressed, and is driven from chamber to chamber until forced together with a column of water through the opposite opening." When the water has thus been blown through the chasm the traveller may communicate with the presiding spirit of the place

by holding his letter open before an orifice, known as *the Post-office*. But he must not expect that it will be courteously received. The invisible postman—an inward current of air—will rudely tear it from his hand, and, unless he be prompt and active in his movements, such an answer will be thrown in his teeth, as may effectually incapacitate him from further efforts at good fellowship. The caverns of the shore are, however, so named, that it is impossible to consider the Genius of Kinance as an uncivilized savage, for they are respectively called the *Parlour*, the *Drawing-room*, and the *Kitchen*. Travellers possessed of common activity will find it an easy matter to climb to the top of Asparagus Island, from which, on the seaward side, they may have the pleasure of looking down the *Devil's Throat*, a hideous rocky chasm filled with froth and foam, and at intervals sending forth a dismal sound as the waves burst into its cavernous recesses. Those who come hither direct from Helston, should make an effort to reach the summit of the Rill, and should also, as previously stated, walk from Kinance to the lighthouses (2 m.) by the cliff. The geologist may observe among the rocks at Kinance a brown *diabase*, *jade*, compact *felspar*, or *saussurite*, *asbestos*, and a vein of granite descending the cliff in the manner of a dyke. The botanist will notice on the shore *wild asparagus*, *carrot beet*, *chamomils*, *eringo*, *samphire*, and *fennel*; and on the heights *Geranium sanguineum* (local), and *Scilla autumnalis*, a rare plant, which is also found on Blackheath near London. To be fully explored the cove should be visited about the time of low water, as the caverns are flooded by the tide.

Proceeding again on our route along the cliffs, we ascend at once to the *Tor Balk*, or *Tur Box*, an excellent point of view for Kinance Cove; and

then cross a hollow to the *Yellow Carn*, a vertical cliff 200 ft. in height, and separated by the sea from an insulated rock called *Innis Veon*. Beyond it, we soon reach a remarkable spot, known as *Holestrow*, where the face of the cliff has lately fallen in ruins, which are based among huge blocks of serpentine and smaller *debris*, affording excellent specimens of a convenient size for the pocket. To *Holestrow* succeeds *Caerthillian*, a ravine chiselled by a stream which flows through it to the sea, and of interest as the point of the coast where the *mica slate* of the Lizard Point rises from beneath the serpentine, and further remarkable for its botanical rarities, such as *Lotus hispidus*, *Tripholium bocconi*, *T. mollinerii*, and *T. strictum*, which, with the exception of the first, Mr. Johns informs us have been found nowhere else in Great Britain. From *Caerthillian*, a walk of some 20 min. will bring the wanderer to the *Old Lizard Head*, where he will rest awhile to admire the view; and then proceed by *Pistol Meadow*, containing the graves of a number of persons drowned in the wreck of a transport about a century ago, and so named from the fire-arms which were washed ashore on that melancholy occasion, to the sandy cove and fishing-village of *Polpeer*. Here the cliffs are worn into numerous caverns, but there is one about 100 yds. W. of the cove which deserves particular notice, as, being situated at an angle of the coast, and having two entrances, one on each side of the point, two different rock-framed views are commanded from the interior. Mr. Johns describes it as a deep and lofty cavern, apparently lined with the richest purple velvet, and entered through a chink in the sombre cliff. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that it can be reached from the shore only when the tide is out. From *Polpeer* the traveller will ascend to the lighthouses on

2 The *Lizard Point*, the Ocri-num of Ptolemy, and the most southerly point of England, and generally the first land made by ships upon entering the Channel. The two large and substantially built lighthouses, the bases of which are 186 ft. above the sea, were erected in 1792, by Thomas Fannereau, Esq., under the direction of the Trinity House, and were lighted by coal fires up to the year 1813. These beacons display two lights to distinguish the Lizard from the Islands of Scilly, known to mariners by one, and from Guernsey which exhibits three. However, notwithstanding the brilliant illumination which is hence nightly thrown for miles over the sea, ships, embayed in thick weather between the Lizard and Tol Pedn Penwith, are frequently lost in the vicinity of this headland, and the cliffs are of such a character, that it is almost impossible to render from them the slightest assistance. The fields near the point are based upon hornblende and talco-micaceous slate, and the traveller who has journeyed hither by the road from Helston, will be struck by the fertility of this patch, as contrasting with the barrenness which has accompanied him over the serpentine. It forcibly illustrates the value of a soil derived from the decomposition of hornblende. A single acre of this land lets by the year on an average for 4*l.*, and, sown with barley, has produced the extraordinary crop of 90 bushels. The botanist, at certain seasons, may find the rare plants *Scilla autumnalis* and *Herniaria glabra* in the neighbourhood. The name *Lizard* has been variously explained by etymologists: some consider that it originated in the shape of the land, as seen from the Channel, or the variegated colouring of the serpentine cliffs, while others derive it from the Cornish word *Liazherd*, signifying a projecting headland.

The point below the lighthouses is prolonged at low water to a co-

lumnar rock, called *the Bumble*, which at other times is insulated. On the E. the land slopes to a bay, and in this direction, near the edge of the cliff, is the *Lion's Den*, a circular chasm which was formed in the month of February, 1847, and has much interested geologists as explaining the origin of similar cavities, such as the *Frying-pan* at Cadgewith. The strata of this county contain *lodes* or *veins* of a material either softer or harder than the rock which encloses them, and it is evident that at this spot the cliff was traversed by a portion of stone which readily yielded to the assaults of the sea, as a cavern, called *Daw's Hugo*, had been excavated at its base. This softer stone probably cropped out at the surface, near the edge of the cliff, where the roof of the cavern at length gave way, and formed this remarkable chasm, which is now entered by the sea through an archway at high water, and in rough weather bears, like the *Frying-pan* at Cadgewith, no fanciful resemblance to a huge boiling cauldron. If the tide will allow it, you should descend to the shore and enter the cavern, for, says Mr. Collins in his 'Notes in Cornwall,' "the effect of the two streams of light pouring into *Daw's Hugo* from two opposite directions, and falling together, in cross directions on the black rugged walls of the cave, and the beautiful marine ferns growing from them, is supernaturally striking and grand."

From the Lizard the visitor is recommended to walk by the cliffs to Cadgewith, as the road from the miserable village of *Lizard Town* is uninteresting. The distance is about 3 m.

Beyond the *Lion's Den* he will find the romantic cove and bay of *Househole*, terminated by *Penolver*, the grandest headland to the E. of the Lizard; and then a recess in cliffs which are surmounted by slopes of turf, forming the *Amphitheatre of Belidden*. This is supposed by some

antiquaries to have been used as a temple by the ancient Britons, the Druidical rites being performed on Penolver, in view of the assembled multitude. E. of Belidden is *the Chair*, a rock most conveniently placed for the foot-weary pedestrian, as it commands a beautiful view of the coast towards the Lizard. Beyond the Chair are the *Beast*, or *Bass Point*, and the *Hot Point*, where the coast sweeps to the northward, displaying that fine bay which terminates at the Black Head, and opening to view the distant points of the Dodman and Rame Head. After passing a cove called *Kilkobben*, the tourist will reach *Parnvose* or *Lizard Cove*, the harbour of the parish. About $\frac{1}{2}$ m. up the valley is the village of *Landewednack*, where the Norman doorway and inscribed font of the church are worthy of particular notice, the former being in excellent preservation. A part of the churchyard, enclosed by a rail, contains the graves of a number of persons who died of the plague in 1645. The antiquary may find between the church and Lizard Town, an old granite cross, and the botanist, in the vicinity of the village, *Alisma ranunculoides*, a local plant.

Those who are fond of exploring the lonely caverns of a rocky shore should take boat at Parnvose, and thus pursue their journey to Cadgewith, as the *Raven's Hugo* and *Dolor Hugo* are situated between these points. The latter is a grand and solemn cavern, with a gorgeous portal of serpentine, and in all states of the tide is filled with the sea, which, entering it with hoarse murmurs, disappears in its gloomy recesses. The *Bulk of Landewednack* is the most remarkable cliff between Parnvose and

$2\frac{1}{2}$ *Cadgewith*, a romantic fishing-village in a pretty valley, but principally known for that singular pit, or amphitheatre, called the *Devil's Frying-pan*, the area of which is nearly 2

acres, and the sides 200 ft. high. At the top of the flood the sea enters it through an arch which opens to the shore, where an apparent passage of hornblende slate into serpentine may be seen. Near Cadgewith are the villages of *Grade* and *Ruan Minor*. Grade Church contains monuments and brasses of the Eriseys, who lived in *Erisey House*, built in 1620, in the form of an E. $\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. of Grade Church is *St. Ruan's Well*, an ancient baptistry, with an arched granite entrance. $\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. of Cadgewith, the grand rocks of *Innis Head* may tempt the wanderer to a supplementary stroll. The usual course, however, is to return from Cadgewith direct to Helston; but those who should be desirous of completing a survey of the Lizard district, will find references below to some scenes which are worthy of their attention.

First, the romantic *Valley of Poltesco*, about 2 m. E., is well worth exploring by all who are fond of wild and rocky scenery. *Calleon Cove* is its termination on the shore. *Kennack Cove*, further E., is a pretty cove with a sandy beach; and the *Black Head*, a bare and gloomy promontory, but remarkable for the beauty of its serpentine. This rock, beyond Cadgewith, assumes a dark green colour, and constitutes the coast round the Black Head to

Coverack Cove (about 6 m. from Cadgewith), to the geologist, a very interesting spot, since the great mass of serpentine is here succeeded by a very beautiful rock, which continues along the shore as far as the *Manacles*, and predominates in the interior through the greater part of the parish of St. Keverne. It appears to have compact felspar for its base, in which are embedded crystals both of diallage and hornblende. At *Coverack*, between the pier and the rivulet, veins of the latter rock may be seen traversing the serpentine; and here

also the mineralogist may obtain specimens of striated felspar of a violet colour, and, below high-water mark, pieces of diallage metalloide 6 or 8 inches in length. On the high ground of *Crousa Down*, N.W., upon which are situated the large masses of diallage rock, called the *Brothers of Grugith*, occurs an isolated patch of quartz gravel, about $\frac{1}{4}$ m. square, respecting the date of which geologists have been considerably puzzled.

About 2 m. N.E. of *Crousa Down* lies the church town of *St. Keverne*. Search for ore has been frequently made in this parish, but hitherto without success. The country-people have a saying that *no metal will run within the sound of St. Keverne bells*, and account for it by a legend that *St. Keverne* having been treated with disrespect by the inhabitants, denounced a curse upon the parish. However, a belt of land situated between the church and *Coverack Cove*, possesses such extraordinary fertility that it has been called *the Garden of Cornwall*. Its richness is attributed to the decomposition of hornblende, diallage, and felspar. *Charles Incedon*, the singer, was a native of *St. Keverne*. The geologist will find schistose greenstone, cut by veins of diallage, on the shore at *Porthoustock*; a bed of serpentine, which has the appearance of having been thrust up violently among the hornblende slates, between *Dranna Point* and *Porthalla*, N. of *St. Keverne*; and a *Pudding Stone*, or conglomerate, composed of rounded fragments of slate, in which veins of quartz are visible, near the *Dennis Creek*, S. of *St. Antony*.

At the *Nare Point*, 1 m. S.E. of *St. Antony*, occurs a *grauwacke* conglomerate of peculiar interest, since it encloses fragments of hornblende, but affords no trace of serpentine or diallage, although these rocks occur in mass in the vicinity of the point; a circumstance which seems to show that the hornblende is an older formation than the serpentine.

St. Antony in Méneage (i. e. *stony district*), at the mouth of the *Helford River*. The church of *St. Antony* is situated on the shore at the base of a promontory called *Dinas*, and at high-water is but little elevated above the surface of the sea. It originated, according to a legend, in the following manner: some persons of rank sailing from Normandy to England, were overtaken by a storm, when they made a vow to *St. Antony* to build him a church if he would guide the ship into a place of safety. The saint acceded to their supplication and conducted the vessel into *Gillan Harbour*, and the passengers, mindful of their promise, erected the church on the spot upon which they landed. The small size of this parish favours the idea that it was severed from *Manaccan* on some occasion of this kind. *Great* and *Little Dinas* are two ancient entrenchments commanding the entrance of the river, and were occupied as military posts during the civil war of Charles. The latter was taken by *Fairfax* in 1646, but is now a rabbit warren. The *Helford River*, about 1 m. wide at the mouth, branches into picturesque creeks, which penetrate the country in various directions. It is said by *Carew* to have been in former days much frequented by pirates, "whose guilty breasts," he adds, "with an eye in their backs, look warily how they may go out again." On its shore, by *Manaccan*, is *Bosahan House*, T. Grylls, Esq.

Manaccan, the *Stony Creek*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m., has become celebrated by the discovery of titanium in its vicinity. The mineral which contained this metal was found in the stream of *Tregonwell Mill*, and was a titaniferous iron, which has been since called *Manaccanite*, or *Gregorite* after the name of its discoverer, the late Rev. *William Gregor*. *Manaccan* is also known in Cornwall as having been the residence of the Rev. R. Polwhele, the author of a history of the

county, who for several years was rector of this parish. *Tremayne*, an old house in the parish of St. Martin, once belonged to Captain Wallis, who discovered Otaheite. It has been recently purchased by Sir R. R. Vyvyan.

Mawgan in Méneage, 3 m. A stone cross, about 1500 years old, with the inscription *Cnegumi fil Enans. Tre-lowarren*, the seat of Sir R. R. Vyvyan, Bart., is situated S. of this village. The house is a castellated building, containing pictures by Vandyke and Kneller, and was probably erected early in the 17th cent. One of the pictures by Vandyke is a portrait of Charles I., which was presented to the Vyvyans by Charles II. as a mark of gratitude for their services during the civil war. A beautiful chapel is attached to the mansion. At a place called *Gear* or *Caer*, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. of Tre-lowarren, is a circular camp of about 14 acres, which commands the river, and is in a line with two smaller entrenchments. From the downs in the neighbourhood of Mawgan, a fine view may be obtained over the adjacent districts. Mawgan is 4 m. from Helston. In the church are most ancient effigies of the Carmignons, who claimed descent from King Arthur, and were formerly seated on the banks of the Loe Pool. In the N. aisle a monument to Sir Richard Vyvyan (1696) and the sword which that royalist wielded in the Rebellion. The encampment of Gear has its legend of that period. A Mr. Bogans of St. Keverne, having posted himself on the spot in military array, was deserted by his men when the enemy approached, and forced to fly in hot haste to the coast for concealment. His adventure is remembered to this day as *The Gear Rout*.

Proceeding on our route from Helston towards Marazion—

$\frac{1}{2}$ A road on the l. leads to *Porthleven*, a small sea-port situated in the

centre of the Mount's Bay, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. of the Loe Bar. The harbour has been constructed at an enormous expense, and from its position, on a wild dangerous coast, would be of extreme value, if more easy of access. In tempestuous weather, however, when such a refuge is required, it is scarcely possible to enter it, since the mouth is narrow, and the sea sets into it with extreme violence. The geologist will find much to interest him in the rugged shore of this neighbourhood, especially some fine sections of trap dykes, cutting the slate. At *Trewavas Head* (W. of Porthleven), granite, extending from Tregonning and Godolphin hills, abuts upon the sea in magnificent cliffs. On this imposing headland are the remains of a forsaken mine, formerly worked under the sea; a columnar pile of granite called the *Bishop Rock*; and a *raised beach*, associated with rocks worn smooth by the waves, though now far above their reach.

Breage is said to have been founded by St. Breaca, an Irish saint. $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. E. is situated the tin mine of *Huel Vor* (i. e. *great work*) at one time considered the richest tin mine in the county. Lodes have been here found of the unusual width of 30 ft., and so rich withal as to reward the adventurers with a clear profit of 10,000*l.* in three months. The old workings extend for more than a mile and a quarter under-ground. The church is interesting as containing the remains of Mrs. Godolphin.

In this neighbourhood an insulated mass of granite, separated by a channel of slate from the granitic district of Wendron and Crowan, constitutes the striking eminences of *Tregonning Hill* (596 ft.), and *Godolphin Hill* (495 ft.), which rise from bases desolated by the miner. The former is crowned by the remains of a hill-castle, and shelters from westerly gales the old mansion of *Godolphin*, which is situated ~~at the~~

base on the eastern side. This is a quadrangular building of granite, studded with windows, and fronted by a handsome portico. It formerly belonged to the family of Godolphin, which became extinct in 1785, and is now the property of the Duke of Leeds, and occupied as a farmhouse. It is a venerable object, grey with age, but is closely beset by mining works. The minister of Queen Anne, connected by marriage with the great Duke of Marlborough, was the most eminent of the Godolphin family. Part of this hill is worked for china-clay, which is shipped at St. Michael's Mount and Porthleven. Its northern side has been lately brought under the plough. *Godolphin Hill* is the site of *Huel Vor*, or the *Great Work tin mine*. The name is said by Hals to be derived from the Cornish words *God-al-gân*, signifying God's down.

2 rt. The village of *Germoe*, founded, according to tradition, by *Germochus*, a king of Ireland, who is said to have landed at Hayle in the year 460. The traveller should notice on the N. side of the churchyard a singular structure, popularly known as *St. Germoe's Chair*, and said to have been built by the *Millitons* of *Pengersick*. It is a stone seat, placed in a recess, which is ornamented with pointed arches, pillars, and a rude representation of human head. About 1 m. l. of the road, in a bottom near the coast, stands *Pengersick Castle*, consisting of two towers, which were once united to a castellated edifice. The largest is built in three stories, and the other contains a winding flight of stairs which leads to the summit of the tower. The walls, which are loop-holed, are lined with a wainscoting, ornamented with carving, and inscribed with several quaint pieces of poetry, illustrated by paintings, much defaced, but still intelligible. On one of the panels, under a rude representation of water dropping from a rock,

with the title "Perseverance," is the following poetical effusion:—

"What thing is harder than a rock?
What softer is than water clear?
Yet will the same with often drop
The hard rock pierce, which doth appear,
Even so, there's nothing so hard to attayne,
But may be had with labour and pain."

A paraphrase of the well-known lines of Ovid,—

"Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius unda?
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aqua."

The following lines illustrate another picture, representing a blind man carrying a lame man on his back:—

"The one nedth the other ys helpe.
The lame ysche lacketh for to goo,
Is borne upon the blinde ys back,
So mutually between them twoo.
The one supplieth the other's lack;
The blinde to laime doth lend ys might,
The laime to blinde doth yield his sight."

Pengersick, or *Pen-gi-neras-like*, signifies the *head ward of the cove*. According to tradition it was built in the reign of Henry VIII., by a merchant, who, as the story goes, acquired so large a fortune at sea, that when he loaded an ass with his gold, the weight of it broke the poor animal's back. At the latter end of this monarch's reign it is said to have been purchased by a Mr. Milliton, who, having slain a man privately, immured himself in this castle to escape the consequences of his crime. The botanist will find *Silene Anglica* in corn-fields round this spot.

400 yds. beyond *Pengersick* lane end, in a field called *Tremenkeverne*, l. of the road, lie several large blocks of an iron grit-stone known by the same name, and connected with the following legend. In the olden time, when saints were rife in Cornwall, St. Just of the Land's End paid a visit to his reverend brother of St. Keverne, who, residing near the Lizard, entertained him hospitably for several days. After St. Just's departure, however, St. Keverne missed sundry pieces of plate, and suspecting the honesty of

his late guest, hastened after him to ascertain the correctness of his surmises. Upon passing over Crousa Down, the idea of resistance flashed across his mind, and he forthwith pocketed three large stones, each weighing about a quarter of a ton, and thus armed continued the pursuit. He overtook his saintly brother at a short distance from Breage, and immediately charged him with the robbery. St. Just feigned great astonishment at so serious an accusation, high words ensued, and from words the disputants soon came to blows. St. Keverne, however, so plied his pocket ammunition, that the affray was shortly terminated by the flight of St. Just, who, making the most of his heels, disburdened himself as he ran of the missing articles. The fight being thus satisfactorily concluded, St. Keverne had no further need of his cumbersome weapons, and accordingly left them on the ground, where they remain to this day as monuments of saintly prowess. It is a curious circumstance that the sienitic rock, of which the boulders are composed, and which is called iron-stone, from its excessive hardness, is foreign to this district, whilst blocks of it are scattered over Crousa Down in the greatest abundance.

rt. A lane to *Goldsithney*, a village (on the Camborne and Marazion road) distinguished for its annual fair on Aug. 5, and for a beautiful view of the Mount and Mount's Bay, which first greet the traveller from the Goldsithney hills. l. a lane to *Perranuthnoe* or Little Piran, on the coast by Cuddan Point. Near it is a rocky recess in which a Cornish legend lands an ancestor of the Trevelyans, who, according to the story, was swept into the sea with the fabled Lionnesse and its 140 churches, and was borne to this cove by the marvellous swimming of his horse.

Acton Castle, is situated upon the cliffs W. of Cuddan Point. The

locality is wild and unsheltered, and the castle commands a prospect of extraordinary beauty. It was erected as a marine residence by the late John Stackhouse, Esq., and is at present occupied by Rear-Admiral Fraed.

At *Cuddan Point*, the geologist will find trappean rocks associated with argillaceous slates in a manner that would lead the observer to assign them a contemporaneous origin.

1½ *Marazion* (Rte. 15.).

3 *Penzance* (Rte. 15.).

ROUTE 18.

PLYMOUTH TO PENZANCE BY LISKEARD, BODMIN, TRURO, REDRUTH AND HAYLE.

Plymouth to Liskeard the same as Rte. 17.

The new road from Liskeard to Bodmin branches off on the rt. at *Dobwalls*, and passes through the *Glynn valley*, which displays some of the most beautiful wooded scenery in the county. The old road divides about 8 m. from Liskeard branching rt. and l. to Bodmin and Lostwithiel. The Bodmin road crosses some wild bleak barrow-covered hills to the Fowey river, where *Lankhydrock House*, the seat of the Hon. Mrs. Agar will be observed on the l.; 2 m. beyond the Fowey it traverses *Hal-gaver*, or *the goat's moor*, mentioned in the description of Bodmin (Rte. 15.), passing the old camp of *Castle Kenyoe* on the rt.

13 *Bodmin*. This town and the remainder of the route are described in Rte. 15.

ROUTE 19.

PLYMOUTH (BAME HEAD) TO FALMOUTH BY LOOE, FOWEY, ST. AUGUSTELL, AND TRURO.

The road crosses the *Hamoaze* by ferry to *Torpoint* as in Rte. 17. From

Torpoint the traveller can proceed to Looe either by the very hilly carriage-road, 18 m., or by a bridle-road, about 14 m., through *Anthony* and *Lower Tregantle* and near the cliffs of *Whitesand Bay*. The carriage-road is that to Liskeard, as far as the head of the Lynher estuary, which terminates at the picturesque hamlet of *Polbathick*, 8½ m. from Torpoint and 1 m. from *St. Germans*. From the pretty valley beyond *Polbathick* the Looe road branches off on the l., ascending through a wooded coomb to very high ground, and then descending abruptly to the retired village of *Hessenford* (*Inn*: Cornish Arms), most delightfully situated in a deep and wooded bottom on a stream which flows from the Bodmin moors by *St. Cleer*. From this point the road again climbs a long fatiguing hill, and passes for some distance over elevated land to its junction with the road from Liskeard to Looe. There it turns toward the sea, commanding on the rt. a view of the woods of *Morval House* (John Buller, Esq.), and soon ascends to the church of *St. Martin*, near the summit of the ridge which shelters the romantic town and inlet of Looe.

The bridle-road from Torpoint passes through *Antony* to *Lower Tregantle* about 4 m. In the cliff near the hamlet of *Higher Tregantle* a short distance E. is a cavern called *Lugger's Cave* or *Sharrow Grot*. It was excavated by a lieutenant in the navy of the name of *Lugger*, who, during the American War, being stationed near the spot, and sorely troubled by the gout, undertook the work as a means of cure. The cavern in itself possesses no particular interest, but it commands a delightful view over the broken shore and azure waters of the bay. About 3 m. from this cave is the well-known promontory of the

Rame Head, which, projecting into the Channel from *Maker Heights* (402 ft. above the sea), constitutes the S. E.

point of the county, and the termination of a semicircular range of cliffs, which sweep eastward from Looe along the margin of *Whitesand Bay*. These cliffs here bend to the N., girding the shore of *Plymouth Sound*. The headland is crowned with the ruin of a chapel, and commands a view of the Cornish coast as far W. as the *Lizard*. The solitary lighthouse on the *Eddy-stone* (*Devon*; *Rte. 10.*) rises from the distant waves, and the woods of *Mount Edgcumbe* from the adjoining hills. The tower of *Maker Church* is a conspicuous object in the neighbourhood. This building contains several fine monuments to the *Edgcumbes*, and other families, and from its commanding position was employed during the war as a signal station communicating with *Mount Wise* at *Devonport*. It is 2 m. from *Devonport*.

E. on the shore of the Sound lie the villages of *Kingsand* and *Cawsand*, separated by a gutter, and at one time noted places for smuggling. *Cawsand Bay*, being sheltered by the *Rame Head* from westerly gales, was used as the principal anchorage previous to the construction of the *Breakwater*. From these villages there ranges towards *Redding Point* a porphyritic rock, which *Sir H. De la Beche* is inclined to refer to the era of the lower part of the new red sandstone, a formation prevailing in the E. of *Devon*. It throws out veins into the *grauwacke*, some of which are traversed by the same lines of lamination as the latter rock, a circumstance which would seem to throw some light upon the date of the lamination of the *grauwacke*.

Whitesand Bay, so called from the whiteness of the sand, abounds in beautiful and romantic coast scenery, but is justly dreaded by sailors as the scene of many a fatal disaster. The beach and cliff afford abundant matter for the naturalist. From *Lower Tregantle* the distance to Looe is about 10 m., and the traveller can pro-

ceed for some way along the *Batten Cliffs* by a bridle-path.

18 *Looe*. (*Inns*: Ship Hotel; Swan Inn.) This fishing town, divided by the estuary of the same name into E. and W. Looe, is a small place, romantically situated in a deep recess, the acclivities above it being hung with gardens, in which the myrtle and geranium flourish the year round in the open air. It is an old-fashioned town, which has descended to us from the time of Edward I. It is intersected by narrow lanes, and, before the new road was made along the water-side, was approached from the eastward by so steep a descent that travellers were in fear of being precipitated upon the roofs. It presents a strange jumble of old crazy walls and projecting gables, some of the little tenements being ornamented externally with wooden stairs, leading to a doorway in the upper story. The estuary, confined by lofty hills, is spanned by an antique narrow bridge of 15 arches of as many shapes and sizes. The view from the sea-side presents a dark array of sombre cliffs, and a rocky islet 170 ft. high which, once crowned by a chapel to St. George, is now used as a station by the coast guard. A good collection of Cornish birds, at the house of Mr. Clement Jackson, is the principal curiosity in the town; but some interesting excursions may be taken in its vicinity. That to the *Inlet of Trelawny Mill* is the most worthy the stranger's attention, and may be easily accomplished in a boat. This inlet opens into the Looe river, immediately above the bridge, and furnishes, perhaps, the most beautiful scene of the kind in Cornwall, the shores being steep and lofty, and literally covered with fine trees from the summit to the water's edge. The rt. bank belongs to *Trelawny*, an ancient seat of the Trelawny family, and the l. to *Trenant Park*, formerly the property of Mr. Henry

Dev. & Cornw.

Hope, the author of "*Anastasia*," but now of William Peel, Esq. *Trelawny* is a fine old house. It contains a noble hall, and many valuable family pictures, some by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Among them is an original portrait of Queen Elizabeth when young, a gift of that princess to Sir Jonathan Trelawny, who was related to the royal family, and purchased this estate from the crown. The visitor to Looe should also proceed by boat or road up the course of the estuary, as far as the lock, to which point the winding shores present a waving sheet of foliage. He will notice in this excursion, on the l. bank, about 1 m. from Looe, an inlet which is confined by a causeway; it has the appearance of a wood-encircled lake, and is bordered by the demesne of *Morvil House*, a very ancient mansion, the seat of John Buller, Esq., and formerly a possession of the Glynns. The ramble may be extended with advantage by the side of the canal to the village of *Sandplace*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Looe, where the scenery deserves particular notice. From this village a road ascends the opposite bank to the village of *Duloe*, near which are the remains of an ancient circle of stones (p. 193.); and from *Duloe St. Keyne's Well* is not above 2 m. distant. If the traveller should wish to walk from Looe to Liskeard, the path by the canal, 9 m. (a common excursion), is to be preferred to the carriage road. From the harbour of Looe there is a considerable export of copper ore and granite, and during the season the pilchard fishery is actively pursued. The remains of fossil trees have been found beneath the shore at a place called *Millendreath*, 1 m. E.; and on the hills above W. Looe are some vestiges of an earthwork, supposed to be Roman, which could once be traced for many miles in the direction of Lostwithiel. It has been popularly called the *Giant's Hedge*.

The parish church, *St. Martin's*, stands on high ground above E. Looe, and for 34 years was the living of the Rev. Jonathan Toup, editor of *Longinus*. The church of *Pelynt*, 4 m. N.W., contains monuments and effigies, swords and helmets, of the Achyms, Bullers, and Trelawnys, and the mitre of Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bp. of Winchester, in the reign of James II.

Proceeding from Looe towards Fowey—

$\frac{3}{4}$ *Polperro* (*Inn*: the Ship), a fishing village in a situation eminently romantic. The hills on each side of the harbour are curved towards each other at their summits, and appear as if they had been once united at the mouth of the harbour, and then violently disrupted by some convulsion. They are supposed by a learned geologist to exhibit a striking example of the action of a mighty torrent upon the strata of the earth. The remains of fossil fish, considered characteristic of certain formations in the Silurian system of Murchison, but so imperfect that it requires an observant eye to identify them, have been recently discovered by Mr. Couch of this town in the cliffs E. and W. of *Polperro*. Under the signal station they occur in the greatest abundance, and may be found as far W. as *Pencarrow Head*. It is a curious circumstance that the rocks to which these remains are confined, underlie towards the land, whilst the rest of the southern coast of Cornwall underlies towards the sea. This inversion of the strata is first seen in *Pottledler Bay*, opposite *Looe Island*, and may be traced W. beyond *Fowey Haven*, and for two or three miles inland. Above the village are some remains of a chapel erected in ancient times to *St. Peter*. The road from *Polperro* leads through a deep valley to high ground, and then descends to *Fowey Harbour* at *Bodinnick Ferry*.

$\frac{7}{8}$ *Fowey* (*Inn*: the Ship) is de-

lightfully situated near the mouth of a broad estuary navigable for 6 m. towards *Lostwithiel*. It extends along the rt. bank nearly a mile, under the shelter of bold hills, and opposite to the village of *Polruan*. *Fowey Haven* is one of the most commodious harbours in the county, and admits vessels of large size at all states of the tide. On each shore are the ruins of square forts, built in the reign of Edward IV., and from which a chain was formerly stretched across the water as a protection to the town. The schistose cliffs of *Polruan* are included among the red and variegated slates of *De la Beche*, and are mingled with calcareous beds containing zoophytes, associated with encrinites and shells.

Fowey, in the early days of English history, was one of the principal seaports of the kingdom, and during the crusades many vessels were here fitted out for the Holy Land. An old windmill, situated on the heights above the town, is mentioned in 1296 as a well-known sea-mark, and as windmills are believed to have been introduced into England from Palestine, this venerable relic was probably built by returned crusaders. In the reign of Edward III. *Fowey* contributed to the fleet intended for the blockade of *Calais* no less than 47 ships and 770 men, a larger armament than was provided by any other town in the kingdom. In subsequent reigns, the *Fowey gallants*, as the seamen of this place were termed, carried out a system of plunder upon the coast of Normandy, and committed such havoc, that the French several times fitted out an expedition against the town. In the reign of Henry VI. they effected a landing under cover of the night, and having set fire to the town destroyed a number of the inhabitants. Those who had time to escape hastily sheltered in *Treffry House* (the original of *Place House*), and so assailed the Frenchmen in their turn, as to com-

pel them to retreat to their ships. In the reign of Edward IV. the seamen of Fowey were suspected of piracy, their vessels were taken from them, and given to their rivals of Dartmouth, a reverse of fortune from which the town never recovered. The inhabitants, however, on various subsequent occasions sustained their character for bravery, and in the reign of Charles II. preserved a fleet of merchantmen from capture, by assailing a Dutch line-of-battle ship with the guns of their little towers. The principal defence of Fowey in those times was *St. Catherine's Fort*, erected by the townspeople in the reign of Henry VIII., and crowning a magnificent pile of rocks at the mouth of the harbour. At the present day this ancient stronghold is much dilapidated, and better calculated to take a prominent place in a traveller's sketch than for the repulse of an enemy. The shores of the estuary for a long distance above the town are well wooded, and a trip by water to Lostwithiel is deservedly a favourite excursion. One branch flows to *St. Veep* (3 m. from Fowey), near which is *St. Cadoc*, the seat of the Wymonds. Higher up the river, on the W. bank, is *Penquite*, T. Graham, Esq.; and on the E. bank, the church of *St. Winnow*, remarkable for the beauty of its position. In the Civil War Fowey was the scene of an important event. The army of the Earl of Essex here surrendered to the King, their commander escaping by sea to Plymouth (1644).

The church is an ancient edifice, with a handsome tower, an ornamented oak ceiling and a pulpit of the 15th century. The N. aisle is said to date from 1336, and the rest of the building from 1456. In the S. aisle is a monument to John Treffry, of which Polwhele remarks,—"this was put up during the lifetime of Mr. Treffry by his direction. He was a whimsical kind of man. He had his grave dug, and lay down

and swore in it, to show the sexton a novelty."

Place House, the residence of the late Joseph T. Treffry, Esq., stands immediately above Fowey, and is well known in the county for its antiquity, and for the good taste displayed in its restoration. The old building, according to Mr. Treffry (who contributed an account of *Place* to the Report of the Royal Institution of Cornwall for 1840), was once called *Cune Court*, the *King's Court*, and in digging the foundation for the new buildings, several bodies, of which some were in armour, and other relics of the royal burying-place were discovered. The name by which the mansion is at present known, is said by Pryce to be the Cornish word *plás* a palace. As a castle *Place House* dates from the reign of Hen. VI. It is well worth seeing. The beautiful hall is lined with polished porphyry, raised in a quarry belonging to the proprietor. The house is also ornamented with granite and elvan, and contains a number of curiosities, and a fine original portrait of Hugh Peters, the Puritan chaplain of Cromwell, and a native of Fowey.

The late Mr. J. T. Treffry, by whom *Place House* was restored and enlarged in such excellent taste, deserves the notice of every writer on Cornwall, as one of the most extraordinary men of his time, and as the projector and author of magnificent works in this neighbourhood. Born in the parish of St. Germans, his paternal name was Austen, but in 1838, when sheriff of Cornwall, he assumed, by virtue of a royal warrant, the name of Treffry, having become the representative of that ancient family. Gifted with uncommon enterprise and talent, and with almost unlimited means at his command, he employed his energy and capital in advancing the interests of those around him, in effecting improvements, and in planning and executing the most colossal and useful works. At one and the

same time he was a shipowner, a merchant, a farmer of upwards of 1000 acres, a silver-lead smelter, and the sole proprietor or principal shareholder of some of the largest and richest mines in the county. He diverted a river from its course for the use of machinery, and was the first to bring a canal to a mine for the purpose of conveying the ore to his own ports. He constructed from his own purse, and after his own designs, a breakwater, the harbours of Par and Pentuan, and the magnificent granite viaduct near St. Blazey; and at the period of his demise was engaged in connecting the north and south coasts of the county by a railway. Mr. Treffry died at Place House, at the age of 67, on the 29th of January, 1850.

At *Polruan*, on the shore opposite Fowey, are some trifling remains of *Hall House*, which was garrisoned in the Civil War; and the ruins of an ancient chapel or baptistry, and a stone cross — a group similar to the dilapidated shrine and well of St. Cleer near Liskeard. A delightful promenade, called *Hall Walk*, runs along the water-side. The botanist in this neighbourhood will notice *Anchusa sempervirens* in the lanes.

Menabilly, the seat of William Rashleigh, Esq., and celebrated for containing a magnificent collection of minerals, is delightfully situated upon the coast about 2 m. W. of Fowey. (The *Longstone*, a Roman Christian monument, is near the park gate.)

“The cabinet of minerals is principally composed of Cornish specimens, and its chief excellence consists in the splendour and variety of the oxide of tin, fluors, malachite, and sulphuret of copper. Among the most remarkable specimens of tin are large octahedrons, with and without truncations; the crystal described by Klaproth as of the rarest occurrence, viz. the four-sided prism, with a four-sided pyramid at each

extremity; a group of four-sided pyramids covered with a thin coating of calcedony; wood-tin, forming a vein in a matrix of quartz; tin crystals, having a coating of black hæmatite; and sulphuret of tin, an exceedingly rare mineral. The collection also contains several blocks of tin, as prepared by the Jews for commerce during the early workings of the Cornish mines, among which is a fraudulent one, consisting of a mass of stone disguised by a thin coating of metal. Of other minerals the following specimens deserve particular notice, viz. yellow copper ore with opal; the triple sulphuret of copper, antimony, and lead in various forms; ruby copper in cubes; quartz containing globules of water; the hydrargylite or wavellite in a plumose form, accompanied by apatite in a matrix of quartz; topazes of considerable lustre; green fluor in crystals of 24 sides; a beautiful cube of fluor, the surface of which reflects a delicate green hue, but when held to the light exhibits an octahedral nucleus of a purple colour; a superb octahedron of gold; and a mass of stalactitical arragonite from the grotto of Antiparos.” Before quitting Menabilly the stranger should visit a grotto erected near the sea-shore in a secluded part of the grounds. It is constructed in the form of an octagon, with the finest marbles and serpentine, interspersed with crystals, shells, and pebbles, two of the sides being occupied by the door and a window, and the remaining six forming receptacles for minerals. Four of these are filled with specimens of the Cornish ores, and two with fossils, polished agates, and jaspers, while the intermediate spaces are ornamented with shells, coralloids, and other curious substances. The roof is hung with stalactites of singular beauty. In this elegant grotto are preserved two links of a chain which were found by some fishermen in

Fowey Haven in the year 1776, and are supposed to have formed a part of the chain which was once stretched across the harbour from tower to tower in times of danger. Among the specimens there is one of calcedony deserving particular notice for its magnitude and beauty. The centre of the grotto is occupied by a table inlaid with 32 polished specimens of Cornish granite. In addition to the cabinet of minerals Menabilly contains a rich collection of drawings.

Other interesting excursions may be made from Fowey, viz. to *Carclaze tin mine* near St. Austell, and to the *Valley of Carmeirs* and the *Treffry Viaduct* above St. Blazey. (See Rte. 17.)

Proceeding on our road from Fowey—

5 *St. Austell* (Rte. 17.).

14 *Truro* (Rte. 15.).

8½ *Penryn*. (*Inn*: King's Arms.) This old borough and market-town is pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill and at the head of a branch of Falmouth Harbour. The church of *St. Gluvias* embosomed in trees adjoins it. The neighbouring parishes of *Mabe* and *Constantine* abound in a valuable granite, remarkable for its fine grain, and constituting the principal export from Penryn. The quarries are worth seeing, the largest being situated about 2 m. distant, on each side of the old road leading from Penryn to Helston. Waterloo Bridge and the Docks at Chatham are constructed of this granite. Beryls have been found in a quarry between Falmouth and the Tolmén. The geologist may observe slate altered by the proximity of granite in the cutting of the road, on the ascent from Penryn towards Constantine; and the botanist *Antirrhinum repens*, a very rare plant, in the neighbouring hedges. Some small streams descend from the high land W. of the town, and one, falling in a small cascade and turning a water-wheel,

deserves notice as originating a picturesque scene. A very beautiful view of Falmouth Harbour, and *St. Gluvias Church* and glebe is commanded from *Treleaver Hill*, on the road to *Roscrow*, and about ¼ m. from Penryn. *Enys* (J. S. Enys, Esq.), which has been the seat of the Enys' from very ancient times, is situated rt. of the road to *Carclaw* and *Perran Wharf*.

2½ *Falmouth*. (*Inns*: Pearce's Royal Hotel; Selley's Green Bank Hotel.) This town, standing upon the shore of one of the finest harbours in the kingdom, derives its principal interest from the beauty of its situation, as it mainly consists of one long narrow street of a mean appearance, built along the side of the water. Of late years, however, Falmouth, like other towns, has been gradually extended and improved, and there are now at either end of it, and on the heights above the shore, handsome and commodious dwellings, which command an uninterrupted view of the estuary. But the oldest part of the town is of a comparatively modern date. In the reign of Elizabeth Sir Walter Raleigh visited the harbour on his return from the coast of Guinea, and found but one solitary house, in addition to a mansion called *Arwinick*, the seat of the ancient family of *Killigrew*, standing upon the site of the present town. Sir Walter was struck with the advantages of this noble harbour, and on his return to London made a representation to the council on the subject. Public notice being thus drawn to the spot, there soon collected on the shore a village, which, at first called *Smithike*, and then by the singular name of *Penny-come-quick*, gradually rose into importance, when in 1652, by act of parliament, the custom-house was removed to it from Penryn, and it became the centre of a busy trade. In 1660 a royal proclamation declared that henceforward its name should be

Falmouth; and in 1661 it was invested by charter with all the dignities of a corporate town.

The buildings are ranged along the heights and shore of the western side of the harbour, which terminates in a bluff point bounding the entrance of the haven, and crowned by the grey walls of *Pendennis Castle* (198 ft. above the sea). A circular tower, erected in the reign of Henry VIII., and now the residence of the lieutenant-governor, is the most ancient part of this fortress, which was strengthened and enlarged in the reign of Elizabeth. Occupying a considerable area, the castle is fortified on the N.E. and N.W. by bastions and connecting curtains. The defences on the other sides have been constructed in conformity with the shape of the ground. It is further protected by outlying batteries, and is well furnished with barracks and magazines. *Pendennis Castle* in 1644 was the residence of Queen Henrietta Maria, who here embarked for France. It is celebrated for its gallant resistance to the Parliamentary troops in 1646, when, with the exception of Ragland in Monmouthshire, it was the last fort which held out for King Charles. For six months it endured a siege by sea and land, which its gallant commander, John Arundel of Trerice, in his 87th year, resisted until the garrison were forced by hunger to capitulate. The ramparts command a view of extreme beauty, in which the stranger may contrast the rugged coast of Falmouth Bay, bounded to the W. by *Rosemullion Head* and the *Munacles*, with the clustering houses and tranquil scene of the harbour.

The *Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society* meets annually at Falmouth. It was the first institution of the kind established in England, and was founded in 1833, for the encouragement of the sciences, art, and industry. It originated in the exertions of a lady—Miss A. M. Fox,

of Grove Hill; the Queen is the patron, Prince Albert vice-patron; Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., the president. The Hall contains some busts of eminent individuals connected with the county, viz. of the Prince of Wales, the late Lord de Dunstanville, the late Mr. Davies Gilbert the distinguished president of the Royal Society, Sir H. de la Beche, and Dr. Paris the founder of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall. The Society has published 14 vols. of Transactions, and at the annual exhibition in the autumn the principal gentry of the county assemble, when papers are read, models and works of art displayed, and prizes awarded to the most deserving.

The climate of this town is remarkable for equability and mildness, in proof of which exotic plants flourish the year round in the open air. Mr. Fox, of Grove Hill, obtained the Banksian medal, for acclimatizing upwards of 200 foreign plants. Orange and lemon trees are grown against the garden walls, and yield an abundant return of fruit.

Grove Hill (G. T. Fox, Esq.), contains some valuable paintings, including specimens of Titian, Leonardo Da Vinci, Correggio, Claude, and Gaspar Poussin. A striking view of the harbour and castle may be obtained from the Rectory.

Falmouth Harbour is the principal attraction to the traveller searching for scenes of natural beauty. Its winding shores, everywhere penetrated by deep and wooded inlets, afford many a subject for the exercise of the pencil. It has been celebrated from a remote period for its extent and commodiousness. Le-land speaks of it as "a haven very notable and famous, and in a manner the most principal of all Britayne;" and Carew observes that "a hundred sail of vessels may anchor in it, and not one see the mast of another." Its entrance, about 1 m. wide, is defended by the castles of *Pendennis*

and Mawes. In the middle of the passage lies the *Black Rock*, an obstruction of little import, as, though covered by the tide, its situation is marked by a beacon, and there is on either side of it a broad and deep channel. The sea, having entered through this opening, immediately expands into a basin, so capacious, that during the war, buoys were laid down in it for 16 sail of the line, and in 1815, a fleet of 300 vessels, including several of large size, took shelter within it, and rode out a gale without a casualty. The centre of this basin is called the *Carrick Roadstead*, while the name of *Falmouth Harbour*, properly speaking, exclusively attaches to that part of the estuary which borders the town. The haven, however, extends as far as the entrance of the Truro River, a distance of 4 m., and in a sheet of water, 1 m. in its average breadth, but opposite Falmouth expanded to 2 m. Its shores are penetrated by the following inlets, which form supplementary harbours, completely land-locked. An arm of the sea, which runs northward of the town to Penryn. On its shore, opposite Falmouth, is the village of *Flushing*, reputed the warmest place in Cornwall. This shore terminates in *Trefusis Point*, a pretty object from Falmouth, crowned, as it is, by trees, which embosom an ancient mansion of the same name, belonging to Lord Clinton, but tenanted by a farmer. In 1814 this rocky point was the scene of a disastrous shipwreck. In a furious gale of wind the Queen transport, laden with invalids from the Peninsula, was driven from her anchors and dashed upon it. The wounded men had little chance of escaping, and as many as 195 perished. 140 bodies were found, and buried in the churchyards of Mylor, Budock, and Gluvias. The next inlet, in proceeding N. up the harbour, is *Mylor Creek*, a winding piece of water, extending to the woods of *Enys*

(J. S. Enys, Esq.). At its mouth, in *Mylor Pool*, a favourite anchorage with vessels of small tonnage, the stranger will notice a hulk, lying as a coal depôt off the little dockyard of Mylor, and in view of an old antagonist, in as forlorn a condition, stationed off St. Just Pool, on the opposite side of the harbour. These two melancholy objects are the *Astræa* and *l'Aurore* frigates, which once, as French and English, were engaged in a deadly conflict, which terminated in the capture of the Frenchman. The hull of the *Aurora* is worth looking at, for the beauty of its lines. The parish of *Mylor* is known to botanists as affording many of the varieties of the English heaths. The church stands near the water, and is supposed to be of the time of Hen. VI. It contains a handsome monument with an effigy to one of the Trefusis family. To this inlet succeeds *Restronget Creek*, running into the land for 3 m. to Perran Wharf, where it is bordered by the woods of Carclew (Sir C. Lemon, Bart.). Upon the shore is the busy port and rising town of *Devoran*, whence a railroad has been carried to the mining district of Redruth; and near Devoran the church of *Foock* (4 m. from Falmouth or Truro), interesting for its ancient cross, and as the last church in which service was performed in the Cornish language. *Pill Creek*, penetrating N.W. about 1½ m., is the next in order, the body of Falmouth Harbour terminating a short distance beyond it, at the entrance of the *Creek of the Fal*, or, as it is commonly called, the *Truro River*. Here the mansion and park of *Trelissic* (J. Davies Gilbert, Esq.), bound the vista of promontories and bays which indent the shores of the estuary. The Truro River, winding a serpentine course, and branching into numerous ramifications, affords a variety of pleasing scenes. At *Tregothnan* (Earl of Falmouth) it is joined by the river

Fal, which, rising near Hensbarrow, flows by Grampound, and meets the tide a mile below Tregony. Returning to Falmouth, along the eastern side of the harbour, we skirt an unbroken shore, until within $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. of St. Mawes Castle, where the hills are penetrated by *St. Just's Creek*. In this there is a secluded bay worth visiting, where the water washes the walls of the churchyard of *St. Just (in Roseland)*. At the mouth of the creek is the station of the Lazaretto, and, in its vicinity, *St. Just's Pool*, in which vessels perform quarantine. The next inlet, although mentioned the last, is one of some importance, extending about 3 m., almost to the shore of Gerran's Bay, and constituting, for a distance of $\frac{3}{4}$ m. from its mouth, the *Harbour of St. Mawes*. Upon the N. side of the entrance stands the castle, a fortress of inferior size to Pendennis, but erected about the same time (1542). The town of St. Mawes is inhabited principally by fishermen and pilots, and built along the N. shore. This creek is bounded on the S. by *St. Anthony's Head*, which, with its lighthouse, projects into the sea at the mouth of Falmouth Harbour, and in its vicinity is the small *chapel of St. Anthony*, a specimen of Dec. and E. English architecture, with a Norman S. porch, and containing a monument by Westmacott to the memory of Admiral Sir Richard Spry.

Among other objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Falmouth, may be specified some rugged masses of granite, covered with numerous rock basins, in *Budock Bottom*, about 1 m. W.; *Tregedua*, Joshua Fox, Esq. (contiguous to *Penjerrick*, Robert Were Fox, Esq.), S. W. of Budock Bottom, as containing paintings by Raffaele, Titian, Sossoferata, Vandyke, and Morland; and the *Swan Pool* (1 m. W.), separated from the shore like the Loe Pool, near Helston, by a bar of sand. Near this sheet of water the geolo-

gist may find a mass of porphyry enclosing rhombic crystals of quartz. To those desirous of studying certain grauwacke rocks, called by De la Beche, *the red and variegated slates*, the coast between the Swan Pool and Pendennis Castle will afford a good field for such an object. A *raised beach*, from 9 to 12 ft. above the present level of the sea, extends about 4 m. between Falmouth and the Helford River. Near Pendennis Castle it is associated with rocks which have been worn by the sea, though now elevated beyond its reach.

The stranger may also visit the *Mabe granite quarries* (see Penryn), and the singular rock called the *Tolmén* (p. 204.), situated in the parish of Constantine, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Mabe, and 4 from Falmouth.

The botanist will observe *Vicia hirta*, a rare plant, in the neighbourhood.

ROUTE 20.

PLYMOUTH TO BUDE HAVEN, BY SALTASH, CALLINGTON, LAUNCESTON, AND STRATTON.

The road from Plymouth and Devonport to the ferry at Saltash commands a fine view of *Hamoaze*; and, on its opposite shore, of the woods of *Thankes* and of *Anthony*, the town of *Torpoint*, the *St. Germans river*, and the old keep of *Trematon* rising from a bank of foliage.

5 *Saltash*. (*Inn*: Green Dragon Hotel.) This town, inhabited principally by fishermen, climbs the steep shore of the Tamar, and from the river presents a very striking appearance, the acclivity being abrupt, and the old houses hanging in tiers, one above the other. The picturesque effect of this grouping is considerably heightened by a variety of colours, arising from a strange jumble of materials. One house is constructed of stone, another of brick, a

third fronted with plaster, and a fourth with slate. The principal 'sight' at Saltash is the view from the high ground above the town, where the roads branch towards Trematon and Callington. It is of great extent and beauty, comprising Hamoaze and its wooded shores, the arsenal and dockyard of Devonport, Mount Edgcumbe, the winding river and distant ocean. To this may be added, for those who find pleasure in the monuments of the dead, a sumptuous tomb to 3 brothers Drew in the old chapel of *St. Nicholas*. A tablet inserted in the wall of this building is inscribed,—“This chapple was repaired in the Mayoralty of Matthew Veale, Gent. anno 1689.”

An excursion up the Tamar, as far as the Weir-head and Morwell Rocks, is one of the most interesting in the county. (See Devon, Rte. 10.) The old Church of *Landulph*, on rt. bank of the river, and opposite the mouth of the Tavy, is seen from Saltash, and is remarkable for containing the tomb of Theodore Palæologus, a descendant of the Comneni, emperors of Byzantium. He died at *Clyfton*, the manor-house of the Courtenays, in 1636. The pedigree is set forth on a brass tablet. Some years ago the vault was opened, and the lid of the oaken coffin raised, when the body was found sufficiently perfect to show that it exceeded the common stature, and that the face had been furnished with a long white beard. Some trifling remains of *Clyfton* may be seen on the point opposite Hall's Hole.

Saltash is known for its fishermen, but more so for its fishwomen, who are celebrated for their prowess at the oar, and not unfrequently bear away the prizes at the different regattas. It is an ancient borough, and has been represented in Parliament by Waller the poet and Clarendon the historian. In 1643 it was the scene of a furious engagement, when Lord Mohun and Sir Ralph Hopton drove Ruthen, the governor of Plymouth,

across the Tamar, in spite of the cannon which had been planted in the narrow avenues, and of the fire of a ship of 16 guns. Ruthen had been previously beaten on Bradock Down near Liskeard.

St. Stephen's is the parish church, and about 1 m. from the town. An old *lich-stone* lies just within the porch of the churchyard. Having walked to *St. Stephen's*, the stranger will probably extend his ramble, as at this place he comes in view of the ancient *Castle of Trematon*, rising at a distance of $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from a hill of foliage. It is separated from the church by a deep valley pierced by an inlet from the Lynher Creek, at the head of which a small hamlet nestles under the shelter of the hill. The remains of the castle are considerable, but not so picturesque as many other ruins, on account of the red colour of the stone. They are everywhere mantled by ivy, and now encompassed by the grounds of B. Tucker, Esq., whose mansion, erected about 30 years ago, at the cost of the castle walls, is embellished by some fine paintings. Trematon Castle is supposed to have been built about the time of the Conquest, and to have been given by William I. to the Earl of Cornwall. At a later period it was annexed to the Duchy. A Stannary Court was anciently held in it, and Gilpin remarks that “*Trematon law* is almost to this day an object of reverence among the common people of Cornwall.” During the riots in 1549, it was plundered by the rebels, who, enticing out the governor, by the pretence of a parley, intercepted his return, and seized the castle. The remains are encircled by a moat, and consist of the walls of the keep and base court, and of a square massive tower at the entrance, pierced with an archway, which is furnished with grooves for a portcullis. The keep is of an oval form, and commands a very beautiful prospect.

Strangers are admitted on week days. Between the castle and the village of Trematon is a wayside octagonal cross about 4 ft. high.

The *Lynher Creek*, and its numerous branches, afford the means of pleasant water excursions; their shores being hilly and covered with woods. *Anthony House*, the seat of the family of Carew, is bounded partly by this creek and partly by the Tamar. The house was built by Gibbs in 1721, and contains a collection of pictures by Holbein, Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other eminent masters. Among them is a portrait of Richard Carew, the author of the "Survey of Cornwall," and a head of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Vandyke. A monument to the same Richard Carew will be found in the neighbouring church of *Antony*. Above Anthony House the old towers of *Ince Castle*, once a mansion of the Earls of Devon, but now a farm-house, rise from the woods on the l. bank. Yet higher, the scenery is diversified by the park of *Port Eliot* (Earl of St. Germans). The house, which was once a priory, contains paintings by Rembrandt, Opie, and Reynolds. Adjoining this fine estate is the town of

St. Germans (7 m. by road, from Saltash, and a favourite boat excursion from Plymouth). (*Inn*: Eliot Arms.) Little more, though, than a village, and of interest only for its venerable *church*, which has a very fine Norman front, but was certainly not founded by Athelstan, as some antiquaries have asserted. It was the cathedral of the bishopric, previous to the union of the dioceses of Devon and Cornwall. The towers of this building, hung with ivy and fern, present a most venerable appearance, and the deep Norman porch, at the entrance from Port Eliot, is deservedly admired. The chancel fell in 1592. In the part of the church now used as a chancel, *is a seat upon a tessellated floor*

called the Bishop's Chair; and on the wall, under the gallery, an inscription, recording the names of the Cornish prelates. The arches of the N. aisle are round, of the S. aisle pointed. Among the monuments of the Eliots is one by Rysbrach, dated 1723. The churchyard has been lately incorporated with the lawn of Port Eliot. *Cuddenbeak* (the wooded promontory), a farm-house situated on the river in the position indicated by the name, occupies the site of the ancient palace of the bishops. The traveller will notice the Cornish elms, straight as arrows, which are ranged along the road-side near the church; and at the extremity of St. Germans, an old village tree, so common in Devon and Cornwall, with the earth heaped round it as a seat for gossips. In the parish are *Bake*, a property of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., *Catchfrench*, F. Glanville, Esq., and *Coldrinick*, C. Trelawny, Esq. The road from Saltash is very pretty at *Nottar Bridge*, and at *Tydford* 1 m. from St. Germans.

Proceeding on our route from Saltash, we pass over high land, commanding, in places, beautiful views down the winding Tamar, and over the misty regions of Dartmoor.

rt. Pentillie Castle (J. T. Coryton, Esq.). A modern building, erected from designs by the late Mr. Wilkins, and situated most delightfully upon the steep shore of the Tamar. A finely wooded hill, called Mount Ararat, rising N. of the castle, is crowned by a tower, of which a strange tale is told, in connection with Sir James Tillie, one of the former possessors of this estate, who died in 1712. It is said that this individual expressed a desire, that after death he should be placed in this building, seated on a chair in his customary dress, and before a table, furnished with the appliances of the drinking and smoking. It is further said that he was buried according to his wish, as regards the locality, but

in a coffin. The castle is furnished with great elegance, and in the hall is a superb painted window, and a statue of Sir James Tillie, the size of life.

5½ St. Mellion. — The church contains some curious old effigies of the Corytons, baronets of Newton Park in the 17th century, while their helmets, spurs, swords, gauntlets and pennons hang from the roof. The mansion of *Newton* is still standing, and about 3 m. to the l. In a farm-house rt. of the road is a fragment of *Crocadon House*, once the residence of a family named *Trevissa*, one of whom translated the Bible in the reign of Richard II. This family failed in 1690 when *Crocadon* was purchased by the Corytons.

1 Fiverdon Down. — The traveller will find in its vicinity a road to the rt., which in about 3 m. will bring him to *Cothele* (Earl of Mount Edgcumbe), a most interesting old mansion of the time of Henry VII., and of which all the fittings and furniture, as well as the walls, are in excellent preservation. It is an embattled structure, built round a quadrangle, and situated above an ancient wood of oak, elm, and chesnut sloping to the Tamar. The hall is hung with the trophies of war and the chase, — coats of mail, arms of various kinds, and the horns of the stag, — while a figure in complete armour adorns the wall at the upper end. The other apartments are extremely interesting, especially to the antiquary, since they remain as they were in the time of Elizabeth, and contain a store of antique furniture, and many curious appliances of the luxury of those days. Some of the rooms are hung with tapestry, which is lifted to give an entrance; and the hearths, intended for wood alone, are furnished with grotesque figures or andirons for the support of the logs. The cabinets should be closely examined for their delicate carving. The chapel is small and simple,

but has a certain air of solemnity pervading it, and the decorations of the altar are worth inspecting. *Cothele* belonged to a family of that name previous to the reign of Edward III., when it passed by marriage to an ancestor of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe. The date of the present building is not exactly known, but the style of the architecture (*Perp.*) refers it to the reign of Henry VII. *Cothele* has been honoured more than once by the presence of royalty. Charles II. resided in it for several days, and the stranger is shown the bed in which he is said to have slept. In 1789 it was visited by George III. and his queen; and recently by her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The scenery on the Tamar below *Cothele* is extremely beautiful. The wood overhangs the river in clustering masses, and at the bend of the stream becomes wild and tangled in a verdant hollow called *Danescoombe*. At another spot a bold rock projecting from the foliage throws a gloomier shadow upon the water. This is crowned by a small chapel, and connected with the following legend: — In the reign of Richard III. Sir Richard Edgcumbe being suspected of favouring the claims of Richmond, a party of armed men was despatched to apprehend him. He escaped, however, from his house into the woods, closely followed by his pursuers, and having gained the summit of this rock, his cap fell into the water as he was clambering down the rocks to conceal himself. The soldiers soon arrived on the spot, and upon seeing the cap floating on the river, imagined that Edgcumbe had drowned himself, and so gave over the pursuit. Sir Richard afterwards crossed into France, and returning upon the death of the king, erected this chapel in grateful remembrance of his escape. The chapel contains a window of stained glass, two strange old paint-

ings, a monument of Sir Richard Edgecumbe, a gilt crucifix, and the image of a bishop in his pontificals. Cothele is in the vicinity of the *Morwell Rocks*, and other interesting scenes on the Tamar. (See DEVON, Rte. 10.) The botanist may procure *Melittis grandiflora*, a plant rather local than rare, in the neighbourhood. *Melittis Melisso-phyllum*, an uncommon species, is also found in the county.

2½ The traveller arrives at a small patch of uncultivated land. If on foot or on horseback he can here diverge from the road and visit one of the "lions" of Callington, in his way to that town. For this purpose, at the further boundary-hedge turn to the right over the common towards a narrow lane which, crossing another at right angles, leads direct to a farmhouse. Just below the farm-yard is *Dupath Well*, a pellucid spring which, once the resort of pilgrims, overflows a trough, and entering the open archway of a small chapel, spreads itself over the floor, and passes out below an ancient window at the opposite end. The little chapel or baptistry has a most venerable appearance, and is built entirely of granite which is grey and worn by age. The roof is constructed of enormous slabs, hung with fern, and supported in the interior by an arch. The building is crowned by an ornamented niche, which probably at one time held an image of the saint. This well, according to a legend, was once the scene of a fierce combat between two noble Saxons, rivals in a lady's affections,—Colan, a youth and the favoured suitor, and Gotlieb, a man of more advanced years. The duel terminated in the death of Gotlieb; but Colan had received a wound which, aggravated by his impatience to wed the lady of his affections, eventually proved mortal. The story has been told as a metrical legend by the Rev. Mr. Hawker, rector of Moorwinstow.

1 Callington. (Inn: Golding's

Hotel.) A mean, dreary town, in which an old sculptured cross in the churchyard, and an alabaster monument of Lord Willoughby de Broke in the church (rebuilt about 1460), are the only things to be remarked. The latter has been shamefully mutilated by the knives of idlers, and the forehead is deeply stamped with the name of the carpenter occasionally employed in the church. Observe, in this monument, the little figures of mourners leaning against the soles of the feet. Callington is in a great measure supported by the mines in the neighbourhood, and is situated immediately under *Kit Hill*, alt. 1067 ft., an out-lying eminence of granite, and summit of *Hingston* or *Hengist Down*, which stretches eastward to the Tamar, and was the scene of the defeat of the Danes and Britons by Egbert in 835. Mrs. Bray remarks, "it is not improbable that this down derived its name from some victory of the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa, particularly as there is a *Horse bridge* over the Tamar, near the foot of it." Kit Hill, from its isolated position, intermediate between the moors of Bodmin and Dartmoor (about 16 m. apart), and in full view of the windings of the Tamar and distant Channel, commands perhaps the most impressive and beautiful view in Cornwall. Upon the summit is the ruin of a windmill, which, erected upon that exposed spot to work a mine, was destroyed by the violence of the wind; while the mine was abandoned in consequence of the great expense attending its excavation in a hard granite. Kit Hill, like all barren ground in a populous neighbourhood, has a dreary aspect. Its sides are covered with rubbish, and the summit is pierced by a number of shafts, which render caution most necessary in those who ascend to it. "The country people," says Carew, "have a bye-word that

↑ Hengsten Down well y wrought,
Is worth London town, dear y bought,†

which grew from a store of tynne, in former times there digged up."

Dupath Well (see p. 228.) is about 1 m. from this town, and the following are the directions for finding it. Pursue the Tavistock road about $\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the open down. Here, at a sign-post on the rt., strike over the grass to a lane trending in that direction. Pursue this lane $\frac{1}{2}$ m.; then turn down the lane on the l. which leads to a farm-house. Adjoining and below this house is the well. The traveller is there also in the vicinity of *Cothele*.

Liskeard is 8 m. from Callington, and the road to it one of the most hilly in Cornwall. Midway is *St. Ives*, the church of which is worth notice, particularly the windows.

Gunnislake, a village in the heart of this mining district, is $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. on the road to Tavistock. Here there is a copper mine called *Drake's Wall* (rt. side of the road above the village), particularly worth visiting, as one of the lodes, traversed by a cross-course, is laid open to the day. The *Morwell Rocks* (Dævon, Rte. 10.) are seen to great advantage from Gunnislake; and a slender water-wheel, suspended above the river, will strike the traveller's attention, from the singularity of its position among woods and rocks. It belongs to a mine called *Chimney Rock*. The Tamar is here crossed by the picturesque structure of *New Bridge*, above which its shores, receding, form a wooded basin, which is crowned by the engine of *Huel Sophia*.

The road from Callington to Launceston crosses the foot of Kit Hill, having the *Holmbush* and *Radmore* copper mines respectively on the rt. and l.

4 l. *Whiteford House* (Sir William Pratt Call, Bart.). Beyond it the road passes the *Inny*, which flows down a pleasant vale towards the Tamar.

2 The geologist should here be informed that near *Landue Mill* the carbonaceous deposits rest in an un-

conformable position on the grauwacke.

$\frac{1}{2}$ *Lawhitton*. In its vicinity is *Hexworthy House*, E. Prideaux, Esq., situated near *Greystone Bridge* on the Tamar.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ *Launceston* (Rte. 15.).

1 rt. *Werrington*, a seat of the Duke of Northumberland; the house being situated in Devonshire. 1. *St. Stephen's Down*.

19 *Stratton* (*Inn*: the Tree), a poor town lying among hills, about a mile from the coast, and of considerable antiquity, the name being evidence of its Roman origin. The Saxons, it is well known, called the Roman roads *streets*, and the towns which were situated upon them *street-towns*, or *strettons*, and "in this instance," says Borlase, "as in many others, corruption in speech has jostled out the *x* and put an *a* in its place." The name occurs in Somerset, in Gloucestershire, and, indeed, in many parts of England on the lines of the old Roman ways. The *church* is an ancient edifice, and contains the black marble tomb of Sir John Arundel, Knt., his 2 wives, and 13 children, whose effigies are represented on brasses. The hilly country of this neighbourhood—though rich and well cultivated—has somewhat a wild and bare appearance; but your landlord at Stratton will tell you that there is timber to be found in it. Thus his inn is the *Tree*, he himself an *Ash*, his farm-bailiff a *Wood*, his neighbours *Ivy* and *Oak*, and the farm of the latter at *Bush*.

There are two objects of particular interest in the vicinity of Stratton—*Stamford Hill*, and the *inclined plane on the Bude Canal*. The former lies immediately N. of the town, and was the scene of the battle of *Stamford Hill*, in which the forces of the Parliament were defeated by the Royalists. By Clarendon's account it was towards the middle of May, 1643, when the Earl of *Stamford* marched into Cornwall with an army of 1600 horse,

and 5400 foot, and a park of artillery consisting of 13 pieces of brass ordnance and a mortar, and encamped near Stratton, on a lofty hill, steep on all sides, while he despatched a body of 1200 horse, under Sir George Chudleigh, to surprise Bodmin. The king's forces, not amounting to half this number, were at the same time quartered near Launceston, under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Beville Grenville, who, though far inferior in the strength and equipment of their troops, resolved to give the enemy battle, and with that purpose marched, on Monday the 15th, with 2400 foot and 500 horse, upon Stratton, although "so destitute of provisions, that the best officers had but a biscuit a man." The next morning by day-break, this force being arranged in four divisions, advanced to the attack on different sides of the hill, the horse standing aloof as a reserve. For several hours the battle was waged with varying success, when the Royalists having reduced their supply of powder to four barrels, determined upon advancing to the summit of the hill before they fired another shot. With this intention they steadily pushed forward, and being charged by Major-General Chudleigh near the top of the hill, that officer was taken prisoner, and the enemy recoiled. The Royalists now pushed their advantage, and rushing with fresh spirit on the Roundheads, succeeded in throwing them into disorder, when, the Earl of Stamford giving the signal of defeat by galloping from the field, the panic became general, and the Parliamentary troops fled on all sides. They left about 200 men dead on the field, and their camp and ammunition in the hands of the victors. Stamford Hill bears to this day the marks of the battle. It is crowned by the remains of a tumulus, upon which, turned up by the plough, lie the *bleached bones* of the old Royalists *and Roundheads*. The summit is

of small girth, and the ground slopes steeply from it to the S. and E.; but on the W., and especially on the N. side, the position might be more easily assailed. A monument erected on the hill in commemoration of the battle, was destroyed many years ago, but the inscription in white characters on a black wooden tablet, and to the following effect, was preserved, and is now fixed on the wall of the Tree Inn. "In this place ye army of the rebels under ye command of ye Earl of Stamford received a signal overthrow by the valor of Sir Beville Grenville and ye Cornish army, on Tuesday, the 16th of May, 1643." Stamford Hill is further interesting as commanding a fine view, in which Rowtor and Brown Willy are conspicuous though distant objects.

The *inclined plane of the Bude Canal*, which the stranger should visit, is on Hobbacott Down, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Stratton, and just to the rt. of the Holsworthy road. It is an ingenious substitute for a chain of locks, and consists of a steep road-way about 900 ft. in length, which is furnished with two lines of rails dipping at each end into the canal, and traversed by an endless chain. The barges, which are provided with small iron wheels, and generally loaded with sand, are raised or lowered on this road-way by being attached to the chain, which is set in motion by two enormous buckets, each 8 ft. in diam., alternately filled with water, and working in wells 225 ft. in depth. As soon as the descending bucket has reached the bottom of the well, it strikes upon a stake which raises a plug, when the water runs out in one minute, and finds its way through an adit to the canal below. This bucket is then in readiness to be raised by the other, which, having been filled with water, descends in its turn. In case of any accident happening to the machinery, the water can at any time be emptied

in one minute through valves with which a chain communicates; this chain being ingeniously made to wind and unwind as the buckets ascend and descend, so as to be always of the proper length. A steam-engine is also at hand should the buckets become unserviceable. This canal extends from Bude to Launceston, sending off a branch to Holsworthy, and the barges climb from one level to another by seven of these inclined planes. One is situated at *Marham Church*, 1 m. from Stratton, but this is worked by a common water-wheel.

$\frac{1}{4}$ m. from Stratton towards Marham Church, in the orchard of a farm called *Binhamy*, is a quadrangular moat overgrown with briars, marking the site of a manor-house or castle, in which, it is said, lived one Ralph de Blanchminster, of whom many strange stories are told in the parish. Tradition represents him as an eccentric individual, who lived retired from the world in his castle, and protected from intrusion by a drawbridge, which was generally raised. After his death, which occurred, it is said, without a person to witness it, a will was found bequeathing a large amount of property to the poor of the parish, who have now annually 80*l.* divided amongst them as the interest of this fund. The country-people call him "old Blowmanger," and entertain a superstitious dread of the spot where he lived; and this has partly originated in the circumstance of hares having been started from the moat, which always, as it happened, escaped the dogs. It was therefore concluded that the spirit of Blanchminster haunted the spot in the shape of this animal. The effigy of Blanchminster may be seen in the church.

$\frac{1}{4}$ m. S. of Stratton is the pretty village of *Launcells* and *Launcells House*, seat of G. B. Kingdon, Esq. The church contains a monument, dated 1644, to John Chamond, one

of the former possessors of this mansion. In the parish is *Morton*, a farm belonging to Mr. Kingdon, and of interest as an ancient possession of Robert Earl of Cornwall, the half-brother of William the Conqueror.

At *Week St. Mary*, 7 m., commonly called *St. Mary Week*, is the ruin of a chantry, founded by one Dame Percival about the beginning of the 14th century. The history of this person is curious as connected with her maiden-name, *Bonaventura*. She is said to have been a labourer's daughter, who, one day tending sheep upon the moor, engaged the attention of a London merchant who happened to be passing. Pleased with her appearance, he begged her of her parents and carried her to London as a servant, and after the lapse of a few years, at the death of his wife, made her the mistress of his house, and dying himself shortly afterwards bequeathed to her a large amount of property. She then married a person of the name of Gall, whom she also survived; when Sir John Percival, Lord Mayor of London, became her third husband. The constitution of a London citizen was, however, no match for that of a "wilding" from the moors; and accordingly the mayor died while life was yet vigorous in Dame Percival. The lady, however, was by this time contented with her experience as a wife, and retiring to her native village, devoted the remainder of her days to acts of charity. In these her three husbands were not forgotten, and for the benefit of their souls she founded and endowed this chantry, which at the period of the dissolution shared the fate of the monasteries.

$\frac{1}{4}$ *Bude Haven* (*Inn*: Falcon Hotel); a small watering-place on a grand and curious coast. It commands delightful sea-views, and is begirt by unfrequented hills. The *haven* consists of the mouth of the Bude Canal, opening to a shallow

bay, the sand of which has been blown inland by the N. W. winds, and is heaped to some distance in arid dunes. In the midst of these hillocks, and opposite to the hotel, is the house of Mr. Gurney, the inventor of the Bude Light. The bay is sheltered from the heaviest seas by an embankment which, constructed in a similar manner to the Plymouth Breakwater, connects a rock called the *Chapel Rock* with the shore. At low-water this bay is a scene of considerable bustle, as it supplies the neighbouring parts of Devon and Cornwall with sea-sand, which is used as manure and carried up the country in such amazing quantities that 4000 horse-loads have been taken from the shore in one day. The conveyance of this sand is calculated to cost 30,000*l.* per annum, and forms the principal commerce on the Bude and Launceston Canal and its branch to Holsworthy.

The vast and picturesque *sea-cliffs* in this part of Cornwall are a great attraction to Bude. The strata, belonging to the carbonaceous formation, dip at right angles to the shore, and for this reason, as offering but a feeble resistance to the waves, are in a ruinous condition. The bands of strata are also so narrow and distinctly marked as to give a ribboned appearance to the cliffs, and are everywhere varied by the most irregular contortions.

Compass Point, on the W. side of the haven, commands an excellent view of this rugged coast, and is crowned with an octagonal tower, a temple of the winds, the sides of which are turned to the eight cardinal points. At the foot of this tower is a seat from which a very singular ridge projects into the sea, since it resembles a wall, the surfaces being smooth and precipitous. A striking cliff in the neighbourhood is *Beacon Hill*, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. W., presenting a *sheer precipice* of about 300 ft.; but *the points most calculated to delight*

and astonish the traveller are the amazing headlands of *Hennaciff*, N. of Bude, alt. 450 ft., and the *Dazard*, the western boundary of Widemouth Bay, alt. 550 ft.

Kilkhampton Church, a fine ancient structure, built by one of the Grenvilles, and celebrated as the scene of Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs," is situated 5 m. from Bude, the road to it being up-hill the greater part of that distance. There is much that is interesting in the church, namely, the Norman S. door, with shafts and bands and beak-head and zigzag mouldings; a small arch, ornamented with the arms of the Grenville family, over a doorway on the same side of the church; and in the interior of the building, an ancient pulpit and font, carved seats, and the costly monuments of the Grenvilles. Among the latter, is one to the memory of Sir Beville Grenville, the hero of Stamford Hill, who was killed at the battle of Lansdown in 1643. The coffins of the Earls of Bath are deposited in a vault under the E. end of the S. aisle, where, says Hervey, "they lie ranged in mournful order, in a sort of silent pomp." They are partly covered with copper plates bearing the arms and titles of their occupants. The Grenvilles were long seated at *Stow*, a magnificent mansion above the neighbouring village of Comb, but a moated site is at this day the only vestige of it. *Comb Valley* is the name of a picturesque *bottom*, commencing just N. of Kilkhampton and opening to the sea between lofty cliffs; and further N. the country towards the wretched hamlet of *Moor-winstow* is here and there furrowed by deep hollows, which are prettily wooded. The coast in the neighbourhood is everywhere magnificent, and at *Stanbury Creek* "exhibits a fine example of the curvatures and contortions of rocks, the strata being heaped on each other apparently in utter confusion, dipping

towards every point of the compass and at various degrees of inclination." *Moorwinstow* is 4 m. N. W. of Kilkhampton, and 7 m. from Stratton, and though a miserable place in itself, contains a splendid old church, of great interest to those fond of architecture. It is a specimen of Anglo-Norman, and the entrance doorway, and the pillars dividing aisles and nave are well worthy of notice. There is besides an elaborate screen, and costly monuments to old Cornish families now extinct. 3 m. from Kilkhampton, due E., is a reservoir for the supply of the Bude Canal. It covers 70 acres.

About 3 m. N. E. of Kilkhampton, the country rises in bleak and elevated hills, which are divided into furzy crofts and rush-covered swamps. Upon these, near the border of the county, the Hartland road passes close to *Wooley Barrows* (rt.), $\frac{1}{4}$ m. S. of which rise the two rivers *Tamar* and *Torridge*. They drain from a dreary bog down opposite sides of the hill, and their waters are soon a great way apart, the one river hastening southwards in its course of 59 m. to Plymouth, the other trending northwards, to run nearly an equal distance (53 m.) before it reaches the sea below Bideford.



INDEX.

- Abbotsham Court, 121.
 Acton Castle, 215.
 Adams the astronomer, birthplace, 135.
 Adit, The Great, 203.
 Affeton Barton, 107.
 Agnes' Beacon, St., 145.
 Alphington, 30.
 Amphitheatres, xxviii.
 Anstis Cove, 38.
 Answell Tor, 59.
 Anthony House, 226.
 Anthracite, 122.
 Antony, 191; in Ménage, St., 212.
 Appledore, 122.
 Apron-string, 208.
 Archerton, 77.
 Arlington Court, 120.
 Armed Knight, 164.
 Ashburton, 57.
 Ashe, 19.
 Ashley Combe, 114.
 Asparagus Island, 208.
 Atherington, 131.
 Austell, St., 198.
 Austin's Bridge, 44.
 Avenues, Druidic, xxv.
 Aveton Giffard, 54.
 Axminster, 18. Carpets, 18.
 Axmouth, 22.
- Babbacombe, 39.
 Bagtor, 57.
 Bake, 226.
 Bampton, 127.
 Bairdown, 79. Man, 79.
 Baleswidenn Mine, 170.
 Baptisteries, xxx.
Barnstaple, 119.
 Barrows, xxvi.
 Bartinney, 167.
 Basett Park, 29.
 Beacon, The, 48.
 Beam Mine, 199.
 Beason, 50.
 Beckamoore Cross, 88.
 Becky Fall, 67.
 Bector Cross, 73.
 Beechwood House, 63.
 Beer, 23. Quarry, 94.
 Beer, Alston, 100. Ferrers, 89.
 Belovely Beacon, 140.
 Benjie Tor, 59.
 Bennet's Monastery, St., 140. ✓
 Belidden Amphitheatre, 210.
 Bellurian Cove, 207.
 Belstone Cleave, 6. Tor, 6.
 Berry Head, 40.
- Berrynarbor, 117.
 Berry Pomeroy Castle, 42.
 Bickington House, 120.
 Bickleigh, 103. Bridge, 103. Vale, 102.
 Bicton, 27.
 Bideford, 120. Bay, 123.
 Bigadon, 68.
 Bigbury, 54. Bay, 55.
 Bishop Rock, 176. 213.
 Bishop's Tawton, 182/20
 Bishopstowe, 39.
 Bitton House, 34.
 Blachford, 62.
 Black Down Hills, 2.
 Black Head, 200. 211.
 Black Pit, 180.
 Blackpool, 49.
 Black Stone, 66.
 Black Tor, 81. Great, 5.
 Blazey, St., 197.
 Blisland, 139.
 Blow-holes, 208.
 Boconnoc, 197.
 Bodrothan Steps, 190.
Bodmin, 139. Moors, 135.
 Bodrigan's Leap, 200.
 Bolham House, 3.
 Bolleit, 162.
 Bolt Head, 52.
 Boniface, St., birthplace, 3. ✓
 Boringdon House, 102.
 Borlase, Dr., birthplace, 168; grave, 152.
 Bosahan House, 212.
 Boscastle, 179.
 Boecawen Un Circle, 167.
 Boskednan Circle, 170.
 Boskenna, 162.
 Bossiney, 182.
 Bossiton Hill, 114.
 Botallack Mine, 168.
 Botrea, 170.
 Bottor Rock, 57.
 Bovey Brook, 66. Coal, 56. Heathfield, 56.
 Tracey, 56.
 Bow, 3.
 Bowden, 116.
 Bowerman's Nose, 67.
 Bowthick Quarry, 185.
 Bradstone Manor-house, 11. 87.
 Bradfield Hall, 11.
 Bradley Manor-house, 35.
 Bradmere Pool, 65.
 Bradninch, 12. House, 12.
 Bramford Speke, 12.
 Branscombe, 24.
 Braunton, 119.
 Breage, 213.
 Brendon, 113.

- Brent, South, 60. Tor, 9.
 Breock, St., 186. Downs, 189.
 Breward, St., 137.
 Bristestow, 11.
 Bridges, Britiah, xxviii. 72. 77. 81.
 Brison Rocks, 169.
 Brixham, 39.
 Brook House, 60.
 Brookhill, 48.
 Broomborough, 43.
 Brothers of Grugith, 212.
 Brown the poet, birthplace, 85.
 Brown Gilly, 137. Willy, 135.
 Brynna, 140.
 Brynsworth, 120.
 Buckfast' Abbey, 60.
 Buckfastleigh, 59. Abbey, 60.
 Buckland Abbey, 87. Beacon, 57.
 Buckland, Dr., birthplace, 90.
 Buckland Monachorum, 87. On the Moor,
 57. West, 129.
 Buck's Mill, 122.
 Budeaux, St., 105.
 Bude Haven, 231. Canal, 230.
 Budleigh, 28. Salterton, 28.
 Budock, 224.
 Budocksheds, 106.
 Burdon, 131.
 Burllescombe, 2.
 Burr Island, 53.
 Bury, 107.
 Buryan, St., 162.
 Buterton Hill, 61.
 Bystock, 29.
- Cad, Valley of, 103.
 Cadaford Bridge, 103, 104.
 Cadbury Castle, 3.
 Cadgewith, 211.
 Cadhay, 21.
 Cadoc, St., 219.
 Caer Bran Castle, 167.
 Cairns, xxvi.
 Calenick, 142.
 Caletha Rock, 194.
 Calleon Cove, 211.
 Callington, 228.
 Calliquoiter Rock, 140.
 Calstock, 101.
 Camborne, 143.
 Camelford, 178.
 Camps, xxix.
 Cannontaign House, 35. 63.
 Cann Quarry, 162.
 Cape Cornwall, 169.
 Caradon Hill, 194. Mines, 194.
 Carbonaceous formation, xviii.
 Carclaze Mine, 198.
 Carclew, 203.
 Carhayes Castle, 201.
 Carnanton, 189.
 Carnbeak, 181.
 Carn Boscawen, 162. Galva, 170. Marth,
 147. Menelez, 147.
 Carn-brea, 147. 167.
 Carn minnis, 171.
 Carnon, 203.
 Carri ckgloose Head, 166. 169.
 Carvedras, 142.
 Carwinnen Cromlech, 148.
 Castle an Dinas, 140. 156. 190.
 Castle Hill, 20. 129.
 Catehrench, 192.
 Caton, 62.
- Cawsand, 216. Bay, 216. Beacon, 4.
 Chaddlewood, 63.
 Chagford, 70.
 Chair Ledder, 164.
 Challacombe Down, 70.
 Chapel Carn-brea, 167. Euny, 167.
 Chapman Barrows, 111.
 Charles Town, 198.
Cheeswring, 194.
 Cheriton Bishop, 106. Cross, 106.
 China-clay works, 199.
 Chittaford Tor, 77.
 Cholwich-town, 62.
 Choughs, xlvii.
 Chudleigh, 34. Rock, 35.
 Chulmleigh, 107.
 Chun Castle, 168. Cromlech, 168.
 Churchtown, 54.
 Church-towns, xviii.
 Churston Court, 41.
 Chyandour, 157.
 Cider, xlv.
 Circles, Druidical, xxiv. 7. 62. 71. 72.
 Classenwell Pool, 105.
 Clayhanger, 128.
 Cleer, St., 193.
 Clement's, St., 142.
 Clerk Rock, 33.
 Clicker Tor, 193.
 Cliff-Castles, xxviii.
 Clifford Bridge, 63.
 Cligga Head, 145.
 Climate, liii.
 Clist St. Mary, 29.
 Clcombe House, 20.
Clovelly, 123. Court, 124. Dikes, 125.
 Clowance, 148.
 Clyfton, 225.
 Cob, xlv.
 Cockington, 59.
 Cock's Tor, 83.
 Coddon Hill, 119.
 Coffins, xxiv.
 Coham, 131.
 Colan, 191.
 Colecombe House, 25.
 Coldrinick, 192.
 Coleridge the poet, birthplace, 21.
 Coleridge House, 49.
 Collacombe Barton, 86.
 Colleton Barton, 107.
 Columb Major, St., 189. Minor, St., 190.
 Colyford, 23.
 Colyton, 25.
 Combe, 129. Park, 112.
 Combehead, 128.
 Combe Martin, 115. Silver-lead mines, 1
 Compton Castle, 39.
 Consolidated Mines, 146.
 Constantine, St., 188.
 Cook's Kitchen, 146.
 Coomb in Teignhead, 31.
 Coppelstone Cross, 3. Oak, 101.
 Cormorants, xlvii.
 Cornish language, liv.
 Cornwood, 62.
 Cornworthy Priory, 44.
 Coryton House, 20.
Cathele, 227.
 Cotley Camp, 63.
 Cotmaton Hall, 57.
 Countess Wear, 18.
 Court Hall, 130. House, 130.
 Courtlands, 29.
 Coverack Cove, 211.

- Crackington Cove, 181.
 Cramber Tor, 82.
 Cranbrook Castle, 64.
 Cranmere Pool, 6. 72.
 Cranmore, 2.
 Crantock, 191.
 Crediton, 3.
 Creedy Park, 3.
 Crip Tor, 80.
 Crocodan House, 227.
 Crockern Tor, 77.
 Cromlechs, xxiv.
 Crosses, xxx.
 Cross House, 130.
 Crousa Down, 212.
 Crowan, 149. Beacon, 149.
 Crowndale, 86.
 Crowan wra, 161.
 Cuby, 202. Well, 193.
 Cuddan Point, 215.
 Cudlipp-town, 88.
 Cuitbone, 114.
 Cullumpton, 11.
 Cut Hill, 72.
- Danescombe, 100.
 Dartington House, 43.
 Dart-meet, 58, 59.
 Dartmoor, 73. Climate, 75. Prison, 79. Soil, 75. Tors, 74.
 Dartmouth, 46. Castle, 47. Excursions, 49.
 Dart river, 44.
 Davidstow, 178.
 Davis, birthplace, 45.
 Davy, Sir Humphry, birthplace, 153.
 Dawlish, 32.
 Dawns Men, 161.
 Day, St., 146.
 Dazard Head, 232.
 Dean-Burn, Vale of, 60.
 Dean Prior, 60.
 Deer Park, 21.
 Delabole Quarries, 185.
 Delamere, 62.
 Dennabridge Pound, 79.
 Denridge, 107.
 Devil's Bellows, 208. Frying-pan, 211. Jump, 137. Throat, 209.
 Devil Tor, 79.
 Devon Great Consols, 89.
 DEVONPORT, 90. 93. Dockyard, 94. Excursions, 95. Gun Wharf, 95. Mount Wise, 95. Steam Yard, 95.
 Devoran, 223.
 Dewerstone, 103.
 Diallage Rock, xv.
 Dinas Cove, 189.
 Dittisham, 45.
 Dobwalls, 215.
 Dodbrooke, 53.
 Dodman Head, 201.
 Dolcoath Mine, 146.
 Dolor Hugo, 211.
 Double Water, 87.
 Downes, 3. 107.
 Dosmare Pool, 137.
 Drake, Sir Francis, birthplace, 85.
 Drake's Wall Mine, 229.
 Drewsteignton, 64. Logan-stone, 64.
 Druid's Altar, 189.
 Duchy of Cornwall, lv.
 Duloe, 193.
 Dulverton, 123.
 Dumpdon Hill, 90.
- Dunkery Beacon, 114.
 Dunkewell Abbey, 2. 21. ✓
 Dunning, John, birthplace, 57.
 Dunsford Bridge, 63.
 Dunsland, 131.
 Dupath Well, 228.
- East Huel Rose, 141.
 Eddystone Lighthouse, 106.
 Egg Buckland, 105.
 Eggesford, 107.
 Egloshayle, 187.
 Elfordleigh, 63.
 Elmton Quarry, 5.
 Elvans, xx.
 Endellion, 187.
 Endsleigh, 87.
 Enoder, St., 140.
 Enodock, St., 188. ✓
 Enys, 221.
 Erisey House, 211.
 Erme Head, 61. Pound, 61. River, 61.
 Ermington, 54. 62.
 Erth, St., 151.
 Escot House, 21.
 Exbridge, 128.
 EXETER, 12. Castle, 15. Cathedral, 12. Churches, 15. Excursions, 17.
 Exminster, 32.
 Exmoor, 111.
 Exmouth, Lord, birthplace, 153.
 Exmouth, 28. Excursions, 29.
- Fallapit House, 62.
 FALMOUTH, 221.
 Fardell, 62.
 Feniton, 21. Court, 21.
 Feock, 223.
 Filorey, 190.
 Fingle Bridge, 64.
 Fisheries, xlix.
 Fistal Bay, 190.
 Fitzford, 84.
 Fitz's Well, 5. 81.
 Fivelanes, 135.
 Fleet House, 55.
 Flushing, 223.
 Fly-fishing, liii.
 Follaton House, 43.
 FONS, xxxi.
 Foote the comedian, birthplace, 141.
 Ford the dramatist, birthplace, 57.
 Ford House, 36.
 Fordlands, 18. 63.
 Forrabury, 179.
 Fortescue, Chancellor, birthplace, 120.
 Four-hole Cross, 139.
 Fowellscombe, 54.
 Fowey, 218.
 Fox Tor, 82.
 Fraddon, 140.
 Fremington House, 120.
 Frithelstock, 130.
 Fulford House, 105.
 Funnel Rock, 163.
 Furry-day, 204.
 Fursbrook House, 20.
 Fur Tor, 81.
- Gallantry Bower, 119.
 Galmpton, 41.
 Garrah, 136.

- Cay the poet, birthplace, 130.**
 Geological Society of Cornwall, 133.
 Germans, St., 226.
 Gernoe, 214.
 Gerrans, 201.
 Giant Tregeagle, 198. 201. 205.
 Giant's Grave, 162. Hedge, 217. **Staff, 199.**
 Gidleigh, 71. Park, 71.
 Gifford, William, birthplace, 57.
 Gilbert, Davies, birthplace, 153.
 Gilbert, Sir Humphry, birthplace, 45.
 Gianville, Sir John, birthplace, 85.
 Gianthorse, 115.
 Gluvias, St., 221.
 Glyn, 140. Valley, 215.
 Godolphin Hill, 215.
 Goldsmithy, 215.
 Goodmoor, 62.
 Goomhilly Down, 207.
 Gorran, 201. Haven, 200.
 Gosford House, 21.
 Grade, 211.
 Grampound, 201.
 Granite Tor, 7.
 Grand Western Canal, 2.
 Grange, The, 11.
 Granite, xviii. Veins, xx.
 Grauwacke, xv.
 Greensand, xxi.
 Greenway, 45.
 Grenoten, 87. 103.
 Grenville, Sir Beville, birthplace, 140.
 Greystone Bridge, 229.
 Grey Wetters, The, 75.
 Gringspound, 60.
 Grove Hill, 222.
 Gue Graze, 206.
 Guile Bridge, 82.
 Gulval, 155. 168.
 Gunnislake, 86. 229.
 Gunwalloe, 207.
 Gurnard's Head, 170.
 Gwavas Lake, 157.
 Gwennap, 147. Pit, 147.
 Gwinear, 150.
 Gwithian, 149.

 Haccombe Chapel, 36. House, 36.
 Haddon Down, 127.
 Haine Castle, 11.
 Halberton, 2.
 Haldon Hills, 28. 33. 34. House, 34.
 Half Stone, 193.
 Halgaver, 139.
 Hall, 50. House, 220. Walk, 220.
 Hall's Hole, 190.
 Hals, his residence, 202.
 Halwyn, 187.
 Hamilton Down, 69.
 Ham Stone, 52.
 Hanging Stone, 115.
 Hangman's Hill, 115. Isle, 176.
 Hannon Valley, 137.
 Hanter-Gantick, 137.
 Harberton, 44.
 Harbertonford, 44.
 Hare Tor, 10. 88.
 Harewood House, 86. 100.
 Harford, 61.
 Harlyn, 187.
 Hartland, 126. Abbey, 126. Point, 125.
 Tor, 77.
 therleigh, 131.
 le, 149.

 Hawk's Tor, 196.
 Hazel Tor, 51.
 Headland, xviii.
 Heanton Court, 119. House, 131.
 Heath's Court, 21.
 Heavtree, 18. 21.
 Heddon china-clay works, 62.
 Heddon's Mouth, 115.
 Helford River, 212.
 Heligan, 198.
 Hell's Mouth, 149.
 Helston, 204.
 Hembury Fort, 20.
 Hemmerton Hall, 62. House, 63.
 Hempestone Arundel, 44.
 Henyoke, 2.
 Hengar House, 186.
 Hengist Down, 228.
 Hennacliff, 232.
 Hennock, 34. 57.
 Hennons, The, 34.
 Hensbarrow, 140.
 Herrick the poet, birthplace, 60. Grave, 61.
 Hertford Bridge, 88.
 Hessary Tor, 79.
 Hessenford, 216.
 Hewas Mine, 201.
 Hexworthy House, 229.
 Heytor Rocks, 68. Quarry, 68. Town, 69.
 High Cliff, 181. Peake, 27. Yarcombe, 123.
 Hill Bridge, 83.
 Hill-Castles, xxix.
 Hilliersdon House, 11.
 Hobby, The, 123.
 Hockworthy Court, 138.
 Holbeton, 55.
 Holed stones, xxvi.
 Hollan House, 129.
 Holmbush Mines, 229.
 Holne, 59. Bridge, 58. Moor, 57.
Holne Chase, 58.
 Holnicote, 114.
 Holstone Barrow, 115.
 Holsworthy, 131.
 Holy-street, 71.
 Holywell Bay, 190.
 Honiton, 20.
 Honiton's Clist, 21.
 Hooknor Tor, 70.
 Hope, 53.
 Horsham Steps, 66.
 Horticultural Soc. of Cornwall, 141.
 Houndtor Coomb, 68.
 Howard House, 107.
 Huckworthy Bridge, 83.
 Huel Alfred, 150. Friendship, 10. Garras,
 141. Herland, 150. Vor, 213.
 Hurlers, The, 194.
 Hut-circles, xxvii. 82.

Iffracombe, 117.
 Illogan, 148.
 Ilington, 57.
 Ince Castle, 226.
 Incedon the singer, birthplace, 212.
 Indian Queens, 140.
 Ingsdon, 57.
 Inscribed stones, xxvi.
 Institution of Cornwall, 141.
 Instow Quay, 120.
 Islands of Scilly, 171.
 Isnioc Cross, The, 142.
 Irish Lady, The, 165.
 Iye, St., 229. ✓

- Ives, St., 150.
Ivy Bridge, 61.
- Jamaica Inn, 135.
 Jewel, Bp. of Salisbury, birthplace, 116.
 John's, St., 206. Eve, 154.
 Jump, 89.
 Junkets, xivi.
 Just in Fenwith, St., 170. In Roseland, St.; 224.
- Kanidgeak, 167, 168.
 Kea, 203.
 Kelland, 107.
 Kellan Head, 188.
 Kelly House, 11.
 Kennack Cove, 211.
 Kenton, 32.
 Kent's Hole, 38.
 Kenwyn, 142.
 Kettle and Pans, 173.
 Keverne, St., 212.
 Kew, St., 186.
 Keyne's Well, St., 192.
 Kiligancon, 203.
 Kilkhampton, 232.
 Killbury, 186.
 Killerton Park, 12.
 Killiow, 203.
 Kilmarth Tor, 195.
 Kilmington, 20.
 Kilworthy, 86.
Kinance Cove, 208.
 King Arthur, 184.
 Kingsbridge, 53.
 Kingsand, 216.
 King's Kerswell, 31. Nympton, 107.
 King Tor, 80.
 Kistor Rock, 71.
 Kistvaens, xxvi.
 Kit Hill, 228.
 Kitley, 55. Cavern, 55.
 Kitt's Fall, 8.
 Kneaset Tor, Great, 73.
 Knighton, 56.
- Ladock, 140.
 Ladram Bay, 27.
 Lake, 7.
 Lakehead Circle, 77.
 Laura Bridge, 101.
 Lamerton, 88.
 Lamorna Cove, 161.
 Lamorran, 202.
 Lander the traveller, birthplace, 141.
 Landewednack, 211.
Land's End, 165. District, 149.
 Landue Mill, 229.
 Landulph, 225.
 Lanherne, 190.
 Lanhydrock House, 196.
 Lanivet, 140.
 Lanlivery, 197.
 Lannacoomb Mill, 50.
 Lanteglos, 178.
 Lanyon Cromlech, 167.
 Launcella, 231. House, 231,
 Launceston, 132.
 Lawhitton, 229.
 Laurence, St., 139.
 Laywell House, 41.
 Leawood House, 10.
- Lee Abbey, 111. Bay, 111.
 Leigh House, 107.
 Lelant, 152.
 Levant, St., 163.
 Levant Mine, 168.
 Lich-stones, xxxi.
 Lidford, 7. Bridge, 8. Cascade, 9. Law, 7.
 Tor, 79.
 Lifton, 11. Park, 11.
 Links Tor, Great, 6.
 Lint's Tor, 88.
 Lionnesse, 166.
 Lion's Den, 210.
Liskeard, 192.
 Lithwell Chapel, 34.
 Little Bounds Mine, 169.
 Littleham, 28.
 Lizard Cove, 211. District, 206. Head, 209.
 Point, 210.
 Loe Pool, 205.
Logan Rock, 162.
 Logan Stones, xxviii. 64. 67. 69.
 Longaford Tor, 77.
 Longbridge, 181.
 Longship's Lighthouse, 165.
 Longstone, 105. The, 72. 199.
 Loose, 217.
 Lostwithiel, 196.
 Lover's Coomb, 60. Leap, 58.
 Loyes, St., 18.
 Lucombe Oak, 203.
 Ludgvan, 192.
 Luggers' Cave, 216.
 Lundy Island, 124.
 Lupton House, 41.
 Luscombe, 32.
Lusleigh Cleave, 66.
 Luxulian, 197. *Lusleigh Church* 67
 Lympstone, 29.
 Lyndridge, 34.
 Lynnmouth, 107.
Lynton, 107.
- Mabe quarries, 221.
 Mabyn, St., 186.
 Madron, 167. Well, 156.
 Maisonette, 45.
 Maker, 216. Heights, 216.
 Malpas, 142.
 Marnhead, 32.
 Manaccan, 212.
 Man and his man, 145.
 Manaton, 67.
 Manor House, 21.
 Marazion, 158.
 Marham Church, 231.
 Maristowe, 87.
 Marlborough, 53. Duke of, where born, 19.
 Marley House, 60.
 Martin's, St., 218.
 Mary Church, St., 39.
 Mary Tavy, 88.
 Mawes, St., 224.
 Mawgan, 189. In Meneage, 213. Porth, 190.
 Mayen, 164.
 Meavy, 104. Oak, 105.
 Medrose, 185.
 Mellion, St., 227.
 Membury, 20.
 Menabilly, 220.
 Menacuddle, 198.
 Mén Amber, 149. An-tol, 168. Scryffan, 168.
 Menheniot, 192.
 Mermaid's Hole, 201.

- Merrivale Bridge, 82.
 Merton, 130.
 Mervagissey, 200.
 Mewan's, St., 201. Beacon, 201.
 Michael Slate, xiv.
 Michael Cartayes, St. 201.; of Halstock, St.,
 6. Penkivel, St., 142.
Michael's Mount, St., 157. Chair, 160.
 Millaton, 11.
 Millbrook, 100.
 Millendreath, 217.
 Mill-hill quarries, 89.
 Milton Abbot, 87.
Mines, xxxi.; articles consumed in, xliii.;
 bounding, xxxiii.; descent of, xxxix.;
 dressing the ore, xl.; history, xxxi.; how
 managed, xlii.; how worked, xxxvi.; levels,
 xxxvi.; lodes, xxxvi.; miners, xl., xlii.;
 sale of the ore, xlii.; shaft, xxxvi.; shod-
 ing, xxxv.; smelting the ore, xlii.; steam
 engines, xxxvii.; Stannary laws, xxxiii.;
 stream-works, xl.; submarine mines,
 xxxix.; temperature, xxxvii.
 Minster, 181.
 Mis Tor, 80. Pan, 80.
 Mitchell, 141.
 Modbury, 54.
 Modiltonham, 100.
 Molland Bottreaux, 130.
 Molt, The, 62.
 Molton, North, 120. South, 129. Ridge, 115.
 Monk, Duke of Albemarle, birthplace, 130.
 Moorwinstow, 233.
 Moreton Hampstead, 65.; House, 121.
 Moridunum of Antoninus, 20. 23. 27.
 Morleigh, 49.
 Morley china-clay works, 62.
 Morte Stone, 118.
 Morthoe, 118.
 Morton, 231.
 Morvah, 168.
 Morval House, 217.
 Morwellham, 100.
 Morwell House, 87. Rocks, 86.
 Mothecomb, 55.
 Mount Boone, 45. Tavy, 86.
Mount Edgcombe, 99.
Mount's Bay, 155. Climate, 156.
 Mousehole, 156.
 Mullion, 207. Cove, 207. Island, 207.
 Musbury, 20.
 Mylor, 223.
 Nansloe House, 206.
 Nanswhychen, 189.
 Nare Point, 212.
 Neot, St., 196.
 Netherton Hall, 21.
 Nethway House, 41.
 Newbridge, 58. 86.
 Newcomen, birthplace, 46.
 Newenham Abbey, 19.
 Newlyn, 141. 157.
 Newnham Park, 63.
 Newquay, 190.
 Newton, 35. 297.; Ferrers, 56. House, 107.
 Popleford, 97.
 Newton St. Cyres, 107.
 Nighton's Keeve, St., 181.
 Nine Maldens, 189.
 Nine Stones, 7.
 Northam, 121.
Nones, 86.
Bridge, 226.
 Nutcrackers' Logan-stone, 67. 69.
 Nutwell Court, 29.
 Oakhampton, 4.
 Oaklanda, 5.
 Offwell House, 90.
 Ogdell, West, 35.
Opic, birthplace, 145.
 Oratories, xxx.
 Oreston quarries, 101.
 Orleigh Court, 121.
 Otter river, 20.
 Otterton, 27.
 Ottery Park, 88. St. Mary, 21.
 Oxton House, 32.
 Packsaddle Bridge, 59.
 Padstow, 187.
 Paignton, 41.
 Par, 197.; Consols, 198.
 Paracombe, 115.
 Pardenick, 164.
 Parnvose, 211.
 Parson Rock, 33.
 Peamore House, 32.
 Peak House, 27.
 Peat bog, xlviii.
 Pebble Ridge, 121.
 Pedn mean an Môr, 163.
 Pelyn House, 197.
 Pelynt, 218.
 Penair, 202.
 Penare Head, 201.
 Pen Beacon, 62.
 Penberth Cove, 163.
 Pencalenick, 202.
 Pencarrow, 140.
 Pendarves, 148. Quoit, 148.
 Pendeen Cove, 168.
 Pendennis Castle, 222.
 Pengelly, 185.
 Pengersick Castle, 214.
 Pengreep, 147.
 Peninnis Head, 173.
 Penjerrick, 224.
 Penkinna Head, 181.
 Penn slate-quarry, 59.
 Penolver, 210.
 Penquite, 219.
 Penrice, 198.
 Penrose, 206.
 Penryn, 221.
 Pentillie Castle, 226.
 Pentire Point, 190.
 Pentuan, 198.
Penzance, 152.
 Perran Arworthal, 203.
 Perran Porth, 142. Round, 144. Wharf,
 Perranuthnoe, 215.
 Perranzabuloe, 144.
 Perridge Camp, 63.
 Peter Pindar, birthplace, 54. School, 199
 Peter Tavy, 88.
 Fetherick, Little, 187.
 Fewtor, 88.
 Phillack, 150.
 Piddley, 107.
 Pigeon's Hugo, 208.
Pilchard fishery, l.
 Pillars Stone, xxv.
 Pilton House, 120.
 Pinhoe, 18.
 Pinney Landalls, 21.

- Pipers, The, 162.
 Piran Well, 203.
 Pixton Park, 128.
 Place House, 187, 219.
 Plâns an guare, xxviii.
 Planuary, 147.
 Plym Bridge, 102. Head, 61.
 ПЛЫМОНЪ, 89. Breakwater, 96. Citadel, 91.
 Dockyard, 94. Excursions, 96. Hoe, 91.
 Leet, 92. Mill Bay, 92. Sound, 96. Sutton Pool, 91.
 Plympton Earl, 62. St. Mary, 62.
 Plymstock, 56.
 Plymtree, 12.
 Polbathick, 192, 216.
 Polgooth, 201.
 Poljew, 207.
 Polmes, 193.
 Polmeer, 209.
 Polperro, 218.
 Polruan, 220.
 Polsloe Priory, 13.
 Poltesco, Valley of, 211.
 Poltimore House, 12, 18.
 Polwhele, birthplace, 141.
 Polytechnic Society of Cornwall, 222.
 Poole Priory, 49.
 Pooling granite, xviii.
 Porlock, 114.
 Pornanvon Cove, 169.
 Port Elliot, 226. Gavorne, 185. Isaac, 188.
 William, 185.
 Porthalla, 212.
 Porthmear Cove, 170.
 Porthleven, 213.
 Porthmellin, 207.
 Porthoustock, 212.
 Porthqueen, 188.
 Portledge, 121.
 Portlemouth, 51.
 Portmellin, 200.
 Portreath, 147.
 Posbury Hill, 3.
 Post Bridge, 77.
 Potato Market, 83.
 Pounds, xxvii.
 Foulston, 11.
 Powderham Castle, 17, 30.
 Pradanack Cross, 207. Head, 206.
 Prawl Point, 50.
 Praise an Beeble, 149.
 Preston Berry Castle, 64.
 Priedeaux, 197. Humphrey, birthplace, 187.
 Fridhamaleigh, 59.
 Prince Albert's Mine, 130.
 Prince, John, birthplace, 20.
 Prince's Town, 79. Quarries, 80.
 Probus, 202.
 Puckie Stone, 71.
 Pulpit Rock, 174.
 Funch-bowl Rock, 175.
 Pualinch, 55.

 Quakers' Burial-ground, 166.
 Quots, xxv.

 Radmore Mines, 229.
 Railway, S. Devon, 30.
 Raised beaches, xxii.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 21.; birthplace, 23.;
 his first cigar, 49. House, 120.
 Ralph's Hole, 53.
Rame Head, 216.
 Dev. & Cornwall.
- Raven's Hugo, 211.
 Red deer, 129.
Redruth, 145.
 Red Sandstone, xx.
 Resparvell Down, 181.
 Restormel Castle, 196. Mine, 196.
 Revelstoke, 55.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, birthplace, 62.
 Rialton Priory, 190.
 Ridgeway, 63.
 Ringrone, 51.
 Rippon Tor, 69.
 Roborough Down, 20, 89. Stone, 101.
 Roche, 140. Rocks, 140.
 Rock basins, xxix. Idols, xxix.
 Rolls Tor, 51.
 Roodcreens, xxxi.
 Roscarrock House, 187.
 Roseland, 201.
 Rotten Pits, 53.
 Rounds, xxviii.
 Roundy Pound, 72.
 Rowe, the dramatist, 88.
 Rowtor, 135. Copper mines, 136.
 Ruan Lanthorne, 202. Minor, 211.
 Ruan's Well, St., 211.
 Rugglestone, 69.
 Rundlestone, 163.

 Salcombe, 51. Regis, 25.
 Salston House, 21.
 Saltaah, 100, 224.
Saltram, 101.
 Sampford Courtenay, 3. Peverell, 2. Spinye, 88.
 Sancreed, 161.
 Sand-hills, xxii.
 Sandplace, 217.
 Sandridge, 45.
 Sannol-rock, xix.
 Scilly, Islands of, 171.
 Scorbill Circle, 71.
 Scorrier House, 147.
 Scythe-stone quarries, 2.
 Seacombe House, 20.
 Seaton, 23.
 Sector House, 20.
 Sennen church-town, 164. ✓
 Serpentine, xiv.
 Seven Stones, 178.
 Shaldon, 33.
 Sharpam, 44.
 Sharp Point Tor, 195.
 Sharrow Grot, 216.
 Shaugh, 103. Bridge, 103.
 Sheafhayne House, 21.
 Sheepstor, 105.
 Shellands, 83.
 Shell Top, 62.
 Shelstone Pound, 4.
 Shevlock, 191.
 Shobrook Park, 3.
 Shute House, 19.
 Sidbury, 26.
 Sidford, 26.
Sidmouth, 25. Excursions, 26.
 Simonsbath, 111.
 Sittaford Tor, 72.
 Skat Tor, 34, 57, 66.
 Slade, 62.
 Slapton, 42. Lea, 49. Sands, 49.
 Slaughter Bridge, 173.
 Small Hanger china-clay works, 68.
 Soap Rock, 208.

- South Brent, 60. Beacon, 60.
 South Hams, xlv.
 Span Head, 111.
 Spinsters' Rock, 65.
 Spraydon House, 12.
 Stamford Hill, 229.
 Stanbury Creek, 232.
 Stannary laws, xxxiv. Parliaments, xxxiv.
 Stannaton Down, 88.
 Stapletor, 81.
 Starcross, 32.
Start Point, 50.
 Staverton Bridge, 44.
 Stealite, 208.
 Stephen's, St., 225.
 Stevenstone House, 130.
 Sticklepath, 3.
 Stidcombe House, 22.
 Stockeridge, 128.
 Stoke, 95. Fleming, 49. Gabriel, 45.
 Stokeley House, 49.
 Stokenham, 49.
 Stone avenues, xxv. Pillars, xxv.
Stonehouse, 90. 92. Marine Barracks, 93.
 Mill Bay, 92. Naval Hospital, 93. Vic-
 tualling-yard, 92.
 Stoodleigh Court, 128.
 Stover Lodge, 57.
 Stow, 232.
 Stratton, 229.
 Stream-works, xxxix.
 Street, 49.
 Submarine forests, xxii.
 Summercourt, 140.
 Swan Pool, 224.
 Sydenham, 86.
 Sward's Cross, 82.

Tamar river, 100. Silver-lead mines, 88.
 Tamerton Foliot, 101.
 Tapley Park, 120.
Tavistock, 83. Abbey, 83.
 Tavy Cleave, 10. 87.
 Tawstock Court, 122.
 Tawton, Bishops', 122. South, 107.
 Teath, St., 186.
 Tehidy, 148.
 Teigncoomb, 71.
Teignmouth, 33. Excursions, 34.
Teign river, 63.
 Temple, 139.
 Termolum of Romans, 129.
 Tertiary deposits, xxi.
 Thanks, 191.
 Three-barrow Tor, 61.
 Throleigh, 4.
 Thurlstone, 53.
 Tideford, 226.
 Timewell House, 128.
Tintagel Castle, 182.
 Tiverton, 2.
 Tober, 136.
 Tolmèn, The, 204.
 Tolmèn's, xxvi.
 Tol Pedn Penwith, 163.
 Topsham, 29.
 Tor Abbey, 31. Moham, 31. Wood Mine, 7.
 Torbay, 37. Fishery, 39. Landing-place
 of the Prince of Orange, 37.
 Torch Gate, 62.
Torcross, 49.
Torquay, 36. Excursions, 33.
Torrige Canal, 130.
Torrington, 130.

Tors, xix, 74.
Totness, 41. Excursions, 42.
 Toup, Jonathan, birthplace, 151.
 Towan, 198.
 Towans, xxii.
 Track-lines, xxv.
 Track-ways, xxvii.
 Trappean rocks, xv.
 Trawi-fishing, xlix, 39.
 Trebarreth Strand, 184.
 Trebartha Hall, 134.
 Trecarrels, 134.
 Trecroben Hill, 152.
 Tredrea, 152.
Treffry Viaduct, 197.
 Trefusis, 223.
 Tregantle, 216.
 Tregagle's Hole, 201. Quoits, 201.
 Tregedua, 224.
 Tregenna, 151.
 Tregolls, 203.
 Tregonebris, 161.
 Tregony, 202.
 Tregonning Hill, 213.
 Tregoss Moors, 140. 189.
 Tregothnan, 142.
 Trelawny, 217.
 Treleaver Hill, 221.
 Trelissic, 142.
 Trelowarren, 213.
 Trematon Castle, 225.
 Tremayne, 213.
 Tremeneverne, 214.
 Trenant Park, 217.
 Tregwainton, 167.
 Trentishoe, 115. Barrow, 115.
 Trenciff, 161.
 Trerice, 141.
Treryn Castle, 162. Cove, 163.
 Tresaean, 146.
 Tresaewen, 202.
 Tresilian Bridge, 202.
 Trehill, 192.
 Trevaunance Porth, 145.
 Treveddoe tin stream-work, 138.
 Trevena, 182.
 Trevetthoe, 152.
 Trevetthoe Stone, 194.
 Trevince, 147.
 Trevoze Head, 188.
 Trewan, 189.
 Trewartha Tor, 196.
 Trewarthenick, 202.
 Trewavas Head, 213.
 Trewinnas, 152.
 Trewint, 135.
 Trewithen, 202.
 Trink Hill, 171.
 Tristford, 43.
 Trouve, 161.
 Trowlesworthy Tor, 104.
Trera, 141. Creek, 142.
 Tuckingmill, 148.
 Tudy, St., 186.
 Two Bridges, 77.

 Ugborough, 54. Beacon, 54.
 Ugbrooke Park, 35.
 United Mines, 146.
 Upcott, 130.
 Upton, 40. Lodge, 41.

 Vale Down, 7.
 Valley of Rocks, 110. ; of the Cad, 105.

- Varfell, 152.
 Veep, St., 219.
 Venn House, 88.
 Veryan Bay, 201.
 Vincent Pits, 53.
 Virtuous Lady Mine and Cave, 87.
 Vitifer Mine, 77.

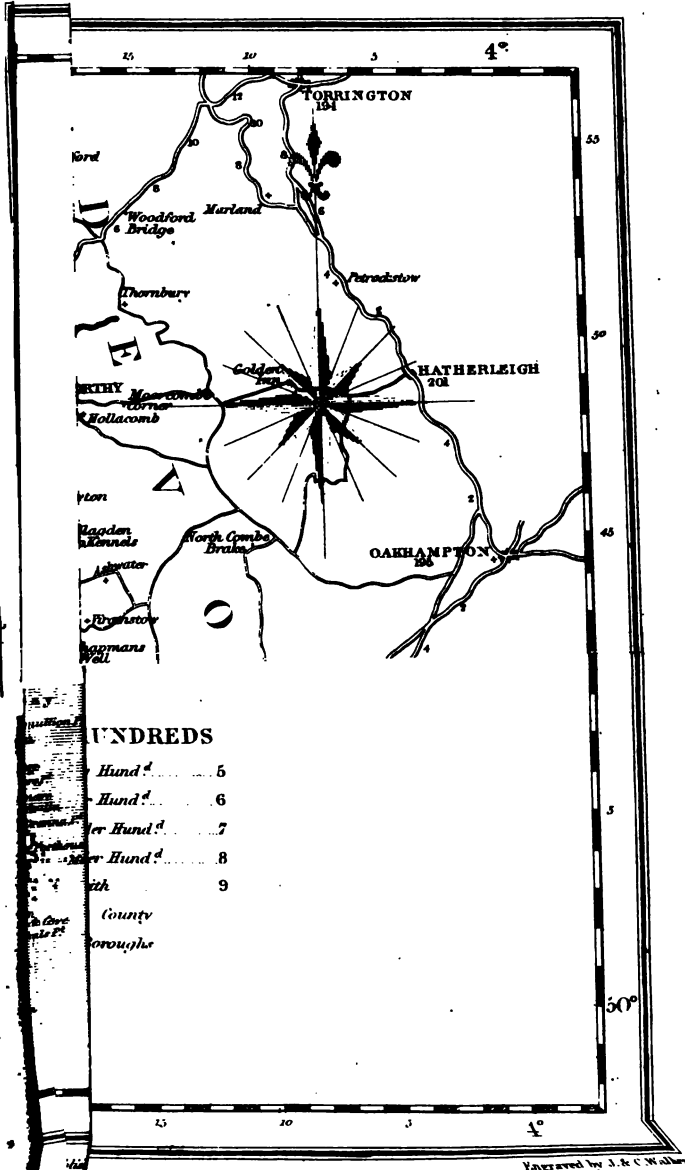
 Wadebridge, 186.
 Walkham, Valley of, 83. 89.
 Walredden House, 66.
 Warbetow Barrow, 178.
 Ward Bridge, 88.
 Warleigh, 101. Tor, 101.
 Watergate Bay, 191.
 Watern Tor, 72.
 Watermouth, 117.
 Wattle Down, 17.
 Watton Court, 45.
 Wear Gifford, 121.
 Week St. Mary, 231.
 Wellington Monument, 2.
 Werrington Park, 134. 229.
 Wesley's Rock, 156.
 West Alvington, 54.
 Western Beacon, 61.
 West of England church-bell foundry, 11.
 Weston Mouth, 24.
 Wherry Mine, 156.
 Whitaker, the antiquary, grave, 202.
 Whitchurch Down, 88.
 White ale, 51.
 Whitesford House, 229.
 Whitesand Bay, 165, 166. 216.
 White Stone, 34. 66. Horse Hill, 73. Tor,
 77.

 Whitway House, 35.
 Whyddon Park, 65. 72.
 Widdecombe, 49.; in the Moor, 69.
 Widley Court, 106.
 Widworthy, 20. Court House, 80.
 Willapark Point, 180.
 Winnow, St., 219.
 Winslade House, 30.
 Wiscombe Park, 25.
Wistman's Wood, 78.
 Witheby, 27.
 Woodbury Castle, 27.
 Woodville, 52.
 Wolcott, Dr., birthplace, 54. School, 192.
 Wolf Rock, 166.
 Wolford Lodge, 2.
 Wonham, 128.
 Woolacombe, 118.
 Woolbrook Glen, 27.
 Wooley Barrows, 233.
 Wooston Castle, 63.
 Worlington, 107.
 Wray Barton, 66.

 Yardbury, 25.
 Yartor, 38.
 Yealm Bridge, 55. Cavern, 55. Estuary, 56.
 Head, 61.
 Yealampton, 55.
 Yeo Vale, 121.
 Yes Tor, 5.
 Youlston Park, 120.

 Zennor, 170. Cliff, 170.

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